



GEORGE R.

GEORGE, by the Grace of God, King of *Great Britain, France, and Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting. Whereas Our Trusty and Well-beloved BERNARD LINTOTT of our City of *London*, Bookseller, has humbly represented unto Us that he is now printing a Translation of the *ILIAD* of HOMER from the *Greek* in Six Volumes in Folio by ALEXANDER POPE Gent. with large Notes upon each Book: And whereas the said BERNARD LINTOTT has informed Us that he has been at a great Expence in carrying on the said Work: and that the sole Right and Title of the Copy of the said Work is vested in the said BERNARD LINTOTT. He has therefore humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole printing and publishing thereof for the Term of fourteen Years. WE being graciously pleased to encourage so Useful a Work, are pleased to condescend to his Request, and do therefore give and grant unto the said BERNARD LINTOTT Our Royal Licence and Privilege for the sole printing and publishing the said Six Volumes of the *ILIAD* of HOMER translated by the said ALEXANDER POPE, for and during the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Day of the Date hereof, strictly charging and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms and Dominions to reprint or abridge the same either in the like or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter or distribute any Copies of the same or any part thereof reprinted beyond the Seas within the said Term of fourteen Years, without the Consent and Approbation of the said BERNARD LINTOTT, his Heirs, Executors and Assigns, by Writing under his or their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein will answer the contrary at their Perils, and such other Penalties as by the Laws and Statutes of this Our Realm may be inflicted: Whereof the Master, Wardens and Company of Stationers of Our City of *London*, Commissioners and other Officers of Our Customs, and all other Our Officers and Ministers whom it may concern, are to take Notice that due Obedience be given to Our Pleasure herein signified Given at Our Court at *St. James's* the sixth Day of *May*, 1715. in the first Year. of our Reign.

By his Majesty's Command,

JAMES STANHOPE.

9

THE
ILIAD
OF
HOMER.

Translated by Mr. POPE.

V O L. III.

—*Det primos versibus annos
Mæoniumque bibat foelici pectore fontem.*

PETR.

L O N D O N:

Printed by W. BOWYER, for BERNARD LINTOTT
between the Temple-Gates. 1717.

2

THE
ILLIAD
OF
HOMER.



Translated by Mr. Pope.

VOL. III.

—Det primis et hinc amos.
Moenibusque bidat festis pectore fontem.
P. E. R.

L O N D O N:
Printed by W. Bowyer, at Bernard Lintott
between the Temple-Gate. 1717.

THE
NINTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.



The ARGUMENT.

The Embassy to Achilles.

Agamemnon after the last Day's Defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the Siege, and return to their Country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his Wisdom and Resolution. He orders the Guard to be strengthen'd, and a Council summon'd to deliberate what Measures were to be follow'd in this Emergency. Agamemnon pursues this Advice, and Nestor farther prevails upon him to send Ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a Reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phœnix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing Speeches, but are rejected with Roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding retains Phœnix in his Tent. The Ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the Camp, and the Troops betake themselves to sleep.

This Book, and the next following, take up the Space of one Night, which is the twenty seventh from the beginning of the Poem. The Scene lies on the Sea-shore, the Station of the Grecian Ships.

THE
NINTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

THUS joyful *Troy* maintain'd the Watch of
Night, [Flight,
While Fear, pale Comrade of inglorious
And heav'n-bred Horror, on the *Grecian* part,
Sate on each Face, and sadden'd ev'ry heart.
As from its cloudy Dungeon issuing forth, 5
A double Tempest of the West and North
Swells o'er the Sea, from *Thracia's* frozen Shore,
Heaps Waves on Waves, and bids th' *Ægean* roar;
This way and that, the boiling Deeps are tost;
Such various Passions urg'd the troubled Host. 10
Great *Agamemnon* griev'd above the rest;
Superior Sorrows swell'd his Royal Breast;
Himself

Himself his Orders to the Heralds bears,
To bid to Council all the *Grecian* Peers,
15 But bid in Whispers: These surround their Chief,
In solemn Sadness, and majestic Grief.
The King amidst the mournful Circle rose;
Down his wan Cheek a briny Torrent flows;
So silent Fountains, from a Rock's tall Head,
20 In fable Streams soft-trickling Waters shed.
With more than vulgar Grief he stood oppress'd;
Words, mixt with Sighs, thus bursting from his Breast.
Ye Sons of *Greece*! partake your Leader's Care,
Fellows in Arms, and Princes of the War!
25 Of partial *Jove* too justly we complain,
And heav'nly Oracles believ'd in vain;
A safe Return was promis'd to our toils,
With Conquest honour'd, and enrich'd with Spoils:
Now shameful flight alone can save the Host;
30 Our Wealth, our People, and our Glory lost.
So *Jove* decrees, Almighty Lord of all!
Jove, at whose Nod whole Empires rise or fall,
Who shakes the feeble Props of human Trust,
And Tow'rs and Armies humbles to the Dust.

Haste

BOOK IX. *HOMER'S ILIAD.*

5

Haste then, for ever quit these fatal Fields, 35
Haste to the Joys our native Country yields;
Spread all your Canvas, all your Oars employ,
Nor hope the Fall of heav'n-defended *Troy*.

He said; deep Silence held the *Grecian* Band,
Silent, unmov'd, in dire Dismay they stand, 40
A pensive Scene! 'till *Tydeus'* warlike Son
Roll'd on the King his Eyes, and thus begun.

When Kings advise us to renounce our Fame,
First let him speak, who first has suffer'd Shame.
If I oppose thee, Prince! thy Wrath with-hold, 45
The Laws of Council bid my Tongue be bold.
Thou first, and thou alone, in Fields of Fight,
Durst brand my courage, and defame my might;
Nor from a Friend th' unkind Reproach appear'd,
The *Greeks* stood witness, all our Army heard. 50
The Gods, O Chief! from whom our honours spring,
The Gods have made thee but by halves a King;
They gave thee Scepters, and a wide Command,
They gave Dominion o'er the Seas and Land,
The noblest Pow'r that might the World controul 55
They gave thee not----a brave and virtuous Soul.

C

Is

Is this a Gen'ral's Voice, that would suggest
 Fears like his own to ev'ry *Grecian* Breast?
 Confiding in our want of Worth, he stands,
 60 And if we fly, 'tis what our King commands.
 Go thou inglorious! from th' embattel'd Plain;
 Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the Main,
 A nobler Care the *Grecians* shall employ,
 To combat, conquer, and extirpate *Troy*.
 65 Here *Greece* shall stay; or if all *Greece* retire;
 My self will stay, till *Troy* or I expire;
 My self, and *Sthenelus*, will fight for Fame;
 God bad us fight, and 'twas with God we came.

He ceas'd: the *Greeks* loud Acclamations raise,
 70 And Voice to Voice resounds *Tydid's* Praise.
 Wife *Nestor* then his Rev'rend Figure rear'd;
 He spoke: the Host in still Attention heard.
 O truly great! in whom the Gods have join'd
 Such Strength of Body, with such Force of Mind;
 75 In Conduct, as in Courage, you excell,
 Still first to act what you advise so well.
 Those wholesome Counsels which thy Wisdom moves,
 Applauding *Greece* with common Voice approves.

Kings

BOOK IX. *HOMER'S ILIAD.*

7

Kings thou canst blame; a bold, but prudent Youth;
 And blame ev'n Kings with Praise, because with Truth: 80
 And yet those Years that since thy Birth have run,
 Would hardly stile thee *Nestor's* youngest Son.
 Then let me add what yet remains behind,
 A Thought unfinish'd in that gen'rous Mind;
 Age bids me speak; nor shall th'Advice I bring 85
 Distast the People, or offend the King.

Curs'd is the Man, and void of Law and Right,
 Unworthy Property, unworthy Light,
 Unfit for publick Rule, or private Care;
 That Wretch, that Monster, who delights in War: 90
 Whose Lust is Murder, and whose horrid Joy,
 To tear his Country, and his Kind destroy!
 This Night, refresh and fortify thy Train;
 Between the Trench and Wall, let Guards remain:
 Be that the Duty of the young and bold; 95
 But thou, O King, to Council call the old:
 Great is thy Sway, and weighty are thy Cares;
 Thy high Commands must spirit all our Wars.
 With *Thracian* Wines recruit thy honour'd Guests,
 For happy Counsels flow from sober Feasts. 100

Wife,

Wise, weighty Counsels aid a State distrest,
 And such a Monarch as can chuse the best.
 See! what a Blaze from hostile Tents aspires,
 How near our Fleet approach the *Trojan* Fires?
 105 Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful Light,
 What Eye beholds 'em, and can close to night?
 This dreadful Interval determines all;
 To morrow, *Troy* must flame, or *Greece* must fall.
 Thus spoke the hoary Sage: the rest obey;
 110 Swift thro' the Gates the Guards direct their way.
 His Son was first to pass the lofty Mound,
 The gen'rous *Thrasymed*, in Arms renown'd:
 Next him *Ascalaphus*, *Ialmen*, stood,
 The double Offspring of the Warrior-God.
 115 *Deipyrus*, *Aphareus*, *Merion* join,
 And *Lycomed*, of *Creon*'s noble Line.
 Sev'n were the Leaders of the nightly Bands,
 And each bold Chief a hundred Spears commands.
 The Fires they light, to short Repasts they fall,
 120 Some line the Trench, and others man the Wall.
 The King of Men, on publick Counsels bent,
 Conven'd the Princes in his ample Tent;

Each

Each seiz'd a Portion of the Kingly Feast,
But stay'd his Hand when Thirst and Hunger ceast.
Then *Nestor* spoke, for Wisdom long approv'd, 125
And slowly rising, thus the Council mov'd.

Monarch of Nations! whose superior Sway
Assembled States, and Lords of Earth obey,
The Laws and Scepters to thy Hand are giv'n,
And Millions own the Care of thee and Heav'n. 130

O King! the Counsels of my Age attend;
With thee my Cares begin, in thee must end;
Thee, Prince! it fits alike to speak and hear,
Pronounce with Judgment, with Regard give ear,
To see no wholsom Motion be withstood, 135
And ratify the best, for publick Good.

Nor, tho' a meaner give Advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the Wisdom thine.

Hear then a Thought, not now conceiv'd in hast,
At once my present Judgment, and my past; 140

When from *Pelides'* Tent you forc'd the Maid,
I first oppos'd, and faithful, durst dissuade;
But bold of Soul, when headlong Fury fir'd,
You wrong'd the Man, by Men and Gods admir'd:

D

Now

145 Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end,
 With Pray'rs to move him, or with Gifts to bend!
 To whom the King With Justice hast thou shown
 A Prince's Faults, and I with Reason own.
 That happy Man whom *Jove* still honours most,
 150 Is more than Armies, and himself an Host.
 Blest in his Love, this wond'rous Hero stands;
 Heav'n fights his War, and humbles all our Bands.
 Fain wou'd my Heart, which err'd thro' frantic Rage,
 The wrathful Chief and angry Gods assuage.
 155 If Gifts immense his mighty Soul can bow,
 Hear all ye *Greeks*, and witness what I vow.
 Ten weighty Talents of the purest Gold,
 And twice ten Vases of refulgent Mold;
 Sev'n sacred Tripods, whose unfully'd Frame
 160 Yet knows no Office, nor has felt the Flame:
 Twelve Steeds unmatch'd in Fleetness and in Force,
 And still victorious in the dusty Course:
 (Rich were the Man, whose ample Stores exceed
 The Prizes purchas'd by their winged Speed)
 165 Sev'n lovely Captives of the *Lesbian* Line,
 Skill'd in each Art, unmatch'd in Form divine,

The

The same I chose for more than vulgar Charms,
When *Lesbos* sunk beneath the Hero's Arms.
All these, to buy his Friendship, shall be paid,
And join'd with these, the long contested Maid; 170
With all her Charms, *Briseis* I resign,
And solemn swear those Charms were never mine;
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
Pure from my Arms, and guiltless of my Loves,
These instant shall be his; and if the Pow'rs 175
Give to our Arms proud *Ilium's* hostile Tow'rs,
Then shall he store (when *Greece* the Spoil divides)
With Gold and Brass his loaded Navy's sides.
Besides full twenty Nymphs of *Trojan* Race,
With copious Love shall crown his warm Embrace; 180
Such as himself will chuse; who yield to none,
Or yield to *Helen's* heav'nly Charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: When our Wars are o'er,
If safe we land on *Argos* fruitful Shore,
There shall he live my Son, our Honours share, 185
And with *Orestes'* self divide my Care.
Yet more---three Daughters in my Court are bred,
And each well worthy of a Royal Bed;

Laodice

Laodice and *Iphigenia* fair,
 190 And bright *Chrysothemis* with golden Hair;
 Her let him choose, whom most his Eyes approve,
 I ask no Presents, no Reward for Love.
 My self will give the Dow'r; so vast a Store,
 As never Father gave a Child before.
 195 Sev'n ample Cities shall confess his Sway,
 Him *Enope*, and *Phæraë* him obey,
Cardamyle with ample Turrets crown'd,
 And sacred *Pedafus*, for Vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the Pastures *Hyra* yields,
 200 And rich *Antheia* with her flow'ry Fields:
 The whole Extent to *Pylus*' sandy Plain
 Along the verdant Margin of the Main.
 There Heifers graze, and lab'ring Oxen toil;
 Bold are the Men, and gen'rous is the Soil;
 205 There shall he reign with Pow'r and Justice crown'd,
 And rule the tributary Realms around.
 All this I give, his Vengeance to controul,
 And sure all this may move his mighty Soul.
Pluto, the grizly God who never spares,
 210 Who feels no Mercy, and who hears no Pray'rs,
 Lives

Lives dark and dreadful in deep Hell's Abodes,
And Mortals hate him, as the worst of Gods.
Great tho' he be, it fits him to obey;
Since more than his my Years, and more my Sway.

The Monarch thus: the Rev'rend *Nestor* then: 215
Great *Agamemnon*! glorious King of Men!
Such are thy Offers as a Prince may take,
And such as fits a gen'rous King to make.
Let chosen Delegates this Hour be sent,
(My self will name them) to *Pelides*' Tent: 220
Let *Phænix* lead, rever'd for hoary Age,
Great *Ajax* next, and *Ithacus* the sage.
Yet more to sanctify the Word you send,
Let *Hodius* and *Eurybates* attend.
Now pray to *Jove* to grant what *Greece* demands; 225
Pray, in deep Silence, and with purest Hands.

He said, and all approv'd. The Heralds bring
The cleansing Water from the living Spring.
The Youth with Wine the sacred Goblets crown'd,
And large Libations drench'd the Sands around. 230
The Rite perform'd, the Chiefs their Thirst allay,
Then from the Royal Tent they took their way;

E

Wife

Wife *Nestor* turns on each his careful Eye,
 Forbids t' offend, instructs them to apply :
 235 Much he advis'd them all, *Ulysses* most,
 To deprecate the Chief, and save the Host.
 Thro' the still Night they march, and hear the roar
 Of murm'ring Billows on the founding Shore.
 To *Neptune*, Ruler of the Seas profound,
 240 Whose liquid Arms the mighty Globe furround,
 They pour forth Vows their Embassy to blefs,
 And calm the Rage of stern *Æacides*.
 And now arriv'd, where, on the sandy Bay
 The *Myrmidonian* Tents and Vessels lay ;
 245 Amus'd at Ease, the godlike Man they found,
 Pleas'd with the solemn Harp's harmonious Sound.
 (The well-wrought Harp from conquer'd *Thebæ* came,
 Of polish'd Silver was its costly Frame)
 With this he sooths his angry Soul, and sings
 250 Th' immortal Deeds of Heroes and of Kings.
Patroclus only of the Royal Train,
 Plac'd in his Tent, attends the lofty Strain :
 Full opposite he fate, and listen'd long,
 In Silence waiting till he ceas'd the Song.

Unseen

Unseen the *Grecian* Embassy proceeds 255

To his high Tent; the great *Ulysses* leads.

Achilles, starting as the Chiefs he spy'd,

Leap'd from his Seat, and laid the Harp aside.

With like Surprise arose *Menæti*'s Son:

Pelides grasp'd their Hands, and thus begun. 260

Princes all hail! whatever brought ye here,

Or strong Necessity, or urgent Fear:

Welcome, tho' *Greeks*! for not as Foes ye came;

To me more dear than all that bear the Name.

With that, the Chiefs beneath his Roof he led, 265

And plac'd in Seats with purple Carpets spread.

Then thus---*Patroclus*; crown a larger Bowl,

Mix purer Wine, and open ev'ry Soul.

Of all the Warriors yonder Host can send,

Thy Friend most honours these, and these thy Friend. 270

He said; *Patroclus* o'er the blazing Fire

Heaps in a Brazen Vase three Chines entire:

The Brazen Vase *Automedon* sustains,

Which Flesh of Porker, Sheep, and Goat contains:

Achilles at the genial Feast presides, 275

The Parts transfixes, and with Skill divides.

Mean

Mean while *Patroclus* sweats the Fire to raise;
 The Tent is brightned with the rising Blaze:
 Then, when the languid Flames at length subside,
 280 He strows a Bed of glowing Embers wide,
 Above the Coals the smoaking Fragments turns,
 And sprinkles sacred Salt from lifted Urns;
 With Bread the glitt'ring Canisters they load,
 Which round the Board *Menæti*'s Son bestow'd;
 285 Himself, oppos'd t' *Ulysses* full in fight,
 Each Portion parts, and orders ev'ry Rite.
 The first fat Off'rings, to th' Immortals due,
 Amidst the greedy Flames *Patroclus* threw;
 Then each, indulging in the social Feast,
 290 His Thirst and Hunger soberly repress.
 That done, to *Phænix Ajax* gave the Sign;
 Not unperceiv'd; *Ulysses* crown'd with Wine
 The foaming Bowl, and instant thus began,
 His Speech addressing to the Godlike Man.
 295 Health to *Achilles*! happy are thy Guests!
 Not those more honour'd whom *Atrides* feasts:
 Tho' gen'rous Plenty crown thy loaded Boards,
 That, *Agamemnon*'s regal Tent affords;

But

But greater Cares fit heavy on our Souls,
 Not eas'd by Banquets or by flowing Bowls. 300
 What Scenes of Slaughter in yon Fields appear!
 The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
 Greece on the Brink of Fate all doubtful stands,
 And owns no Help but from thy saving Hands:
 Troy and her Aids for ready Vengeance call; 305
 Their threat'ning Tents already shade our Wall,
 Hear how with Shouts their Conquest they proclaim,
 And point at ev'ry Ship their vengeful Flame!
 For them, the Father of the Gods declares,
 Theirs are his Omens, and his Thunder theirs. 310
 See, full of *Jove*, avenging *Hector* rise!
 See! Heav'n and Earth the raging Chief defies; }
 What Fury in his Breast, what Light'ning in his Eyes!
 He waits but for the Morn, to sink in Flame
 The Ships, the *Greeks*, and all the *Grecian* Name. 315
 Heav'ns! how my Country's Woes distract my Mind
 Lest Fate accomplish all his Rage design'd.
 And must we, Gods! our Heads inglorious lay
 In *Trojan* Dust, and this the fatal Day?

320 Return, *Achilles*! oh return, tho' late,
To save thy *Greeks*, and stop the Course of Fate;
If in that Heart, or Grief, or Courage lies,
Rise to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, rise!
The Day may come, when all our Warriors slain,
325 That Heart shall melt, that Courage rise in vain.
Regard in time, O Prince divinely brave!
Those wholesome Counsels which thy Father gave.
When *Peleus* in his aged Arms embrac'd
His parting Son, these Accents were his last.
330 My Child! with Strength, with Glory and Success,
Thy Arms may *Juno* and *Minerva* bless!
Trust that to Heav'n----but thou, thy Cares engage
To calm thy Passions, and subdue thy Rage:
From gentler Manners let thy Glory grow,
335 And shun Contention, the sure Source of Woe;
That young and old may in thy Praise combine,
The Virtues of Humanity be thine----
This, now despis'd Advice, thy Father gave;
Ah! check thy Anger, and be truly brave,
340 If thou wilt yield to great *Atrides*' Pray'rs,
Gifts worthy thee, his Royal Hand prepares;

If

If not—but hear me, while I number o'er
The proffer'd Presents, an exhaustless Store.
Ten weighty Talents of the purest Gold,
And twice ten Vases of refulgent Mold;
Sev'n sacred Tripods, whose unfully'd Frame
Yet knows no Office, nor has felt the Flame:
Twelve Steeds unmatch'd in Fleetness and in Force,
And still victorious in the dusty Course:
(Rich were the Man, whose ample Stores exceed
The Prizes purchas'd by their winged Speed)
Sev'n lovely Captives of the Lesbian Line,
Skill'd in each Art, unmatch'd in Form divine,
The same he chose for more than vulgar Charms,
When *Lesbos* sunk beneath thy conqu'ring Arms.
All these, to buy thy Friendship, shall be paid,
And join'd with these, the long contested Maid;
With all her Charms, *Briséis* he'll resign,
And solemn swear those Charms were only thine;
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
Pure from his Arms, and guiltless of his Loves.
These instant shall be thine; and if the Pow'rs
Give to our Arms proud *Ilión's* hostile Tow'rs,

Then

Then shalt thou store (when *Greece* the Spoil divides)
 365 With Gold and Brass thy loaded Navy's sides.
 Besides full twenty Nymphs of *Trojan* Race,
 With copious Love shall crown thy warm Embrace,
 Such as thy self shall chuse; who yield to none,
 Or yield to *Helen's* heav'nly Charms alone.
 370 Yet hear me farther: When our Wars are o'er,
 If safe we land on *Argos* fruitful Shore,
 There shalt thou live his Son, his Honours share,
 And with *Orestes'* self divide his Care.
 Yet more---three Daughters in his Court are bred,
 375 And each well worthy of a Royal Bed;
Laodice and *Iphigenia* fair,
 And bright *Chrysothemis* with golden Hair;
 Her shalt thou wed whom most thy Eyes approve,
 He asks no Presents, no Reward for Love.
 380 Himself will give the Dow'r; so vast a Store,
 As never Father gave a Child before.
 Sev'n ample Cities shall confess thy Sway,
 Thee *Enope*, and *Phæræ* thee obey,
Cardamyle with ample Turrets crown'd,
 385 And sacred *Pedafus*, for Vines renown'd;

Æpea

Æpea fair, the Pastures *Hyra* yields,
 And rich *Antheia* with her flow'ry Fields;
 The whole Extent to *Pylor's* sandy Plain
 Along the verdant Margin of the Main.
 There Heifers graze, and lab'ring Oxen toil; 390
 Bold are the Men, and gen'rous is the Soil;
 There shalt thou reign with Pow'r and Justice crown'd,
 And rule the tributary Realms around.
 Such are the Proffers which this Day we bring,
 Such the Repentance of a suppliant King. 395
 But if all this relentless thou disdain,
 If Honour, and if Int'rest plead in vain;
 Yet some Redress to suppliant *Greece* afford,
 And be, amongst her guardian Gods, ador'd.
 If no Regard thy suff'ring Country claim, 400
 Hear thy own Glory, and the Voice of Fame:
 For now that Chief, whose unresisted Ire,
 Made Nations tremble, and whole Hosts retire,
 Proud *Hector*, now, th' unequal Fight demands,
 And only triumphs to deserve thy Hands. 405

Then thus the Goddess-born. *Ulysses*, hear
 A faithful Speech, that knows nor Art, nor Fear;

G

What

What in my secret Soul is understood,
My Tongue shall utter, and my Deeds make good.
410 Let *Greece* then know, my Purpose I retain,
Nor with new Treaties vex my Peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My Heart detests him as the Gates of Hell.
Then thus in short my fixt Resolves attend,
415 Which nor *Atrides*, nor his *Greeks* can bend ;
Long Toils, long Perils in their Cause I bore,
But now th' unfruitful Glories charm no more.
Fight or not fight, a like Reward we claim,
The Wretch and Hero find their Prize the same ;
420 Alike regretted in the Dust he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my Dangers, all my glorious Pains,
A Life of Labours, lo ! what Fruit remains.
As the bold Bird her helpless Young attends,
425 From Danger guards them, and from Want defends ;
In Search of Prey she wings the spacious Air,
And with th' untasted Food supplies her Care :
For thankless *Greece* such Hardships have I brav'd,
Her Wives, her Infants by my Labours sav'd ;

Long

BOOK IX. *HOMER'S ILIAD.*

23

Long sleepless Nights in heavy Arms I stood, 430
 And sweat laborious Days in Dust and Blood.
 I sack'd twelve ample Cities on the Main,
 And twelve lay smoaking on the *Trojan* Plain:
 Then at *Atrides'* haughty Feet were laid
 The Wealth I gather'd, and the Spoils I made. 435
 Your mighty Monarch these in Peace posselt;
 Some few my Soldiers had, himself the rest.
 Some Present too to ev'ry Prince was paid;
 And ev'ry Prince enjoys the Gift he made;
 I only must refund, of all his Train; 440
 See what Preheminence our Merits gain!
 My Spoil alone his greedy Soul delights;
 My Spouse alone must bless his lustful Nights:
 The Woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
 But what's the Quarrel then of *Greece* to *Troy*? 445
 What to these Shores th' assembled Nations draws,
 What calls for Vengeance but a Woman's Cause?
 Are fair Endowments and a beauteous Face
 Belov'd by none but those of *Atreus'* Race?
 The Wife whom Choice and Passion both approve, 450
 Sure ev'ry wise and worthy Man will love.

Nor

Nor did my fair one less Distinction claim;
 Slave as she was, my Soul ador'd the Dame.
 Wrong'd in my Love, all Proffers I disdain;
 455 Deceiv'd for once, I trust not Kings again.
 Ye have my Answer---what remains to do,
 Your King, *Ulysses*, may consult with you.
 What needs he the Defence this Arm can make?
 Has he not Walls no human Force can shake?
 460 Has he not fenc'd his guarded Navy round,
 With Piles, with Ramparts, and a Trench profound?
 And will not these (the Wonders he has done)
 Repell the Rage of *Priam's* single Son?
 There was a time ('twas when for *Greece* I fought)
 465 When *Hector's* Prowess no such Wonders wrought;
 He kept the Verge of *Troy*, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles' Fury at the *Scæan* Gate;
 He try'd it once, and scarce was fav'd by Fate.
 But now those ancient Enmities are o'er;
 470 To morrow we the fav'ring Gods implore,
 Then shall you see our parting Vessels crown'd,
 And hear with Oars the *Hellespont* resound.

The

The third Day hence, shall *Pthia* greet our Sails,
 If mighty *Neptune* send propitious Gales;
Pthia to her *Achilles* shall restore 475
 The Wealth he left for this detested Shore:
 Thither the Spoils of this long War shall pass,
 The ruddy Gold, the Steel, and shining Brass;
 My beauteous Captives thither I'll convey,
 And all that rests of my unravish'd Prey. 480
 One only valu'd Gift your Tyrant gave,
 And that resum'd; the fair *Lyrnessian* Slave.
 Then tell him; loud, that all the *Greeks* may hear,
 And learn to scorn the Wretch they basely fear.
 (For arm'd in Impudence, Mankind he braves, 485
 And meditates new Cheats on all his Slaves:
 Tho' shameless as he is, to face these Eyes
 Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies)
 Tell him, all Terms, all Commerce I decline,
 Nor share his Council, nor his Battel join; 490
 For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.
 No---let the stupid Prince, whom *Jove* deprives
 Of Sense and Justice, run where Frenzy drives;

His Gifts are hateful: Kings of such a Kind
495 Stand but as Slaves before a noble Mind.

Not tho' he proffer'd all himself posselt;

And all his Rapine cou'd from others wrest;

Not all the golden Tydes of Wealth that crown

• The many-peopled *Orchomenian* Town;

500 Not all proud *Thebes*' unrival'd Walls contain,

The World's great Empress on th' *Ægyptian* Plain,

(That spreads her Conquests o'er a thousand States,

And pours her Heroes thro' a hundred Gates,

Two hundred Horsemen, and two hundred Cars

505 From each wide Portal issuing to the Wars)

Tho' Bribes were heap'd on Bribes, in Number more

Than Dust in Fields, or Sands along the Shore;

Should all these Offers for my Friendship call;

'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.

10 *Atrides*' Daughter never shall be led

(An ill-match'd Confort) to *Achilles*' Bed;

Like golden *Venus* tho' she charm'd the Heart,

And vy'd with *Pallas* in the Works of Art.

Some greater *Greek* let those high Nuptials grace,

515 I hate Alliance with a Tyrant's Race.

If

If Heav'n restore me to my Realms with Life,
The rev'rend *Peleus* shall elect my Wife;
Theſſalian Nymphs there are, of Form divine,
And Kings that ſue to mix their Blood with mine.
Bleſt in kind Love, my Years ſhall glide away, 520
Content with juſt hereditary Sway;
There deaf for ever to the martial Strife,
Enjoy the dear Prerogative of Life.
Life is not to be bought with Heaps of Gold;
Not all *Apollo's Pythian* Treasures hold, 525
Or *Troy* once held, in Peace and Pride of Sway,
Can bribe the poor Poſſeſſion of a Day!
Loſt Herds and Treasures, we by Arms regain,
And Steeds unrival'd on the duſty Plain;
But from our Lips the vital Spirit fled, 530
Returns no more to wake the ſilent dead.
My Fates long ſince by *Thetis* were diſclos'd,
And each alternate, Life or Fame propos'd:
Here, if I ſtay, before the *Trojan* Town,
Short is my Date, but deathleſs my Renown; 535
If I return, I quit immortal Praise
For Years on Years, and long-extended Days.

Convinc'd

Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond Mistake,
 And warn the *Greeks* the wiser Choice to make
 540 To quit these Shores, their native Seats enjoy,
 Nor hope the Fall of Heav'n-defended *Troy*.
Jove's Arm, display'd, asserts her from the Skies;
 Her Hearts are strengthen'd, and her Glories rise.
 Go then, to *Greece* report our fixt Design;
 545 Bid all your Counsels, all your Armies join,
 Let all your Forces, all your Arts conspire,
 To save the Ships, the Troops, the Chiefs from Fire.
 One Stratagem has fail'd, and others will:
 Ye find, *Achilles* is unconquer'd still.
 550 Go then—digest my Message as ye may—
 But here this Night let rev'rend *Phœnix* stay:
 His tedious Toils, and hoary Hairs demand
 A peaceful Death in *Pthia's* friendly Land.
 But whether he remain, or sail with me,
 555 His Age be sacred, and his Will be free.

The Son of *Peleus* ceas'd: The Chiefs around
 In Silence wrapt, in Consternation drown'd,
 Attend the stern Reply. Then *Phœnix* rose;
 (Down his white Beard a Stream of Sorrow flows)
 And

And while the Fate of suff'ring *Greece* he mourn'd, 560
With Accents weak these tender Words return'd.

Divine *Achilles*! wilt thou then retire,
And leave our Hosts in Blood, our Fleets on Fire?
If Wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless Mind,
How shall thy Friend, thy *Phœnix*, stay behind? 565
The Royal *Peleus*, when from *Pthia*'s Coast
He sent thee early to th' *Achaian* Hoast;
Thy Youth as then in sage Debates unskill'd,
And new to Perils of the direful Field:
He bade me teach thee all the ways of War. 570

To shine in Councils, and in Camps to dare.
Never, ah never let me leave thy side!

No Time shall part us, and no Fate divide.
Not tho' the God that breath'd my Life, restore
The Bloom I boasted, and the Port I bore, 575
When *Greece* of old beheld my youthful Flames,
(Delightful *Greece*, the Land of lovely Dames.)

My Father, faithless to my Mother's Arms,
Old as he was, ador'd a Stranger's Charms.
I try'd what Youth could do (at her Desire) 580
To win the Damsel, and prevent my Sire.

I

My

My Sire with Curses loads my hated Head,
And cries, Ye Furies! barren be his Bed.
Infernal *Jove*, the vengeful Fiends below,
585 And ruthless *Proserpine*, confirm'd his Vow.
Despair and Grief distract my lab'ring Mind;
Gods! what a Crime my impious Heart design'd?
I thought (but some kind God that Thought suppress)
To plunge the Ponyard in my Father's Breast:
590 Then meditate my Flight; my Friends in vain
With Pray'rs entreat me, and with Force detain.
On fat of Rams, black Bulls, and brawny Swine,
They daily feast, with Draughts of fragrant Wine.
Strong Guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine Nights
entire;
595 The Roofs and Porches flam'd with constant Fire.
The tenth, I forc'd the Gates, unseen of all;
And favour'd by the Night, o'er leap'd the Wall.
My Travels thence thro' spacious *Greece* extend;
In *Pthia*'s Court at last my Labours end.
600 Your Sire receiv'd me, as his Son carefs'd,
With Gifts enrich'd, and with Possessions blest'd.

The

The strong *Dolopians* thenceforth own'd my Reign,
And all the Coast that runs along the Main.
By Love to thee his Bounties I repay'd,
And early Wisdom to thy Soul convey'd : 605
Great as thou art, my Lessons made thee brave,
A Child I took thee, but a Hero gave.
Thy Infant Breast a like Affection shew'd ;
Still in my Arms (an ever-pleasing Load)
Or at my Knee, by *Phœnix* wouldst thou stand ; 610
No Food was grateful but from *Phœnix*' Hand.
I pass my Watchings o'er thy helpless Years,
The tender Labours, the compliant Cares ;
The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard Decree,
And *Phœnix* felt a Father's Joys in thee : 615
Thy growing Virtues justify'd my Cares,
And promis'd Comfort to my silver Hairs.
Now by thy Rage, thy fatal Rage, resign'd ;
A cruel Heart ill suits a manly Mind :
The Gods (the only great, and only wise) 620
Are mov'd by Off'rings, Vows, and Sacrifice ;
Offending Man their high Compassion wins,
And daily Pray'rs atone for daily Sins.

Pray'rs

Pray'rs are *Jove's* Daughters, of celestial Race,
625 *Lame* are their Feet, and wrinkled is their Face;
With humble Mien, and with dejected Eyes,
Constant they follow where *Injustice* flies:
Injustice swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide Earth, and tramples o'er Mankind,
630 While *Pray'rs*, to heal her Wrongs, move slow behind.
Who hears these Daughters of Almighty *Jove*,
For him they mediate to the Throne above:
When Man rejects the humble Suit they make,
The Sire revenges for the Daughter's sake,
635 From *Jove* commission'd fierce *Injustice* then
Descends, to punish unrelenting Men.
Oh let not headlong Passion bear the Sway;
These reconciling Goddesses obey:
Due Honours to the Seed of *Jove* belong;
640 Due Honours calm the fierce, and bend the strong.
Were these not paid thee by the Terms we bring,
Were Rage still harbour'd in the haughty King,
Nor *Greece*, nor all her Fortunes, should engage
Thy Friend to plead against so just a Rage.

But

But since what Honour asks, the Gen'ral sends, 645
And sends by those whom most thy Heart commends,
The best and noblest of the *Grecian* Train ;
Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain !
Let me (my Son) an ancient Fact unfold,
A great Example drawn from Times of old ; 650
Hear what our Fathers were, and what their Praise,
Who conquer'd their Revenge in former Days.

Where *Calydon* on rocky Mountains stands,
Once fought th' *Ætolian* and *Curetian* Bands ;
To guard it those, to conquer, these advance ; 655
And mutual Deaths were dealt with mutual Chance.
The silver *Cynthia* bade *Contention* rise,
In Vengeance of neglected Sacrifice ;
On *Oeneus'* Fields she sent a monstrous Boar,
That levell'd Harvests, and whole Forests tore : 660
This Beast (when many a Chief his Tusks had slain)
Great *Meleager* stretch'd along the Plain.
Then, for his Spoils, a new Debate arose,
The Neighbour Nations thence commencing Foes.
Strong as they were, the bold *Curetes* fail'd, 665
While *Meleager's* thund'ring Arm prevail'd :

K

Till

Till Rage at length inflam'd his lofty Breast,
(For Rage invades the wisest and the best.)

Curs'd by *Althæa*, to his Wrath he yields,

670 And in his Wife's Embrace forgets the Fields.

" (She from *Marpessa* sprung, divinely fair,

" And matchless *Idas*, more than Man in War ;

" The God of Day ador'd the Mother's Charms ;

" Against the God the Father bent his Arms :

675 " Th' afflicted Pair, their Sorrows to proclaim,

" From *Cleopatra* chang'd this Daughter's Name,

" And call'd *Alcyone* ; a Name to show

" The Father's Grief, the mourning Mother's Woe.)

To her the Chief retir'd from stern Debate,

680 But found no Peace from fierce *Althæa*'s Hate :

Althæa's Hate th' unhappy Warrior drew,

Whose luckless Hand his Royal Uncle slew ;

She beat the Ground, and call'd the Pow'rs beneath

On her own Son to wreak her Brother's Death :

685 Hell heard her Curses from the Realms profound,

And the red Fiends that walk the nightly Round.

In vain *Ætolia* her Deliv'rer waits,

War shakes her Walls, and thunders at her Gates.

She

She sent Embassadors, a chosen Band,
 Priests of the Gods, and Elders of the Land; 690
 Befought the Chief to save the sinking State;
 Their Pray'rs were urgent, and their Proffers great:
 (Full fifty Acres of the richest Ground,
 Half Pasture green, and half with Vin'yards crown'd.)
 His suppliant Father, aged *Oeneus*, came; 695
 His Sisters follow'd; ev'n the vengeful Dame,
Althæa fues; His Friends before him fall:
 He stands relentless, and rejects 'em all.
 Mean while the Victor's Shouts ascend the Skies;
 The Walls are scal'd; the rolling Flames arise; 700
 At length his Wife (a Form divine) appears,
 With piercing Cries, and supplicating Tears:
 She paints the Horrors of a conquer'd Town,
 The Heroes slain, the Palaces o'erthrown,
 The Matrons ravish'd, the whole Race enslav'd: 705
 The Warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he sav'd.
 Th' *Ætolians*, long disdain'd, now took their turn,
 And left the Chief their broken Faith to mourn.
 Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious Ire,
 Nor stay, till yonder Fleets ascend in Fire: 710

Accept

Accept the Presents; draw thy conqu'ring Sword;
And be amongst our guardian Gods ador'd.

Thus he: The stern *Achilles* thus reply'd.
My second Father, and my rev'rend Guide!

715 Thy Friend, believe me, no such Gifts demands,
And asks no Honours from a Mortal's Hands:

Jove honours me, and favours my Designs;
His Pleasure guides me, and his Will confines:
And here I stay, (if such his high Behest)

720 While Life's warm Spirit beats within my Breast.
Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy Heart,
No more molest me on *Atrides'* Part:

Is it for him these Tears are taught to flow,
For him these Sorrows? for my mortal Foe?

725 A gen'rous Friendship no cold Medium knows,
Burns with one Love, with one Resentment glows;
One should our Int'rests, and our Passions be;
My Friend must hate the Man that injures me.
Do this, my *Phœnix*, 'tis a gen'rous Part,

730 And share my Realms, my Honours, and my Heart.
Let these return: Our Voyage, or our Stay,
Rest undetermin'd till the dawning Day.

He

He ceas'd ; then order'd for the Sage's Bed
A warmer Couch with num'rous Carpets spread.
With that, stern *Ajax* his long Silence broke, 740
And thus, impatient, to *Ulysses* spoke.

Hence, let us go---why waste we Time in vain ?
See what Effect our low Submissions gain !
Lik'd or not lik'd, his Words we must relate,
The *Greeks* expect them, and our Heroes wait. 745
Proud as he is, that Iron-heart retains
Its stubborn Purpose, and his Friends disdains.
Stern, and unpitying ! if a Brother bleed,
On just Attonement, we remit the Deed ;
A Sire the Slaughter of his Son forgives ; 750
The Price of Blood discharg'd, the Murd'rer lives !
The haughtiest Hearts at length their Rage resign,
And Gifts can conquer ev'ry Soul but thine.
The Gods that unrelenting Breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a Mind that cannot yield. 755
One Woman-Slave was ravish'd from thy Arms :
Lo, sev'n are offer'd, and of equal Charms.
Then hear, *Achilles* ! be of better Mind ;
Revere thy Roof, and to thy Guests be kind ;

L

And

760 And know the Men, of all the *Grecian* Host,
Who honour Worth, and prize thy Valour most.
Oh Soul of Battels, and thy People's Guide!
(To *Ajax* thus the first of *Greeks* reply'd)
Well hast thou spoke; but at the Tyrant's Name,
765 My Rage rekindles, and my Soul's on flame,
'Tis just Resentment, and becomes the brave;
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the vilest Slave!
Return then Heroes! and our Answer bear,
The glorious Combat is no more my Care;
770 Not till amidst yon' sinking Navy slain,
The Blood of *Greeks* shall dye the fable Main;
Not till the Flames, by *Hector's* Fury thrown,
Consume your Vessels, and approach my own;
Just there, th' impetuous Homicide shall stand,
775 There cease his Battel, and there feel our Hand.
This said, each Prince a double Goblet crown'd,
And cast a large Libation on the Ground;
Then to their Vessels, thro' the gloomy Shades,
The Chiefs return; divine *Ulysses* leads.
780 Meantime *Achilles'* Slaves prepar'd a Bed,
With Fleeces, Carpets, and soft Linen spread:

There,

There, till the sacred Morn restor'd the Day,
In Slumbers sweet the rev'rend *Phœnix* lay.

But in his inner Tent, an ampler Space,
Achilles slept; and in his warm Embrace
Fair *Diomedè* of the *Lesbian* Race.

} 785

Last, for *Patroclus* was the Couch prepar'd,
Whose nightly Joys the beauteous *Iphis* shar'd:
Achilles to his Friend consign'd her Charms,
When *Scyros* fell before his conqu'ring Arms.

790

And now th' elected Chiefs whom *Greece* had sent,
Pass'd thro' the Hosts, and reach'd the Royal Tent.
Then rising all, with Goblets in their Hands,
The Peers and Leaders of th' *Achaian* Bands
Hail'd their Return: *Atrides* first begun.

795

Say what Success? divine *Laertes* Son!
Achilles' high Resolves declare to all;
Returns the Chief, or must our Navy fall?

Great King of Nations! (*Ithacus* reply'd)
Fixt is his Wrath, unconquer'd is his Pride;
He flights thy Friendship, thy Proposals scorns,
And thus implor'd, with fiercer Fury burns.

800

To

To save our Army, and our Fleets to free,
Is not his Care; but left to *Greece* and thee.

805 Your Eyes shall view, when Morning paints the Sky,
Beneath his Oars the whitening Billows fly.

Us too he bids our Oars and Sails employ,
Nor hope the Fall of Heav'n-protected *Troy*;
For *Jove* o'er shades her with his Arm divine,

810 Inspires her War, and bids her Glory shine.

Such was his Word: What farther he declar'd,
These sacred Heralds and great *Ajax* heard.

But *Phoenix* in his Tent the Chief retains,
Safe to transport him to his native Plains,

815 When Morning dawns: if other he decree,
His Age is sacred, and his Choice is free.

Ulysses ceas'd: The great *Achaian* Host,
With Sorrow seiz'd, in Consternation lost,
Attend the stern Reply. *Tydidēs* broke

820 The gen'ral Silence, and undaunted spoke.

Why shou'd we Gifts to proud *Achilles* send,
Or strive with Pray'rs his haughty Soul to bend?
His Country's Woes he glories to deride,
And Pray'rs will burst that swelling Heart with Pride.

Be

BOOK IX. *HOMER's ILIAD.*

41

Be the fierce Impulse of his Rage obey'd ; 825
 Our Battels let him, or desert, or aid ;
 Then let him arm when *Jove* or he think fit ;
 That, to his Madnefs, or to Heav'n commit.
 What for our felves we can, is always ours ;
 This Night, let due Repaft refresh our Pow'rs ; 830
 (For Strength confifts in Spirits and in Blood,
 And thofe are ow'd to gen'rous Wine and Food)
 But when the rofy Messenger of Day
 Strikes the blue Mountains with her golden Ray,
 Rang'd at the Ships let all our Squadrons fhine, 835
 In flaming Arms, a long-extended Line :
 In the dread Front let great *Atrides* ftand,
 The firft in Danger, as in high Command.

Shouts of Acclaim the lift'ning Heroes raife,
 Then each to Heav'n the due Libations pays ; 840
 Till Sleep defcending o'er the Tents, beftows
 The grateful Bleffings of defir'd Repofe.

M

OBSER-

BOOK IX. HUGO. 1111

Be the fierce harp of his song obey'd
Our Battle let him, or death or aid
Then let him and a man of his kind be
That to his Master, or to Heaven's command
What for our lives we can, is always ours
This Night, let due respect to our Pow'rs
(For strength consists in Spirit and in Blood)
And those are ow'd to generous Wine and Food
Not when the rosy Messenger of Day
Strikes the blue Mountains with her golden Ray
Rang'd at the Ships let all our Squadron shine
In flaming Array a long-extended Line
In the great Front let great Divides stand
The first in Danger, as in high Command
Shouts of Acclaim the lifting Heroes raise
Then each to Heaven the due Libations pays
Till Sleep descending o'er the Tents belows
The grateful Blessings of death'd Repose

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Ninth Book.

OBSERVATIONS

OBSERVATIONS



W. N. Smith

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

NINTH BOOK.

I.

WE have here a new Scene of Action opened; the Poet has hitherto given us an Account of what happened by Day only: the two following Books relate the Adventures of the Night.

It may be thought that *Homer* has crowded a great many Actions into a very short Time. In the ninth Book a Council is conven'd, an Embassy sent, a considerable Time passes in the Speeches and Replies of the Embassadors and *Achilles*: In the tenth Book a second Council is call'd, after this a Debate is held, *Dolon* is intercepted, *Diomed* and *Ulysses* enter into the Enemy's Camp, kill *Rhesus*, and bring away his Horses: And all this done in the narrow Compass of one Night.

It must therefore be remember'd that the ninth Book takes up the first Part of the Night only; that after the first Council was dissolv'd, there pass'd some time before the second was summon'd, as appears by the Leaders being awakened by *Menelaus*. So that it was almost Morning before *Diomed* and *Ulysses* set out upon their Design, which is very evident from the Words of *Ulysses*, Book. 10. V. 251.

Ἄλλ' ἵομεν, μάλα γὰρ νύξ ἀνέλει, ἐγγύθι δ' ἡώς.

N

So

So that altho' a great many Incidents are introduc'd, yet every thing might easily have been perform'd in the allotted Time.

II.

VERSE 7. *From Thracia's Shore.*] *Homer* has been suppos'd by *Eratosthenes* and others, to have been guilty of an Error, in saying that *Zephyrus* or the West Wind blows from *Thrace*, whereas in Truth it blows toward it. But the Poet speaks so either because it is fabled to be the Rendezvous of all the Winds; or with respect to the particular Situation of *Troy* and the *Ægean* Sea. Either of these Replies are sufficient to solve that Objection.

The particular Parts of this Comparison agree admirably with the Design of *Homer*, to express the Distraction of the *Greeks*: the two Winds representing the different Opinions of the Armies, one Part of which were inclin'd to return, the other to stay. *Eustathius*.

III.

VERSE 15. *But bid in Silence.*] The Reason why *Agamemnon* commands his Heralds to summon the Leaders in Silence, is for fear the Enemy should discover their Consternation, by reason of their Nearness, or perceive what their Designs were in this Extremity. *Eustathius*.

IV.

VERSE 23. *Agamemnon's Speech.*] The Criticks are divided in their Opinion whether this Speech, which is word for word the same with that he makes in *Lib. 2.* be only a Feint to try the Army, as it is there, or the real Sentiments of the General. *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus* explains it as the former, with whom *Madam Dacier* concurs; she thinks they must be both counterfeit, because they are both the same, and believes *Homer* would have varied them, had the Design been different. She takes no notice that *Eustathius* is of the contrary Opinion;

Opinion; as is also Monsieur de la Motte, who argues as if he had read him. “ *Agamemnon* (says he) in the second “ *Iliad* thought himself assured of Victory from the Dream “ which *Jupiter* had sent to him, and in that Confidence “ was desirous to bring the *Greeks* to a Battel: But in the “ ninth Book his Circumstances are changed, he is in the “ utmost Distress and Despair upon his Defeat, and therefore “ his Proposal to raise the Siege is in all Probability sincere. “ If *Homer* had intended we should think otherwise, he would “ have told us so, as he did on the former Occasion; and “ some of the Officers would have suspected a Feint the rather, because they had been impos’d upon by the same “ Speech before. But none of them suspect him at all. *Diomed* “ thinks him so much in earnest as to reproach his Cowardice, *Nestor* applauds *Diomed*’s Liberty, and *Agamemnon* “ makes not the least Defence for himself.

Dacier answers, that *Homer* had no Occasion to tell us this was counterfeit, because the Officers could not but remember it to have been so before; and as for the Answers of *Diomed* and *Nestor*, they only carry on the same Feint, as *Dionysius* has prov’d, whose Reasons may be seen in the following Note.

I do not pretend to decide upon this Point; but which way soever it be, I think *Agamemnon*’s Design was equally answer’d by repeating the same Speech: So that the Repetition at least is not to be blamed in *Homer*. What obliged *Agamemnon* to that Feint in the second Book was the Hatred he had incurred in the Army by being the Cause of *Achilles*’s Departure; this made it but a necessary Precaution in him to try, before he came to a Battel, whether the *Greeks* were dispos’d to it? And it was equally necessary, in case the Event should prove unsuccessful, to free himself from the Odi-um of being the occasion of it. Therefore when they were now actually defeated, to repeat the same Words, was the readiest way to put them in mind that he had propos’d the same Advice to them before the Battel; and to make it appear unjust that their ill Fortune should be charged upon him. See the 5th and 8th Notes on the second *Iliad*.

V.

VERSE 43. *The Speech of Diomed.*] I shall here translate the Criticism of *Dionysius* on this Passage. He asks, "What
 " can be the Drift of *Diomed*, when he insults *Agamemnon*
 " in his Grievs and Distresses? For what *Diomed* here says
 " seems not only very ill tim'd, but inconsistent with his own
 " Opinion, and with the Respect he had shewn in the be-
 " ginning of this very Speech.

*If I upbraid thee, Prince, thy Wrath with-hold,
 The Laws of Council bid my Tongue be bold.*

" This is the Introduction of a Man in Temper, who is
 " willing to soften and Excuse the Liberty of what is to fol-
 " low, and what Necessity only obliges him to utter. But
 " he subjoins a Resentment of the Reproach the King had
 " formerly thrown upon him, and tells him that *Jupiter* had
 " given him Power and Dominion without Courage and Vir-
 " tue. These are things which agree but ill together, that
 " *Diomed* should upbraid *Agamemnon* in his Adversity with
 " past Injuries, after he had endur'd his Reproaches with
 " so much Moderation, and had reprov'd *Sthenelus* so warm-
 " ly for the contrary Practice in the fourth Book. If any
 " one answer, that *Diomed* was warranted in this Freedom
 " by the Bravery of his warlike Behaviour since that Re-
 " proach, he supposes this Hero very ignorant how to de-
 " mean himself in Prosperity. The Truth is, this whole
 " Accusation of *Diomed's* is only a Feint to serve the De-
 " signs of *Agamemnon*. For being desirous to persuade the
 " *Greeks* against their Departure, he effects that Design by
 " this counterfeited Anger, and License of Speech: And
 " seeming to resent, that *Agamemnon* should be capable of
 " imagining the Army would return to *Greece*, he artificially
 " makes use of these Reproaches to cover his Argument.
 " This is farther confirm'd by what follows, when he bids
 " *Agamemnon* return, if he pleases, and affirms that the *Gre-*
 " *cians* will stay without him. Nay he carries the Matter so
 " far,

“ far, as to boast, that if all the rest should depart, himself
 “ and *Sthenelus* alone would continue the War, which would
 “ be extremely childish and absurd in any other View than this.

VI.

FOR VERSE 73. *The Speech of Nestor.*] “ *Nestor* (continues
 “ *Dionysius*) seconds the Oration of *Diomed*: We shall per-
 “ ceive the Artifice of his Discourse, if we reflect to how lit-
 “ tle Purpose it would be without this Design. He praises
 “ *Diomed* for what he has said, but does it not without de-
 “ claring, that he had not spoken fully to the Purpose, and
 “ fallen short in some Points, which he ascribes to his Youth,
 “ and promises to supply them. Then after a long Pream-
 “ ble, when he has turn’d himself several ways, as if he was
 “ sporting in a new and uncommon Vein of Oratory, he con-
 “ cludes by ordering the Watch to their Stations, and advi-
 “ sing *Agamemnon* to invite the Elders of the Army to a
 “ Supper, there, out of many Counsels, to chuse the
 “ best. All this at first Sight appears absurd: But we must
 “ know that *Nestor* too speaks in Figure. *Diomed* seems to
 “ quarrel with *Agamemnon*, purely to gratify him; but *Ne-*
 “ *stor* praises his Liberty of Speech, as it were to vindicate a
 “ real Quarrel with the King. The End of all this is only
 “ to move *Agamemnon* to supplicate *Achilles*; and to that
 “ End he so much commends the young Man’s Freedom. In
 “ proposing to call a Council only of the eldest, he con-
 “ sults the Dignity of *Agamemnon*, that he might not be
 “ expos’d to make this Condescension before the younger
 “ Officers. And he concludes by an artful Inference of the
 “ absolute Necessity of applying to *Achilles* from the present
 “ Posture of their Affairs.

*See what a Blaze from hostile Tents aspires,
 How near our Fleets approach the Trojan Fires!*

“ This is all *Nestor* says at this time before the general As-
 “ sembly of the *Greeks*; but in his next Speech, when the
 “ Elders only are present, he explains the whole Matter at
 “ large,

“ large, and openly declares that they must have Recourse
 “ to *Achilles*. *Dion. Hal. περὶ ἐσχηματισμένων, p. 2.*

Plutarch de aud. Poetis, takes notice of this Piece of Decorum in *Nestor*, who when he intended to move for a Mediation with *Achilles*, chose not to do it in publick, but propos'd a private Meeting of the Chiefs to that End. If what these two great Authors have said be consider'd, there will be no room for the trivial Objection some Moderns have made to this Proposal of *Nestor's*, as if in the present Distress he did no more than impertinently advise them to go to Supper.

VII.

VERSE 53. *They gave thee Sceptres, &c.*] This is the Language of a brave Man, to affirm and say boldly, that Courage is above Scepters and Crowns. Scepters and Crowns were indeed in former Times not hereditary, but the Recompence of Valour. With what Art and Haughtiness *Diomed* sets himself indirectly above *Agamemnon*? *Eustathius.*

VIII.

VERSE 62. *And nearest to the Main.*] There is a secret Stroke of Satyr in these Words: *Diomed* tells the King that his Squadron lies next the Sea, insinuating that they were the most distant from the Battel, and readiest for Flight. *Eustathius.*

IX.

VERSE 68. *God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.*] This is literal from the *Greek*, and therein may be seen the Style of holy Scripture, where 'tis said that they *come with God*, or that they are not come *without God*, meaning that they did not come without his Order: *Numquid sine Domino ascendi in terram istam?* says *Rabshakah* to *Hezekiah* in *Isaiah* 36. V. 8. This Passage seems to be very beautiful. *Homer* adds it to shew that the Valour of *Diomed*, which puts him upon remaining alone with *Sthenelus*, when all the *Greeks* were

were gone, is not a Rash and mad Boldness, but a reasonable one, and founded on the Promises of God himself, who cannot lye. *Dacier.*

X.

VERSE 73. *Oh truly great.*] *Nestor* could do no less than commend *Diomed's* Valour, he had lately been a Witness of it when he was preserv'd from falling into the Enemy's Hands till he was rescu'd by *Diomed.* *Eustathius.*

XI.

VERSE 87. *Curs'd is the Man.*] *Nestor*, says the same Author, very artfully brings in these Words as a general Maxim, in order to dispose *Agamemnon* to a Reconciliation with *Achilles*. He delivers it in general Terms, and leaves the King to make the Application. This Passage is translated with Liberty, for the Original comprizes a great deal in a very few Words, ἀφῆτωρ, ἀθέμιτος, ἀνέσιος; it will be proper to give a particular Explication of each of these; ἀφῆτωρ, says *Eustathius*, signifies one who is a Vagabond or Foreigner. The *Athenians* kept a Register, in which all that were born were enroll'd, whence it easily appear'd who were Citizens, or not; ἀφῆτωρ therefore signifies one who is depriv'd of the Privilege of a Citizen. 'Αθέμιτος is one that had forfeited all Title to be protected by the Laws of his Country. 'Ανέσιος, one that has no Habitation, or rather one that was not permitted to partake of any Family Sacrifice. For 'Εστία is a Family Goddess; and *Jupiter* sometimes is called Ζεὺς ἑστιάρχος.

There is a sort of Gradation in these Words. 'Αθέμιτος signifies a Man that has lost the Privileges of his Country; ἀφῆτωρ those of his own Tribe, and ἀνέσιος those of his own Family.

XII. VERSE

XII.

VERSE 94. *Between the Trench and Wall.*] It is almost impossible to make such Particularities as these appear with any tolerable Elegance in Poetry: And as they cannot be rais'd, so neither must they be omitted. This particular Space here mention'd between the Trench and Wall, is what we must carry in our Mind thro' this and the following Book: Otherwise we shall be at a loss to know the exact Scene of the Actions and Councils that follow.

XIII.

VERSE 119. *The Fires they light.*] They lighted up a Fire that they might not seem to be under any Consternation, but to be upon their Guard against any Alarm. *Eustathius.*

XIV.

VERSE 124. *When Thirst and Hunger cease.*] The Conduct of *Homer* in this Place is very remarkable; he does not fall into a long Description of the Entertainment, but complies with the Exigence of Affairs, and passes on to the Consultation. *Eustathius.*

XV.

VERSE 138. *And make the Wisdom thine.*] *Eustathius* thought that *Homer* said this, because in Councils, as in the Army, all is attributed to the Princes, and the whole Honour ascrib'd to them: but this is by no means *Homer's* Thought. What he here says, is a Maxim drawn from profoundest Philosophy. That which often does Men the most harm, is Envy, and the Shame of yielding to Advice, which proceeds from others. There is more Greatness and Capacity in following good Advice, than in proposing it; by executing it, we render it our own, and we ravish even the Property of it from its Author; and *Eustathius* seems to incline to this Thought, when
he

he afterwards says, *Homer* makes him that follows good Advice, equal to him that gives it; but he has not fully express'd himself. *Dacier.*

XVI.

VERSE 140. *At once my present Judgment and my past.]* Nestor here by the word *πάλαι*, means the Advice he gave at the time of the Quarrel in the first Book: He says, as it was his Opinion then that *Agamemnon* ought not to disgrace *Achilles*, so after the maturest Deliberation, he finds no Reason to alter it. Nestor here launches out into the Praises of *Achilles*, which is a secret Argument to induce *Agamemnon* to regain his Friendship, by shewing the Importance of it. *Eustathius.*

XVII.

VERSE 151. *This wondrous Hero.]* It is remarkable that *Agamemnon* here never uses the Name of *Achilles*: tho' he is resolv'd to court his Friendship, yet he cannot bear the mention of his Name. The Impression which the Dissention made, is not yet worn off, tho' he expatiates in Commendation of his Valour. *Eustathius.*

XVIII.

VERSE 155. *If Gifts immense his mighty Soul can bow.]* The Poet, says *Eustathius*, makes a wise Choice of the Gifts that are to be proffer'd to *Achilles*. Had he been ambitious of Wealth, there are golden Tripods, and ten Talents of Gold to bribe his Resentment. If he had been addicted to the Fair Sex, there was a King's Daughter and seven fair Captives to win his Favour. Or if he had been ambitious of Greatness, there were seven wealthy Cities and a Kingly Power to court him to a Reconciliation: But he takes this way to shew us that his Anger was stronger than all his other Passions. It is farther observable, that *Agamemnon* promises these Presents at three different times; first, at this In-

P

stant;

stant; secondly, on the taking of *Troy*; and lastly, after their Return to *Greece*. This Division in some degree multiplies them. *Dacier*.

XIX.

VERSE 157. *Ten weighty Talents.*] The ancient Criticks have blamed one of the Verses in the Enumeration of these Presents, as not sufficiently flowing and harmonious, the Pause is ill placed, and one word does not fall easily into the other. This will appear very plain if we compare it with a more numerous Verse.

Ἰλιόθεν μὲ Φέρον ἄνεμος κινόνεσσι πέλασσε.
Αἰθωνας δὲ λεῖήτας εἰείκοσι, δώδεκα δ' ἵππους.

The Ear immediately perceives the Musick of the former Line, every Syllable glides smoothly away, without offending the Ear with any such Roughness, as is found in the second. The first runs as swiftly as the Wind which it describes; but the latter is a broken interrupted uneven Verse. But it is certainly pardonable in this Place, where the Musick of Poetry is not necessary; the Mind is entirely taken up in learning what Presents *Agamemnon* intended to make *Achilles*: and is not at leisure to regard the Ornaments of Versification; and even those Pauses are not without their Beauties, as they would of Necessity cause a Stop in the Delivery, and so give time for each Particular to sink into the Mind of *Achilles*. *Eustathius*.

XX.

VERSE 159. *Seven sacred Tripods.*] There were two kinds of Tripods: in the one they used to boil Water, the other was entirely for Shew, to mix Wine and Water in, says *Athenæus*: the first were called λεῖήτας, or Cauldrons, for common Use, and made to bear the Fire; the other were ἄπυροι, and made chiefly for Ornament. It may be ask'd why this could be a proper Present for *Achilles*, who was a martial Man, and regarded

regarded nothing but Arms? It may be answer'd, that these Presents were very well suited to the Person to whom they were sent, as Tripods in ancient Days were the usual Prizes in Games; and they were given by *Achilles* himself in those which he exhibited in Honour of *Patroclus*: the same may be said of the female Captives, which are also among the Prizes in the Games of *Patroclus*. *Eustathius*.

XXI.

VERSE 161. *Twelve Steeds unmatch'd.*] From hence it is evident that Games us'd to be celebrated in the *Grecian* Army during the Time of War; perhaps in Honour of the deceas'd Heroes. For had *Agamemnon* sent *Achilles* Horses that had been victorious before the beginning of the *Trojan* War, they would by this time have been too old to be of any Value. *Eustathius*.

XXII

VERSE 189. *Laodice and Iphigenia, &c.*] These are the Names of *Agamemnon's* Daughters, among which we do not find *Electra*. But some affirm, says *Eustathius*, that *Laodice* and *Electra* are the same, (as *Iphianassa* is the same with *Iphigenia*) and she was called so, either by way of Sir-name, or by reason of her Complexion, which was ἡλεκτρῶδες, *flava*; or by way of Derision ἡλέκτρα quasi ἄλεκτρον, because she was an old Maid, as appears from *Euripides*, who says that she remain'd long a Virgin.

Παρθένε, μακρὸν δὴ μῆκος ἡλέκτρα χρόνε.

And in *Sophocles* she says of herself, Ἀνύμφευτος αἰὲν οἰχῶ, *I wander a disconsolate unmarried Virgin*, which shews that it was ever look'd upon as a Disgrace to continue long so.

XXIII.

XXIII.

VERSE 192. *I ask no Presents---My self will give the Dow'r.*] For in Greece the Bridegroom, before he marry'd, was obliged to make two Presents, one to his betroth'd Wife, and the other to his Father in Law. This Custom is very ancient; it was practis'd by the *Hebrews* in the time of the Patriarchs. *Abraham's* Servant gave Necklaces and Ear-rings to *Rebecca*, whom he demanded for *Isaac*. *Genesis* 24. 22. *Shechem* Son of *Hamor* says to *Jacob* and his Sons, whose Sister he was desirous to espouse, "Ask me never so much Dowry and Gifts. *Genesis* 34. 12. For the Dowry was for the Daughter. This Present serv'd for her Dowry, and the other Presents were for the Father. In the first Book of *Samuel* 18. 25. *Saul* makes them say to *David*, who by reason of his Poverty said he could not be Son in Law to the King: "The King desireth not any Dowry. And in the two last Passages, we see the Presents were commonly regulated by the Father of the Bride. There is no mention in *Homer* of any Present made to the Father, but only of that which was given to the married Daughter, which was call'd ἐνδοα. The Dowry which the Father gave to his Daughter was called μελίσια: Wherefore *Agamemnon* says here ἐπιμέλεια δώσω. *Dacier*.

XXIV.

VERSE 209. *Pluto, the grizly God, who never spares.*] The meaning of this may be gather'd from *Æschylus*, cited here by *Eustathius*.

Μόνος θεῶν θάνατος ἔ. δώρων ἐρᾷ,
Οὐδ' ἂν τι θύων ἔδ' ἐπισπένδων λάβοις,
Οὐδ' ἔσι βωμὸς, ἔδ' ἐ παιωνίζεσθαι.

Death is the only God who is not mov'd by Offerings, whom you cannot conquer by Sacrifices and Oblations, and therefore he is the only God to whom no Altar is erected, and no Hymns are sung.

XXV.

XXV.

VERSE 221. *Let Phoenix lead.*] How comes it to pass that *Phoenix* is in the *Grecian* Camp: when undoubtedly he retir'd with his Pupil *Achilles*? *Eustathius* says the Ancients conjectur'd that he came to the Camp to see the last Battel: and indeed nothing is more natural to imagine, than that *Achilles* would be impatient to know the Event of the Day, when he was himself absent from the Fight: and as his Revenge and Glory were to be satisfied by the ill Success of the *Grecians*, It is highly probable that he sent *Phoenix* to enquire after it. *Eustathius* farther observes, *Phoenix* was not an Embassador, but only the Conductor of the Embassy. This is evident from the Words themselves, which are all along deliver'd in the dual Number; and farther from *Achilles*'s requiring *Phoenix* to stay with him when the other two departed.

XXVI.

VERSE 222. *Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.*] The Choice of these Persons is made with a great deal of Judgment. *Achilles* could not but reverence the venerable *Phoenix* his Guardian and Tutor. *Ajax* and *Ulysses* had been disgrac'd in the first Book, Line 145, as well as he, and were therefore Instances of that Forgiveness they came to ask: besides it was the greatest Honour that could be done to *Achilles* to send the most worthy Personages in the Army to him. *Ulysses* was inferior to none in Eloquence but to *Nestor*. *Ajax* was second to none in Valour but to *Achilles*.

Ajax might have an Influence over him as a Relation, by Descent from *Æacus*, *Ulysses* as an Orator: To these are join'd *Hodius* and *Eurybates*, two Heralds, which tho it were not customary, yet was necessary in this Place, both to certify *Achilles* that this Embassy was the Act of *Agamemnon* himself, and also to make these Persons who had been Witnesses before God and Man of the Wrong done to *Achilles* in respect to *Briseis*, Witnesses also of the Satisfaction given him. *Eustathius*.

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XXVII.

XXVII.

VERSE 235. *Much he advis'd them all, Ulysses most.*] There is a great Propriety in representing *Nestor* as so particularly applying himself on this Occasion to *Ulysses*. Tho' he of all Men had the least need of his Instructions; yet it is highly natural for one wise Man to talk most to another.

XXVIII.

VERSE 246. *Pleas'd with the solemn Harp's harmonious Sound.*] "*Homer* (says *Plutarch*) to prove what an excellent Use may be made of Musick, feign'd *Achilles* to compose by this means the Wrath he had conceiv'd against *Agamemnon*. He sung to his Harp the noble Actions of the Valiant, and the Atchievements of Heroes and Demigods, a Subject worthy of *Achilles*. *Homer* moreover teaches us in this Fiction the proper Season for Musick, when a Man is at leisure and unemploy'd in greater Affairs. For *Achilles*, so valorous as he was, had retir'd from Action thro' his Displeasure to *Agamemnon*. And nothing was better suited to the martial Disposition of this Hero, than these heroick Songs, that prepared him for the Deeds and Toils he afterwards undertook, by the Celebration of the like in those who had gone before him. Such was the ancient Musick, and to such Purposes it was apply'd. *Plut. of Musick*. The same Author relates in the Life of *Alexander*, that when the Lyre of *Paris* was offer'd to that Prince, he made answer, "He had little Value for it, but much desired that of *Achilles*, on which he sung the Actions of Heroes in former Times.

XXIX.

VERSE 261. *Princes all hail!*] This short Speech is wonderfully proper to the Occasion, and to the Temper of the Speaker. One is under a great Expectation of what *Achilles*

chilles will say at the Sight of these Heroes, and I know nothing in Nature that could satisfy it, but the very thing he here accosts them with.

XXX.

VERSE 268. *Mix purer Wine.*] The Meaning of this word ζωρότερον is very dubious; some say it signifies warm Wine, from ζέω, *ferveo*: According to *Aristotle*, it is an Adverb, and implies to mix Wine *quickly*. And others think it signifies pure Wine. In this last Sense *Herodotus* uses it. Ἐπὶ ζωρότερον βάλωνται οἱ Σπαρτιάται πιεῖν, ἐπισκύθισον λέγουσιν, ὡς ἀπὸ τῶν Σκυθῶν, οἱ Φησιν, εἰς Σπάρτην ἀφικόμενοι πρέσβεις, ἐδίδαξαν τὸν Κλεομένην ἀκραῖοποιεῖν. Which in *English* is thus: "When
" the *Spartans* have an Inclination to drink their Wine pure
" and not diluted, they propose to drink after the Manner
" of the *Scythians*; some of whom coming Embassadors to
" *Sparta*, taught *Cleomenes* to drink his Wine unmix'd. I think this Sense of the Word is most natural, and *Achilles* might give this particular Order not to dilute the Wine so much as usually, because the Embassadors who were brave Men, might be suppos'd to be much fatigu'd in the late Bat-tel, and to want a more than usual Refreshment. *Eustathius*. See *Plutarch Symp.* l. 4. c. 5.

XXXI.

VERSE 271. *Patroclus o'er the blazing Fire, &c.*] The Reader must not expect to find much Beauty in such Descriptions as these: they give us an exact Account of the Simplicity of that Age, which for all we know might be a Part of *Homer's* Design; there being, no doubt, a considerable Change of Customs in *Greece* from the Time of the *Trojan* War to those wherein our Author lived; and it seem'd demanded of him to omit nothing that might give the *Greeks* an Idea of the Manners of their Predecessors. But however that Matter stood, it should methinks be a Pleasure to a modern Reader to see how such mighty Men, whose Actions have surviv'd their Persons three thousand Years, liv'd in the earliest Ages
of

of the World. The Embassadors found this Hero, says *Enstatius*, without any Attendants, he had no Ushers or Waiters to introduce them, no servile Parasites about him: The latter Ages degenerated into these Pieces of State and Pageantry.

The Supper also is describ'd with an equal Simplicity: three Princes are busied in preparing it, and they who made the greatest Figure in the Field of Battel, thought it no Disparagement to prepare their own Repast. The Objections some have made that *Homer's* Gods and Heroes do every thing for themselves, as if several of those Offices were unworthy of them, proceeds from the corrupt Idea of modern Luxury and Grandeur: Whereas in truth it is rather a Weakness and Imperfection to stand in need of the Assistance and Ministry of others. But however it be, methinks those of the nicest Taste might relish this Entertainment of *Homer's*, when they consider these great Men as Soldiers in a Camp, in whom the least Appearance of Luxury would have been a Crime.

XXXII.

VERSE 271. *Patroclus o'er the blazing Fire.*] Madam Dacier's general Note on this Passage deserves to be transcribed. " *Homer*, says she, is in the right not to avoid these Descriptions, because nothing can properly be called vulgar which " is drawn from the Manner and Usages of Persons of the first " Dignity; and also because in his Tongue even the Terms of " Cookery are so noble, and of so agreeable a Sound, and " he likewise knows how to place them so well, as to extract a perfect Harmony from them: So that he may be said " to be as excellent a Poet, when he describes these small " Matters, as when he treats of the greatest Subjects. 'Tis " not so either with our Manners, or our Language. Cookery " is left to Servants, and all its Terms so low and disagreeable, even in the Sound, that nothing can be made of " them, that has not some Taint of their Meanness. This " great Disadvantage made me at first think of abridging " this Preparation of the Repast; but when I had well considered

“ sider’d it, I was resolv’d to preserve and give *Homer* as he
 “ is, without retrenching any thing from the Simplicity of
 “ the heroick Manners. I do not write to enter the Lists
 “ against *Homer*, I will dispute nothing with him; my De-
 “ sign is only to give an Idea of him, and to make him be
 “ understood: The Reader will therefore forgiye me if this
 “ Description has none of its original Graces.

XXXIII.

VERSE 272. *In a Brazen Vase.*] The word *κεῖον* signifies
 the Vessel, and not the Meat itself, as *Euphorion* conjectured,
 giving it as a Reason that *Homer* makes no mention of boiled
 Meat: But this does not hinder but that the Meat might be
 parboil’d in the Vessel to make it roast the sooner. This,
 with some other Notes on the Particulars of this Passage, be-
 long to *Eustathius*, and Madam *Dacier* ought not to have ta-
 ken to herself the Merit of his Explanations.

XXXIV.

VERSE 282. *And sprinkles sacred Salt.*] Many Reasons
 are given why Salt is called sacred or divine, but the best is
 because it preserves things incorrupt, and keeps them from
 Dissolution. “ So Thunder (says *Plutarch Sympos. l. 5. qu. 10.*)
 “ is called divine, because Bodies struck with Thunder will
 “ not putrify; besides Generation is divine, because God is
 “ the Principle of all things, and Salt is most operative in
 “ Generation. *Lycophron* calls it ἀγνίτην τὸν ἅλα: For this
 “ Reason *Venus* was feign’d by the Poets to spring from
 “ the Sea.

XXXV.

VERSE 291. *To Phoenix Ajax gave the Sign.*] *Ajax* who was
 a rough Soldier and no Orator, is impatient to have the Business
 over: He makes a Sign to *Phoenix* to begin, but *Ulysses* pre-
 vents him. Perhaps *Ulysses* might flatter himself that his O-
 ratory

ratory would prevail upon *Achilles*, and so obtain the Honour of making the Reconciliation himself: Or if he were repuls'd, there yet remain'd a second and third Resource in *Ajax* and *Phoenix*, who might renew the Attempt, and endeavour to shake his Resolution: There would still be some hopes of Success, as one of these was his Guardian, the other his Relation. One may farther add to these Reasons of *Eustathius*, that it would have been improper for *Phoenix* to have spoken first, since he was not an Ambassador; and therefore *Ulysses* was the fitter Person, as being impower'd by that Function to make an Offer of the Presents in the Name of the King.

XXXVI.

VERSE 295. *Health to Achilles.*] There are no Discourses in the *Iliad* better placed, better tim'd, or that give a greater Idea of *Homer's* Genius, than these of the Ambassadors to *Achilles*. These Speeches are not only necessarily demanded by the Occasion, but dispos'd with Art, and in such an Order, as raises more and more the Pleasure of the Reader. *Ulysses* speaks the first, the Character of whose Discourse is a well-address'd Eloquence; so the Mind is agreeably engag'd by the Choice of his Reasons and Applications: *Achilles* replies with a magnanimous Freedom, whereby the Mind is elevated with the Sentiments of the Hero: *Phoenix* discourses in a manner touching and pathetick, whereby the Heart is moved: and *Ajax* concludes with a generous Disdain, that leaves the Soul of the Reader inflamed. This Order undoubtedly denotes a great Poet, who knows how to command Attention as he pleases by the Arrangement of his Matter; and I believe it is not possible to propose a better Model for the happy Disposition of a Subject. These Words are *Monsieur de la Motte's*, and no Testimony can be more glorious to *Homer* than this, which comes from the Mouth of an Enemy.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

VERSE 296. *Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts.*] I must just mention *Dacier's* Observation: With what Cunning *Ulysses* here slides in the odious Name of *Agamemnon*, as he praises *Achilles*, that the Ear of this impetuous Man might be familiariz'd to that Name.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 314. *He waits but for the Morn, to sink in Flame The Ships, the Greeks, &c.*] There is a Circumstance in the Original which I have omitted, for fear of being too particular in an Oration of this Warmth and Importance; but as it preserves a Piece of Antiquity I must not forget it here. He says that *Hector* will not only fire the Fleet, but bear off the *Statues of the Gods*, which were carv'd on the Prows of the Vessels. These were hung up in the Temples, as a Monument of Victory, according to the Custom of those Times.

XXXIX.

VERSE 342. *But bear me, while I number o'er The proffer'd Presents.*] Monsieur *de la Motte* finds fault with *Homer* for making *Ulysses* in this Place repeat all the Offers of *Agamemnon* to *Achilles*. Not to answer that it was but necessary to make known to *Achilles* all the Proposals, or that this distinct Enumeration serv'd the more to move him, I think one may appeal to any Person of common Taste whether the solemn Recital of these Circumstances does not please him more, than the simple Narration could have done, which Monsieur *de la Motte* would have put in its stead. *Ulysses* made all the Offers *Agamemnon* had commission'd him.

XL.

XL.

VERSE 406. *Achilles's Speech.*] Nothing is more remarkable than the Conduct of *Homer* in this Speech of *Achilles*. He begins with some degree of Coolness, as in respect to the Embassadors whose Persons he esteem'd, yet even there his Temper just shews itself in the Insinuation that *Ulysses* had dealt artfully with him, which in two Periods rises into an open Detestation of all Artifice. He then falls into a fullen Declaration of his Resolves, and a more sedate Representation of his past Services; but warms as he goes on, and every Minute he but names his Wrongs, flies out into Extravagance. His Rage awaken'd by that Injury, is like a Fire blown by a Wind, that sinks and rises by fits, but keeps continually burning, and blazes but the more for those Intermissions.

XLI.

VERSE 424. *As the bold Bird, &c.*] This Simile (says *La Motte*) must be allow'd to be just, but was not fit to be spoken in a Passion. One may answer, that the Tenderneſs of the Comparison renders it no way the less proper to a Man in a Passion, it being natural enough, the more one is disgusted at present, the more to recollect the Kindness we have formerly shewn to those who are ungrateful. *Eustathius* observes, that so soft as the Simile seems, it has nevertheless its *fiertè*; for *Achilles* herein expresses his Contempt for the *Greeks*, as a weak defenceless People, who must have perished if he had not preserved them. And indeed if we consider what is said in the preceding Note, it will appear that the Passion of *Achilles* ought not as yet to be at the Height.

XLII.

VERSE 432. *I sack'd twelve ample Cities.*] *Eustathius* says, that the Anger of *Achilles* not only throws him into Tautology, but also into Ambiguity: For, says he, these Words
may

the NINTH BOOK.

65

may either signify that he destroy'd twelve Cities with his Ships, or barely Cities with twelve Ships. But *Eustathius* in this Place is like many other Commentators, who can see a Meaning in a Sentence that never enter'd into the Thoughts of an Author. It is not easy to conceive how *Achilles* could have express'd himself more clearly. There is no doubt but δώδεκα agrees with the same word that ἐνδεκα does, in the following Line, which is certainly πόλεις: and there is a manifest Enumeration of the Places he had conquer'd, by Sea, and by Land.

XLIII.

VERSE 450. *The Wife whom Choice and Passion both approve, Sure ev'ry wife and worthy Man will love.*] The Argument of *Achilles* in this Place is very a-propos with Reference to the Case of *Agamemnon*. If I translated it verbatim, I must say in plain *English*, *Every honest Man loves his Wife*. Thus *Homer* has made this rash, this fiery Soldier, govern'd by his Passions, and in the Rage of Youth, bear Testimony to his own Respect for the Ladies. But it seems *Poltis* King of *Thrace* was of another Opinion, who would have parted with two Wives, out of pure Good-nature to two meer Strangers; as I have met with the Story somewhere in *Plutarch*. When the *Greeks* were raising Forces against *Troy*, they sent Embassadors to this *Poltis* to desire his Assistance. He enquir'd the Cause of the War, and was told it was the Injury *Paris* had done *Menelaus* in taking his Wife from him. "If that be all, said the good King, let me accomodate the Difference: "Indeed it is not just the *Greek* Prince should lose a Wife, "and on the other side it is pity the *Trojan* should want one. "Now I have two Wives, and to prevent all this Mischief, "I'll send one of them to *Menelaus*, and the other to *Paris*. It is a shame this Story is so little known, and that poor *Poltis* yet remains uncelebrated: I cannot but recommend him to the modern Poets.

XLIV.

VERSE 457. *Your King, Ulysses, may consult with you.] Achilles still remembers what Agamemnon said to him when they quarrel'd, Other brave Warriors will be left behind to follow me in Battel, as we have seen in the first Book. He answers here without either sparing Ajax or Ulysses; as much his Friends as they are, they have their Share in this Stroke of Raillery. Eustathius.*

XLV.

VERSE 459. *Has he not Walls?] This is a bitter Satyr (says Eustathius) against Agamemnon, as if his only Deeds were the making of this Wall, this Ditch, these Palliades, to defend himself against those whom he came to besiege: There was no need of these Retrenchments, whilst Achilles fought. But (as Dacier observes) this Satyr does not affect Agamemnon only, but Nestor too, who had advis'd the making of these Retrenchments, and who had said in the second Book, If there are a few who separate themselves from the rest of the Army, let them stay and perish, W. 346. Probably this had been reported to Achilles, and that Hero revenges himself here by mocking these Retrenchments.*

XLVI.

VERSE 473. *Pthia the third Day hence, &c.] Monsieur de la Motte thinks the mention of these minute Circumstances not to agree with the passionate Character of the Speaker; that he shall arrive at Pthia in three Days, that he shall find there all the Riches he left when he came to the Siege, and that he shall carry other Treasures home. Dacier answers, that we need only consider the present Situation of Achilles, and his Cause of Complaint against Agamemnon, and we shall be satisfied here is nothing but what is exactly agreeable to the Occasion. To convince the Embassadors that he will return home, he*

he instances the Easiness of doing it, in the Space of three Days: *Agamemnon* had injur'd him in the Point of Booty, he therefore declares he had sufficient Treasures at home, and that he will carry off Spoils enough, and Women enough, to make amends for those that Prince had ravish'd from him. Every one of these Particulars marks his Passion and Resentment.

XLVII.

VERSE 481. *One only valu'd Gift your Tyrant gave.*] The Injury which *Agamemnon* offer'd to *Achilles* is still uppermost in his Thoughts, he has but just dismiss'd it, and now returns to it again. These Repetitions are far from being Faults in *Achilles's* Wrath, whose Anger is perpetually breaking out upon the same Injury.

XLVIII.

VERSE 494. *Kings of such a kind Stand but as Slaves before a noble Mind.*] The Words in the Greek are, *I despise him as a Carian.* The *Carians* were People of *Bæotia*, the first that sold their Valour, and were ready to fight for any that gave them their Pay. This was look'd upon as the vilest of Actions in those heroical Ages. I think there is at present but one Nation in the World distinguish'd for this Practice, who are ready to prostitute their Hands to kill for the highest Bidder.

Eustathius endeavours to give many other Solutions of this Place, as that *ἐν καρὸς* may be mistaken for *ἐγκαρὸς* from *ἐγκαρ*, *pediculus*; but this is too mean and trivial to be *Homer's* Sentiment. There is more Probability that it comes from *κῆρ*, *κηρὸς*, and so *καρὸς* by the Change of the *Eta* into *Alpha*; and then the Meaning will be, that *Achilles* hates him as much as Hell or Death, agreeable to what he had said a little before.

Ἐχθρὸς μὲν μοι κείνος ὁμῶς αἶδα πύλῃσι.

XLIX.

XLIX.

VERSE 500. *Not all proud Thebes, &c.*] These several Circumstances concerning *Thebes* are thought by some not to suit with that Emotion with which *Achilles* here is suppos'd to speak: but the contrary will appear true, if we reflect that nothing is more usual for Persons transported with Anger, than to insist, and return to such Particulars as most touch them; and that Exaggeration is a Figure extremely natural in Passion. *Achilles* therefore, by shewing the Greatness of *Thebes*, its Wealth, and Extent, does in Effect but shew the Greatness of his own Soul, and of that insuperable Resentment which renders all these Riches (tho' the greatest in the World) contemptible in his Sight, when he compares them with the Indignity his Honour has receiv'd.

L.

VERSE 500. *Proud Thebes' unrival'd Walls, &c.*] “The
“ City which the *Greeks* call *Thebes*, the *Ægyptians* *Helio-*
“ *polis* (says *Diodorus lib. 1. part. 2.*) was in Circuit a hun-
“ dred and forty Stadia, adorned with stately Buildings, mag-
“ nificent Temples, and rich Donations. It was not only
“ the most beautiful and noble City of *Ægypt*, but of the
“ whole World. The Fame of its Wealth and Grandeur
“ was so celebrated in all Parts, that the Poet took notice of
“ it in these Words.

-----ὅδ' ὅσα Θήβας

Αἰγυπτίας, ὅθι πλεῖστα δόμοις ἐν κλήμαλα κεῖται,

Αἰὲρ ἐκατόμυλοι εἰσι, διηκόσιοι δ' ἂν ἐκάστην

Ἀνέρες ἐξοιχνεύσι σὺν ἵπποισι καὶ ὄχεσφιν.

“ Tho' others affirm it had not a hundred Gates, but seve-
“ ral vast Porches to the Temples; from whence the City
“ was call'd the *Hundred-gated*, only as having many Gates.
“ Yet it is certain it furnished twenty thousand Chariots of
“ War; for there were a hundred Stables along the River,
“ from

“ from *Memphis* to *Thebes* towards *Lybia*, each of which
 “ contain’d two hundred Horses, the Ruins whereof are shewn
 “ at this Day. The Princes from time to time made it their
 “ care to beautify and enlarge this City, to which none un-
 “ der the Sun was equal in the many and magnificent Trea-
 “ sures of Gold, Silver, and Ivory; with innumerable Co-
 “ lossus’s, and Obeliskes of one entire Stone. There were
 “ four Temples admirable in Beauty and Greatness, the most
 “ ancient of which was in Circuit thirteen Stadia, and five
 “ and forty Cubits in Heighth, with a Wall of four and
 “ twenty Foot broad. The Ornaments and Offerings within
 “ were agreeable to this Magnificence, both in Value and
 “ Workmanship. The Fabrick is yet remaining, but the
 “ Gold, Silver, Ivory, and precious Stones were ranfack’d by
 “ the *Persians* when *Cambyfes* burn’d the Temples of *Ægypt*.
 “ There were found in the Rubbish above three hundred Ta-
 “ lents of Gold, and no less than two thousand three hundred
 “ of Silver. The same Author proceeds to give many Instan-
 ces of the Magnificence of this great City. The Description
 of the Sepulchres of their Kings, and particularly that of
Osymanduas, is perfectly astonishing, to which I refer the
 Reader.

Strabo farther informs us, that the Kings of *Thebes* ex-
 tended their Conquests as far as *Scythia*, *Bactria*, and *India*.

LI.

VERSE 525. *Not all Apollo’s Pythian Treasures.*] The
 Temple of *Apollo* at *Delphos* was the richest Temple in the
 World, by the Offerings which were brought to it from all
 Parts; there were Statues of massy Gold of a human Size,
 Figures of Animals in Gold, and several other Treasures.
 A great Sign of its Wealth is, that the *Phocians* pillag’d it in
 the Time of *Philip* the Son of *Amyntas*, which gave Occa-
 sion to the holy War. ’Tis said to have been pillag’d before,
 and that the great Riches of which *Homer* speaks, had been
 carried away. *Eustathius*.

T

LII.

LII.

VERSE 530. *The vital Spirit bled, Returns no more.*] No-
 thing sure could be better imagin'd, or more strongly paint
Achilles's Resentment; than this Commendation which *Ho-*
mer puts into his Mouth of a long and peaceable Life.
 That Hero whose very Soul was possessed with Love of Glo-
 ry; and who prefer'd it to Life itself, lets his Anger prevail
 over this his darling Passion: He despises even Glory, when
 he cannot obtain that, and enjoy his Revenge at the same
 time; and rather than lay this aside, becomes the very Re-
 verse of himself.

LIII.

VERSE 532. *My Fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd.*] It was very necessary for *Homer* to put the Reader more than once in mind of this Piece of *Achilles's* Story: There is a Remark of Monsieur *de la Motte* which deserves to be transcribed entire on this Occasion.

“ The Generality of People who do not know *Achilles* by
 “ the *Iliad*, and who upon a most noted Fable conceive him
 “ invulnerable all but in the Heel, find it ridiculous that he
 “ should be placed at the Head of Heroes; so true it is, that
 “ the Idea of Valour implies it always from Danger.

“ Should a Giant, well arm'd, fight against a Legion of
 “ Children, whatever Slaughter he should make, the Pity
 “ any one would have for them would not turn at all to any
 “ Admiration of him, and the more he should applaud his
 “ own Courage, the more one would be offended at his
 “ Pride.

“ *Achilles* had been in this Case, if *Homer*, besides all
 “ the Superiority of Strength he has given him, had not
 “ found the Art of putting likewise his Greatness of Soul out
 “ of all Suspicion.

“ He has perfectly well succeeded, in feigning that *Achilles*
 “ before his setting out to the *Trojan* War, was sure of meet-
 “ ing his Death. The Destinies had propos'd to him by the
 “ Month

“ Mouth of *Thetis*, the Alternative of a long and happy, but
 “ obscure Life, if he stay’d in his own State; or of a short
 “ but glorious one, if he embrac’d the Vengeance of the
 “ *Greeks*. He wishes for Glory in Contempt of Death; and
 “ thus all his Actions, all his Motions are so many Proofs
 “ of his Courage; he runs, in hastening his Exploits, to a
 “ Death which he knows infallibly attends him; what does
 “ it avail him, that he routs every thing almost with-
 “ out Resistance? It is still true, that he every Moment en-
 “ counters and faces the Sentence of his Destiny, and that
 “ he devotes himself generously for Glory. *Homer* was so
 “ sensible that this Idea must force a Concern for his Hero,
 “ that he scatters it throughout his Poem, to the end that
 “ the Reader having it always in view, may esteem *Achilles*
 “ even for what he performs without the least Danger.

LIV.

VERSE 565. *How shall thy Friend, thy Phoenix stay behind.*] This is a strong Argument to persuade *Achilles* to stay, but dress’d up in the utmost Tendernefs: the venerable old Man rises with Tears in his Eyes, and speaks the Language of Affection. He tells him that he would not be left behind him, tho’ the Gods would free him from the Burthen of old Age, and restore him to his Youth: But in the midst of so much Fondness, he couches a powerful Argument to persuade him not to return home, by adding that his Father sent him to be his Guide and Guardian, *Phoenix* ought not therefore to follow the Inclinations of *Achilles*, but *Achilles* the Directions of *Phoenix*. *Eustathius*.

“ The Art of this Speech of *Phoenix* (says *Dionysius* περί
 “ ἐσχηματισμένων, lib. 1.) consists in his seeming to agree with
 “ all that *Achilles* had said: *Achilles*, he sees, will depart;
 “ and he must go along with him; but in assigning the
 “ Reasons why he must go with him, he proves that *Achilles*
 “ ought not to depart. And thus while he seems only to
 “ shew his Love to his Pupil in his Inability to stay behind
 “ him, he indeed challenges the other’s Gratitude for the
 “ Benefits he had confer’d upon him in his Infancy and
 “ Education.

“ Education. At the same time that he moves *Achilles*, he
 “ gratifies *Agamemnon*; and that this was the real Design which
 “ he disguised in that manner, we are inform’d by *Achilles*
 “ himself in the Reply he makes: For *Homer*, and all the
 “ Authors that treat of this Figure, generally contrive it so,
 “ that the Answers made to these kind of Speeches, discover
 “ all the Art and Structure of them. *Achilles* therefore
 “ asks him,

*Is it for him these Tears are taught to flow,
 For him these Sorrows, for my mortal Foe?*

“ You see the Scholar reveals the Art and Dissimulation of
 “ his Master; and as *Phoenix* had recounted the Benefits
 “ done him, he takes off that Expostulation by promising
 “ to divide his Empire with him, as may be seen in the same
 “ Answer.

LV.

VERSE 567. *He sent thee early to th’ Achaian Host.*] *Achilles* (says *Eustathius*) according to some of the Ancients, was but twelve Years old when he went to the Wars of *Troy*; (*πέμπε νήπιον*) and it may be gather’d from what the Poet here relates of the Education of *Achilles* under *Phoenix*, that the Fable of his being tutor’d by *Chiron* was the Invention of latter Ages, and unknown to *Homer*.

Mr. *Bayle* in his Article of *Achilles*, has very well proved this. He might indeed as he grew up, have learn’d Musick and Physick of *Chiron*, without having him formally as his Tutor; for it is plain from this Speech that he was put under the Direction of *Phoenix* as his Governor in Morality; when his Father sent him along with him to the Siege of *Troy*.

LVI.

VERSE 576. *My Father, faithless to my Mother’s Arms, &c.*] *Homer* has been blamed for introducing two long Stories in-

to

to this Speech of *Phoenix*; this concerning himself is said not to be in the proper Place; and what *Achilles* must needs have heard over and over: It also gives (say they) a very ill Impression of *Phoenix* himself, and makes him appear a very unfit Person to be a Teacher of Morality to the young Hero. It is answer'd, that tho' *Achilles* might have known the Story before in general, 'tis probable *Phoenix* had not till now so pressing an Occasion to make him discover the Excess his Fury had transported him to, in attempting the Life of his own Father: The whole Story tends to represent the dreadful Effects of Passion; and I cannot but think the Example is the more forcible, as it is drawn from his own Experience.

LVII.

VERSE 579. *To win the Damsel.*] The Counsel that this Mother gives to her Son *Phoenix* is the same that *Achitophel* gave to *Absolom*, to hinder him from ever being reconcil'd to *David*. *Et ait Achitophel ad Absolom: ingredere ad concubinos patris tui, quas dimisit ad custodiendam domum, ut cum audierit omnis Israel quod fœdaveris patrem tuum, roborentur tecum manus eorum.* 2 Sam. 14. 20. *Dacier.*

LVIII.

VERSE 579. *Prevent my Sire.*] This Decency of *Homer* is worthy Observation, who to remove all the disagreeable Ideas which might proceed from this Intrigue of *Phoenix* with his Father's Mistress, took care to give us to understand in one single word, that *Amyntor* had no share in her Affections, which makes the Action of *Phoenix* the more excusable. He does it only in Obedience to his Mother, in order to reclaim his Father, and oblige him to live like her Husband: Besides, his Father had yet no Commerce with this Mistress to whose Love he pretended. Had it been otherwise, and had *Phoenix* committed this sort of Incest, *Homer* would neither have presented this Image to his Reader, nor *Peleus* chosen *Phoenix* to be Governor to *Achilles*. *Dacier.*

LIX.

VERSE 584. *Infernal Jove.*] The Greek is *Ζεύς τε καὶ Ἅιδης*. The Ancients gave the Name of *Jupiter* not only to the God of Heaven, but likewise to the God of Hell, as is seen here, and to the God of the Sea, as appears from *Æschylus*. They thereby meant to shew that one sole Deity governed the World; and it was to teach the same Truth, that the ancient Statuaries made Statues of *Jupiter*, which had three Eyes. *Priam* had one of them in that manner in the Court of his Palace, which was there in *Laomedon's* Time: After the taking of *Troy*, when the *Greeks* shar'd the Booty, it fell to *Sthenelus's* Lot, who carry'd it into *Greece*. *Dacier*.

LX.

VERSE 586. *Despair and Grief distract, &c.*] I have taken the Liberty to replace here four Verses which *Aristarchus* had cut out, because of the Horror which the Idea gave him of a Son who is going to kill his Father; but perhaps *Aristarchus's* Niceness was too great. These Verses seem to me necessary, and have a very good Effect; for *Phoenix's* Aim is to shew *Achilles*, that unless we overcome our Wrath, we are expos'd to commit the greatest Crimes: He was going to kill his own Father. *Achilles* in the same manner is going to let his Father *Phoenix* and all the *Greeks* perish, if he does not appease his Wrath. *Plutarch* relates these four Verses in his Treatise of reading the Poets; and adds, "*Aristarchus* frightened at this horrible Crime, cut out these Verses; but they do very well in this Place, and on this Occasion, *Phoenix* intending to shew *Achilles* what Wrath is, and to what abominable Excesses it hurries Men who do not obey Reason, and who refuse to follow the Counsels of those that advise them. These sort of Curtailings from *Homer*, often contrary to all Reason, gave room to *Lucian* to feign that being in the fortunate Islands, he ask'd *Homer* a great many Questions. Among other things (says he in his

his second Book of his true History) "I ask'd him whether
"he had made all the Verses which had been rejected in his
"Poem? He assur'd me they were all his own, which made
"me laugh at the impertinent and bold Criticisms of Zeno-
"dorus and *Aristarchus*, who had retrench'd them. *Dacier*.

LXI.

VERSE 612. *I pass my Watchings o'er thy helpless Years.*] In the Original of this Place *Phoenix* tells *Achilles*, that as he placed him in his Infancy on his Lap, *he has often cast up the Wine he had drank upon his Cloaths*. I wish I had any Authority to say these Verses were foisted into the Text: For tho' the Idea be indeed natural, it must be granted to be so very gross as to be utterly unworthy of *Homer*; nor do I see any Colour to soften the Meanness of it: such Images in any Age or Country, must have been too nauseous to be described.

LXII.

VERSE 625. *Pray'rs are Jove's Daughters.*] Nothing can be more beautiful, noble, or religious, than this divine Allegory. We have here Goddesses of *Homer's* Creation, he sets before us their Pictures in lively Colours, and gives these fancy'd Beings all the Features that resemble Mankind who offer Injuries, or have Recourse to Prayers.

Prayers are said to be the Daughters of *Jove*, because it is he who teaches Man to pray. They are lame, because the Posture of a Suppliant is with his Knee on the Ground. They are wrinkled, because those that pray have a Countenance of Dejection and Sorrow. Their Eyes are turn'd aside, because thro' an awful Regard to Heaven they dare not lift them thither. They follow *Ate* or *Injury*, because nothing but Prayers can atone for the Wrongs that are offer'd by the injurious. *Ate* is said to be strong and swift of Foot, &c. because injurious Men are swift to do Mischief. This is the Explanation of *Eustathius*, with whom *Dacier* agrees, but when she allows the Circumstance of Lameness to intimate the Custom of kneeling

kneeling in Prayer, she forgets that this contradicts her own Assertion in one of the Remarks on Iliad 7. where she affirms that no such Custom was used by the *Greeks*. And indeed the contrary seems inferred in several Places of *Homer*, particularly where *Achilles* says in the 608th Verse of the eleventh Book, *The Greeks shall stand round his Knees supplicating to him*. The Phrases in that Language that signify praying, are deriv'd from the Knee, only as it was usual to lay hold on the Knee of the Person to whom they supplicated.

A modern Author imagines *Ate* to signify *divine Justice*, a Notion in which he is single, and repugnant to all the Mythologists. Besides, the whole Context in this Place, and the very Application of the Allegory to the present Case of *Achilles*, whom he exhorts to be moved by Prayers notwithstanding the Injustice done him by *Agamemnon*, makes the contrary evident.

LXIII.

VERSE 643. *Not Greece, nor all her Fortunes.*] *Plato* in the third Book of his Republick condemns this Passage, and thinks it very wrong, that *Phoenix* should say to *Achilles* that if they did not offer him great Presents, he would not advise him to be appeas'd; but I think there is some Injustice in this Censure, and that *Plato* has not rightly enter'd into the Sense of *Phoenix*, who does not look upon these Presents on the side of Interest, but Honour, as a Mark of *Agamemnon's* Repentance, and of the Satisfaction he is ready to make: wherefore he says, that Honour has a mighty Power over great Spirits. *Dacier*.

LXIV.

VERSE 648. *Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain.*] In the Original it is ----τῶν μὴ σὺ γε μῦθον ἐλέγξης Μηδὲ πόδας.---- I am pretty confident there is not any manner of speaking like this used throughout all *Homer*; nor two Substantives so oddly coupled to a Verb, as *μῦθον* and *πόδας* in this Place. We may indeed meet with such little Affectations in *Ovid*,---*Aurigam puriter*

puriter animaque, rotisque, Expulsi—and the like; but the Taste of the Ancients in general was too good for these Fooleries. I must have leave to think the Verse *Μηδὲ πόδας, &c.* an Interpolation; the Sense is compleat without it, and the latter part of the Line, *πρὶν δ' ἔτι νεμεσσηλὸν κεχολῶσθαι*, seems but a Tautology, after what is said in the six Verses preceding.

LXV.

VERSE 649. *Let me, my Son, an ancient Fact unfold.]* *Phoenix*, says *Eustathius*, lays down, as the Foundation of his Story, that great Men in former Ages were always appeas'd by Presents and Entreaties, and to confirm this Position, he brings *Meleager* as an Instance; but it may be objected, that *Meleager* was an ill chosen Instance, being a Person whom no Entreaties could move: The Superstructure of this Story seems not to agree with the Foundation. *Eustathius* solves the Difficulty thus. *Homer* did not intend to give an Instance of a Hero's Compliance with the Entreaties of his Friends, but to shew that they who did not comply were Sufferers themselves in the End. So that the Connection of the Story is thus; The Heroes of former Times were used always to be won by Presents and Entreaties; *Meleager* only was obstinate, and suffer'd because he was so.

The Length of this Narration cannot be taxed as unreasonable; it was at full Leisure in the Tent, and in the Night, a time of no Action. Yet I cannot answer but the Tale may be tedious to a modern Reader. I have translated it therefore with all possible Shortness, as will appear upon a Comparison. The Piece itself is very valuable, as it preserves to us a Part of ancient History that had otherwise been entirely lost, as *Quintilian* has remark'd. The same great Critick commends *Homer's* manner of relating it: *Narrare quis significantius potest, quam qui Curetum Ætolorumque praelia exponit, lib. 10. c. 1.*

LXVI.

VERSE 677. *Alcyone, a Name to show, &c.*] It appears (says Madam Dacier) by this Passage, and by others already observ'd, that the Greeks often gave Names, as did the Hebrews, not only with respect to the Circumstances, but likewise to the Accidents which happen'd to the Fathers and Mothers of those they named: Thus *Cleopatra* is called *Alcyone*, from the Lamentations of her Mother. I cannot but think this Digression concerning *Idas* and *Marpessa* too long, and not very much to the Purpose.

LXVII.

VERSE 708. *She paints the Horrors of a conquer'd Town,
The Heroes slain, the Palaces o'erthrown,
The Matrons ravish'd, the whole Race enslav'd.*]

It is remarkable with what Art *Homer* here in a few Words sums up the Miseries of a City taken by Assault.

It had been unpardonable for *Cleopatra* to have made a long Representation to *Meleager* of these Miseries, when every Moment that kept him from the Battel could not be spared. It is also to be observed how perfectly the Features of *Meleager* resemble *Achilles*, they are both brave Men, ambitious of Glory, both of them describ'd as giving Victory to their several Armies while they fought, and both of them implacable in their Resentment. *Eustathius*.

LXVIII.

VERSE 718. *Achilles's Answer to Phoenix.*] The Character of *Achilles* is excellently sustain'd in all his Speeches: To *Ulysses* he returns a flat Denial, and threatens to leave the *Trojan* Shores in the Morning: To *Phoenix* he gives a much gentler Answer, and begins to mention *Agamemnon* with less Disrespect *Ἀτρεΐδῃ ἡρώϊ*: After *Ajax* had spoken, he seems determin'd not to depart, but yet refuses to bear Arms, till it is to defend his own Squadron. Thus *Achilles's* Character

is every where of a Piece: He begins to yield, and not to have done so, would not have spoke him a Man; to have made him perfectly inexorable had shewn him a Monster. Thus the Poet draws the Heat of his Passion cooling by slow Degrees, which is very natural: To have done otherwise, had not been agreeable to *Achilles's* Temper, nor the Reader's Expectation, to whom it would have been shocking to have seen him passing from the greatest Storm of Anger to a quiet Calmness. *Eustathius.*

LXIX.

VERSE 725. *While Life's warm Spirit beats within my Breast.*] *Eustathius* observes here with a great deal of Penetration, that these Words of *Achilles* include a sort of Oracle, which he does not understand: For it sometimes happens that Men full of their Objects say things, which besides the Sense natural and plain to every Body, include another supernatural, which they themselves do not understand, and which is understood by those only who have Penetration enough to see thro' the Obscurity of it. Thus *Oedipus* often speaks in *Sophocles*; and holy Scripture furnishes us with great Examples of Enthusiastick Speeches, which have a double Sense. Here we manifestly see that *Achilles* in speaking a very simple and common thing, foretells without thinking of it, that his Abode on that fatal Shore will equal the Course of his Life, and consequently that he shall die there: and this double Meaning gives a sensible Pleasure to the Reader. *Dacier.*

LXX.

VERSE 742. *The Speech of Ajax.*] I have before spoken of this short Soldier-like Speech of *Ajax*; *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* says of it, "that the Person who entreats most, "and with most Liberty, who supplicates most, and presses "most, is *Ajax*. It is probable that *Ajax* rises up when he speaks the word, *Let us go*. He does not vouchsafe to address himself to *Achilles*, but turns himself to *Ulysses*, and speaks with a martial Eloquence.

LXXI.

LXXI.

VERSE 751. *The Price of Blood discharg'd.*] It was the Custom for the Murderer to go into Banishment one Year, but if the Relations of the Person murdered were willing, the Criminal by paying them a certain Fine, might buy off the Exile, and remain at home. (It may not be amiss to observe, that *πολύμ*, *quasi* *Φολύμ*, properly signifies a Mulet paid for Murder.) *Ajax* sums up this Argument with a great deal of Strength: We see, says he, a Brother forgive the Murder of his Brother, a Father that of his Son. But *Achilles* will not forgive the Injury offer'd him by taking away one captive Woman. *Eustathius*.

LXXII.

VERSE 757. *Revere the Roof, and to thy Guests be kind.*] *Eustathius* says there is some Difficulty in the Original of this Place. Why should *Ajax* draw an Argument to influence *Achilles*, by putting him in mind to reverence his own Habitation? The latter Part of the Verse explains the former: We, says *Ajax*, are under your Roof, and let that protect us from any ill Usage; send us not away from your House with Contempt, who came hither as Friends, as Supplicants, as Embassadors.

LXXIII.

VERSE 762. *Well hast thou spoke, but at the Tyrant's Name My Rage rekindles.*] We have here the true Picture of an angry Man, and nothing can be better imagin'd to heighten *Achilles's* Wrath; he owns that Reason would induce him to a Reconciliation, but his Anger is too great to listen to Reason. He speaks with respect to them, but upon mentioning *Agamemnon*, he flies into Rage: Anger is in nothing more like Madness, than that Madmen will talk sensibly enough upon any indifferent Matter; but upon the mention of the Subject

Subject that caused their Disorder, they fly out into their usual Extravagance.

LXXIV.

VERSE 811. *Such was his Word.*] It may be ask'd here why *Ulysses* speaks only of the Answer which *Achilles* made him at first, and says nothing of the Disposition to which the Discourses of *Phoenix* and *Ajax* had brought him. The Question is easily answer'd; it is because *Achilles* is obstinate in his Resentment; and that, if at length a little mov'd by *Phoenix*, and shaken by *Ajax*, he seem'd dispos'd to take Arms; it is not out of regard to the *Greeks*, but only to save his own Squadron, when *Hector* after having put the *Greeks* to the Sword, shall come to insult it. Thus this inflexible Man abates nothing of his Rage. It is therefore prudent in *Ulysses* to make this Report to *Agamemnon*, to the End that being put out of hopes of the Aid with which he flatter'd himself, he may concert with the Leaders of the Army the Measures necessary to save his Fleet and Troops. *Eustathius*.

LXXV.

VERSE 821. *Why should we Gifts, &c.*] This Speech is admirably adapted to the Character of *Diomed*, every word is animated with a martial Courage, and worthy to be deliver'd by a gallant Soldier. He advis'd fighting in the beginning of the Book, and continues still in that Opinion; and he is no more concern'd at the Speech of *Achilles* now, than he was at that of *Agamemnon* before.

THE NINTH BOOK

Subjects that caused their Disorder, they by our own their
usual Extravagance.

LXXIV

At the 24th June was the Word, I remember that I
was only of the Answer which I gave
that at first, and was nothing of the 17th June
the President of the House and I were both present
Question is easily answered; but I cannot say
his Resolution, and that it is a thing which I
was, and I think by what he said I should be
is not out of regard to that word, but only to the
Speech, which I have said, having been the 17th
Sword, shall come to mind. I have this in the
date nothing of his Rage. It is therefore plain
to make this Report to the House, to the 17th June
put out of hopes of the 17th June, and I think
he may consent with the House of the 17th June
necessary to have his Piece and I think

LXXV

At the 24th June was the Word, I remember that I
was only of the Answer which I gave
that at first, and was nothing of the 17th June
the President of the House and I were both present
Question is easily answered; but I cannot say
his Resolution, and that it is a thing which I
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THE

THE
TENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.



The ARGUMENT.

The Night-Adventure of *Diomed* and *Ulysses*.

UPON the Refusal of *Achilles* to return to the Army; the Distress of *Agamemnon* is describ'd in the most lively manner. He takes no Rest that Night, but passes thro' the Camp, awaking the Leaders, and contriving all possible Methods for the publick Safety. *Menelaus*, *Nestor*, *Ulysses* and *Diomed* are employ'd in raising the rest of the Captains. They call a Council of War, and determine to send Scouts into the Enemy's Camp to learn their Posture and discover their Intentions. *Diomed* undertakes this hazardous Enterprize, and makes choice of *Ulysses* for his Companion. In their Passage they surprize *Dolon*, whom *Hector* had sent on a like Design to the Camp of the Grecians. From him they are inform'd of the Situation of the Trojan and Auxiliary Forces, and particularly of *Rhesus* and the Thracians who were lately arriv'd. They pass on with Success, kill *Rhesus*, with several of his Officers, and seize the famous Horses of that Prince with which they return in Triumph to the Camp.

The same Night continues; the Scene lies in the two Camps.

THE

THE
TENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

ALL Night the Chiefs before their Vessels lay,
And lost in Sleep the Labours of the Day:
All but the King; with various Thoughts oppress'd,
His Country's Cares lay rowling in his Breast.
As when by Light'nings *Jove's* Ætherial Pow'r
Foretells the ratling Hail, or weighty Show'r,
Or sends soft Snows to whiten all the Shore,
Or bids the brazen Throat of War to roar;
By fits one Flash succeeds, as one expires,
And Heav'n flames thick with momentary Fires. 10
So bursting frequent from *Atrides'* Breast,
Sighs following Sighs his inward Fears confess.

Z

Now

Now o'er the Fields, dejected, he surveys
From thousand *Trojan* Fires the mounting Blaze ;
15 Hears in the passing Wind their Music blow,
And marks distinct the Voices of the Foe.
Now looking backwards to the Fleet and Coast,
Anxious he sorrows for th' endanger'd Host.
He rends his Hairs, in sacrifice to *Jove*,
20 And sues to Him that ever lives above :
Inly he groans ; while Glory and Despair
Divide his Heart, and wage a doubtful War.

A thousand Cares his lab'ring Breast revolves ;
To seek sage *Nestor* now the Chief resolves,
25 With him, in wholesome Counsels, to debate
What yet remains to save th' afflicted State.
He rose, and first he cast his Mantle round,
Next on his Feet the shining Sandals bound ;
A Lion's yellow Spoils his Back conceal'd ;
30 His warlike Hand a pointed Javelin held.
Meanwhile his Brother, prest with equal Woes,
Alike deny'd the Gifts of soft Repose,
Laments for *Greece* ; that in his Cause before
So much had suffer'd, and must suffer more.

A Leopard's spotted Hide his Shoulders spread ; 35

A brazen Helmet glitter'd on his Head :

Thus (with a Javelin in his Hand) he went,

To wake *Atrides* in the Royal Tent.

Already wak'd, *Atrides* he descry'd,

His Armour buckling at his Vessel's side. 40

Joyful they met ; the *Spartan* thus begun :

Why puts my Brother his bright Armour on ?

Sends he some Spy, amidst these silent Hours,

To try yon' Camp, and watch the *Trojan* Pow'rs ?

But say, what Hero shall sustain that Task ? 45

Such bold Exploits uncommon Courage ask,

Guideless, alone, through Night's dark Shade to go,

And 'midst a hostile Camp explore the Foe ?

To whom the King. In such Distress we stand,

No vulgar Counsels our Affairs demand ; 50

Greece to preserve, is now no easy part,

But asks high Wisdom, deep Design, and Art.

For *Jove*, averse, our humble Vows denies,

And bows his Head to *Hector's* Sacrifice.

What Eye has witness'd, or what Ear believ'd, 55

In one great Day, by one great Arm atchiev'd,

Such

Such wond'rous Deeds as *Hector's* Hand has done,
And we beheld, the last revolving Sun?
What Honours the belov'd of *Jove* adorn!
60 Sprung from no God, and of no Goddess born,
Yet such his Acts, as *Greeks* unborn shall tell,
And curse the Battel where their Fathers fell.
Now speed thy hasty Course along the Fleet,
There call great *Ajax*, and the Prince of *Creet*.
65 Our self to hoary *Nestor* will repair;
To keep the Guards on Duty, be his Care;
(For *Nestor's* Influence best that Quarter guides;
Whose Son, with *Merion*, o'er the Watch presides.)
To whom the *Spartan*: These thy Orders born,
70 Say shall I stay, or with Dispatch return?
There shalt thou stay (the King of Men reply'd)
Else may we miss to meet, without a Guide,
The Paths so many, and the Camp so wide.
Still, with your Voice, the sloathful Soldiers raise,
75 Urge by their Father's Fame, their future Praise.
Forget we now our State and lofty Birth;
Not Titles here, but Works, must prove our Worth.

To

To labour is the Lot of Man below ;
And when *Jove* gave us Life, he gave us Woe.

This said, each parted to his sev'ral Cares ; 80
The King to *Nestor's* sable Ship repairs ;
The sage Protector of the *Greeks* he found
Stretch'd in his Bed, with all his Arms around ;
The various-colour'd Scarf, the Shield he rears,
The shining Helmet, and the pointed Spears : 85
The dreadful Weapons of the Warrior's Rage,
That old in Arms, disdain'd the Peace of Age.
Then leaning on his Hand his watchful Head,
The hoary Monarch rais'd his Eyes, and said.

What art thou, speak, that on Designs unknown 90
While others sleep, thus range the Camp alone ?
Seek'st thou some Friend, or nightly Centinel ?
Stand off, approach not, but thy Purpose tell.

O Son of *Neleus* (thus the King rejoin'd)
Pride of the *Greeks*, and Glory of thy Kind ! 95
Lo here the wretched *Agamemnon* stands,
Th' unhappy Gen'ral of the *Grecian* Bands ;
Whom *Jove* decrees with daily Cares to bend,
And Woes, that only with his Life shall end !

¹⁰⁰ Scarce can my Knees these trembling Limbs sustain,
 And scarce my Heart support its Load of Pain,
 No Taste of Sleep these heavy Eyes have known;
 Confus'd, and sad, I wander thus alone,
 With Fears distracted, with no fix'd Design;

¹⁰⁵ And all my People's Miseries are mine.
 If ought of use thy waking Thoughts suggest,
 (Since Cares, like mine, deprive thy Soul of Rest)
 Impart thy Counsel, and assist thy Friend:
 Now let us jointly to the Trench descend,
¹¹⁰ At ev'ry Gate the fainting Guard excite,
 Tir'd with the Toils of Day, and Watch of Night:
 Else may the sudden Foe our Works invade,
 So near, and favour'd by the gloomy Shade.

To him thus *Nestor*. Trust the Pow'rs above,
¹¹⁵ Nor think proud *Hector*'s Hopes confirm'd by *Jove*:
 How ill agrees the Views of vain Mankind,
 And the wise Counsels of th' eternal Mind?
 Audacious *Hector*, if the Gods ordain
 That great *Achilles* rise and rage again,
¹²⁰ What Toils attend thee, and what Woes remain?

Lo faithful *Nestor* thy Command obeys;
 The Care is next our other Chiefs to raise:
Ulysses, *Diomed* we chiefly need;
Mages for Strength, *Oileus* fam'd for Speed.
 Some other be dispatch'd, of nimbler Feet, } 125
 To those tall Ships, remotest of the Fleet,
 Where lie great *Ajax* and the King of *Crete*. }
 To rouse the *Spartan* I my self decree;
 Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
 Yet must I tax his Sloath, that claims no share 130
 With his great Brother in this martial Care:
 Him it behov'd to ev'ry Chief to sue,
 Preventing ev'ry Part perform'd by you;
 For strong *Necessity* our Toils demands,
 Claims all our Hearts, and urges all our Hands. 135

To whom the King: With Rev'rence we allow
 Thy just Rebukes, yet learn to spare them now.
 My gen'rous Brother is of gentle kind,
 He seems remiss, but bears a valiant Mind;
 Thro' too much Def'rence to our Sov'reign Sway, 140
 Content to follow when we lead the way.

But

But now our Ills industrious to prevent,
Long e'er the rest, he rose, and fought my Tent.
The Chiefs you nam'd, already, at his Call,
145 Prepare to meet us near the Navy-wall;
Assembling there, between the Trench and Gates,
Near the Night-Guards, our chosen Council waits.
Then none (said *Nestor*) shall his Rule withstand,
For great Examples justify Command.
150 With that, the venerable Warrior rose;
The shining Greaves his manly Legs inclose;
His purple Mantle golden Buckles join'd,
Warm with the softest Wool, and doubly lin'd.
Then rushing from his Tent, he snatch'd in haste
155 His steely Lance, that lighten'd as he past.
The Camp he travers'd thro' the sleeping Crowd,
Stopp'd at *Ulysses'* Tent, and call'd aloud.
Ulysses, sudden as the Voice was sent,
Awakes, starts up, and issues from his Tent.
160 What new Distress, what sudden Cause of Fright
Thus leads you wandering in the silent Night?
O prudent Chief! (the *Pylian* Sage reply'd)
Wise as thou art, be now thy Wisdom try'd:

Whatever

Whatever means of Safety can be fought,
 Whatever Counsels can inspire our Thought, 165
 Whatever Methods, or to fly, or fight;
 All, all depend on this important Night!

He heard, return'd, and took his painted Shield:
 Then join'd the Chiefs, and follow'd thro' the Field.
 Without his Tent, bold *Diomed* they found, 170
 All sheath'd in Arms; his brave Companions round:
 Each sunk in Sleep, extended on the Field,
 His Head reclining on his bossy Shield.

A Wood of Spears stood by, that fixt upright,
 Shot from their flashing Points a quiv'ring Light. 175
 A Bull's black Hide compos'd the Hero's Bed;
 A splendid Carpet roll'd beneath his Head.

Then, with his Foot, old *Nestor* gently shakes
 The slumb'ring Chief, and in these Words awakes.

Rise, Son of *Tydeus*! to the brave and strong 180
 Rest seems inglorious, and the Night too long.
 But sleep'st thou now? when from yon' Hills the Foe
 Hangs o'er the Fleet, and shades our Walls below?

At this, soft Slumber from his Eyelids fled;
 The Warrior saw the hoary Chief, and said. 185

B b

Wond'rous

Wond'rous old Man! whose Soul no Respite knows,
 Tho' Years and Honours bid thee seek Repose.
 Let younger *Greeks* our sleeping Warriors wake;
 Ill fits thy Age these Toils to undertake.

190 My Friend, (he answer'd) gen'rous is thy Care,
 These Toils, my Subjects and my Sons might bear,
 Their loyal Thoughts and pious Loves conspire
 To ease a Sov'reign, and relieve a Sire.
 But now the last Despair surrounds our Host;
 195 No Hour must pass, no Moment must be lost;
 Each single *Greek*, in this conclusive Strife,
 Stands on the sharpest Edge of Death or Life:
 Yet if my Years thy kind Regard engage,
 Employ thy Youth as I employ my Age;
 200 Succeed to these my Cares, and rouse the rest;
 He serves me most, who serves his Country best.

This said, the Hero o'er his Shoulders flung
 A Lion's Spoils, that to his Ankles hung;
 Then seiz'd his pond'rous Lance, and strode along.
 205 *Meges* the bold, with *Ajax* fam'd for speed,
 The Warrior rous'd, and to th' Entrenchments led.

And

And now the Chiefs approach the nightly Guard;
A wakeful Squadron, each in Arms prepar'd:
Th' unweary'd Watch their list'ning Leaders keep,
And couching close, repell invading Sleep. 210
So faithful Dogs their fleecy Charge maintain,
With Toil protected from the prowling Train;
When the gaunt Lions, with Hunger bold,
Springs from the Mountains tow'rd the guarded Fold:
Thro' breaking Woods her rust'ling Course they hear; 215
Loud, and more loud, the Clamours strike their Ear
Of Hounds and Men; they start, they gaze around;
Watch ev'ry Side, and turn to ev'ry Sound.
Thus watch'd the *Grecians*, cautious of Surprise,
Each Voice, each Motion, drew their Ears and Eyes; 220
Each Step of passing Feet increas'd th' Affright;
And hostile *Troy* was ever full in Sight.
Nestor with Joy the wakeful Band survey'd,
And thus accosted thro' the gloomy Shade.
'Tis well, my Sons, your nightly Cares employ, 225
Else must our Host become the Scorn of *Troy*.
Watch thus, and *Greece* shall live---The Hero said;
Then o'er the Trench the following Chieftains led.

His

His Son, and godlike *Merion* march'd behind,
230 (For these the Princes to their Council join'd)
The Trenches past, th' assembl'd Kings around
In silent State the Consistory crown'd.
A Place there was, yet undefil'd with Gore,
The Spot, where *Hector* stop'd his Rage before,
235 When Night descending, from his vengeful Hand
Repriev'd the Relicks of the *Grecian* Band:
(The Plain beside with mangled Corps was spread,
And all his Progress mark'd by Heaps of dead.)
There fate the mournful Kings: when *Neleus'* Son,
240 The Council opening, in these Words begun.
Is there (he said) a Chief so greatly brave,
His Life to hazard, and his Country save?
Lives there a Man, who singly dares to go
To yonder Camp, or seize some stragling Foe?
245 Or favour'd by the Night, approach so near,
Their Speech, their Counsels, and Designs to hear?
If to besiege our Navies they prepare,
Or *Troy* once more must be the Seat of War?
This could he learn, and to our Peers recite,
250 And pass unharm'd the Dangers of the Night;
What

What Fame were his thro' all succeeding Days,
While *Phæbus* shines, or Men have tongues to praise?
What Gifts his grateful Country would bestow?
What must not *Greece* to her Deliv'rer owe?
A fable Ewe each Leader should provide, 255
With each a fable Lambkin by her side;
At ev'ry Rite his Share should be increas'd,
And his the foremost Honours of the Feast.

Fear held them mute: Alone, untaught to fear,
Tydidēs spoke---The Man you seek, is here. 260
Thro' yon' black Camps to bend my dang'rous way,
Some God within commands, and I obey.
But let some other chosen Warrior join,
To raise my Hopes, and second my Design.
By mutual Confidence, and mutual Aid, 265
Great Deeds are done, and great Discov'ries made;
The Wise new Prudence from the Wise acquire,
And one brave Hero fans another's Fire.

Contending Leaders at the Word arose;
Each gen'rous Breast with Emulation glows: 270
So brave a Task each *Ajax* strove to share,
Bold *Merion* strove, and *Nestor's* valiant Heir;

The *Spartan* wish'd the second Place to gain,
 And great *Ulysses* wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.
 275 Then thus the King of Men the Contest ends :
 Thou first of Warriors, and thou best of Friends,
 Undaunted *Diomed* ! what Chief to join
 In this great Enterprize, is only thine.
 Just be thy Choice, without Affection made,
 280 To Birth, or Office, no respect be paid ;
 Let Worth determine here. The Monarch spake,
 And inly trembled for his Brother's sake.
 Then thus (the Godlike *Diomed* rejoin'd)
 My Choice declares the Impulse of my Mind.
 How can I doubt, while great *Ulysses* stands
 285 To lend his Counsels, and assist our Hands ?
 A Chief, whose Safety is *Minerva's* Care ;
 So fam'd, so dreadful, in the Works of War ?
 Blest in his Conduct, I no Aid require,
 Wisdom like his might pass thro' Flames of Fire.
 290 It fits thee not, before these Chiefs of Fame,
 (Reply'd the Sage) to praise me, or to blame :
 Praise from a Friend, or Censure from a Foe,
 Are lost on Hearers that our Merits know.

But

But let us haste---Night rolls the Hours away,
The red'ning Orient shows the coming Day, 295
The Stars shine fainter on th'Ætherial Plains,
And of Night's Empire but a third remains.

Thus having spoke, with gen'rous Ardour prest,
In Arms Terrific their huge Limbs they drest.
A two-edg'd Faulchion *Thrasymed* the brave, 300
And ample Buckler, to *Tydides* gave:
Then in a leathern Helm he cas'd his Head,
Short of its Crest, and with no Plume o'erspread;
(Such as by Youths unus'd to Arms, are worn;
No Spoils enrich it, and no Studs adorn.) 305

Next him *Ulysses* took a shining Sword,
A Bow and Quiver, with bright Arrows stor'd:
A well-prov'd Casque with Leather Braces bound
(Thy Gift, *Meriones*) his Temples crown'd;
Soft Wool within; without, in order spread, 310
A Boar's white Teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his Head.
This from *Amyntor*, rich *Ormenus'* Son,
Autolychus by fraudulent Rapine won,
And gave *Amphydamas*; from him the Prize
Molus receiv'd, the Pledge of social Ties; 315

The

The Helmet next by *Merion* was possess'd,
And now *Ulysses*' thoughtful Temples press'd.
Thus sheath'd in Arms, the Council they forsake,
And dark thro' Paths oblique their Progress take.
320 Just then, in sign she favour'd their Intent,
A long-wing'd Heron great *Minerva* sent;
This, tho' surrounding Shades obscur'd their View,
By the shrill Clang and whistling Wings, they knew.
As from the Right she soar'd, *Ulysses* pray'd,
325 Hail'd the glad Omen, and address'd the Maid.

O Daughter of that God, whose Arm can wield
Th' avenging Bolt, and shake the dreadful Shield.
O thou! for ever present in my way,
Who, all my Motions, all my Toils survey!
330 Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy Shade,
Safe by thy Succour to our Ships convey'd;
And let some Deed this signal Night adorn,
To claim the Tears of *Trojans* yet unborn.

Then Godlike *Diomed* prefer'd his Pray'r:
335 Daughter of *Jove*, unconquer'd *Pallas*! hear.
Great Queen of Arms, whose Favour *Tydeus* won,
As thou defend'st the Sire, defend the Son.

When

When on *Æfopus*' Banks the banded Pow'rs
Of *Greece* he left, and fought the *Theban* Tow'rs,
Peace was his Charge; receiv'd with peaceful Show,³⁴⁰
He went a Legat, but return'd a Foe:
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy Shield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.

So now be present, Oh celestial Maid!
So still continue to the Race thine Aid!³⁴⁵

A youthful Steer shall fall beneath the Stroke,
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling Yoke,
With ample Forehead, and with spreading Horns,
Whose taper tops refulgent Gold adorns.

The Heroes pray'd, and *Pallas* from the Skies,³⁵⁰
Accords their Vow, succeeds their Enterprize.
Now, like two Lions panting for the Prey,
With deathful Thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Thro' the black Horrors of th' enfanguin'd Plain,
Thro' Dust, thro' Blood, o'er Arms, and Hills of Slain.³⁵⁵

Nor less bold *Hector*, and the Sons of *Troy*,
On high Designs the wakeful Hours employ;
Th' assembled Peers their lofty Chief inclos'd;
Who thus the Counfels of his Breast propos'd.

D d

What

360 What glorious Man, for high Attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture for a rich Reward?
Of yonder Fleet a bold Discov'ry make,
What Watch they keep, and what Resolves they take:
If now subdu'd they meditate their Flight,
365 And spent with Toil neglect the Watch of Night?
His be the Chariot that shall please him most,
Of all the Plunder of the vanquish'd Host;
His the fair Steeds that all the rest excell,
And his the Glory to have serv'd so well.

370 A Youth there was among the Tribes of *Troy*,
Dolon his Name, *Eumedes'* only Boy,
(Five Girls beside the rev'rend Herald told)
Rich was the Son in Brass, and rich in Gold;
Not blest by Nature with the Charms of Face,
375 But swift of Foot, and matchless in the Race.
Hector! (he said) my Courage bids me meet
This high Atchievement, and explore the Fleet:
But first exalt thy Sceptre to the Skies,
380 And swear to grant me the demanded Prize;
Th' immortal Coursers, and the glitt'ring Car,
That bear *Pelides* thro' the Ranks of War.

Encourag'd

Encourag'd thus, no idle Scout I go,
Fulfill thy Wish, their whole Intention know,
Ev'n to the Royal Tent pursue my way, 385
And all their Counsels, all their Aims betray.

The Chief then heav'd the golden Sceptre high,
Attesting thus the Monarch of the Sky.
Be witness thou! immortal Lord of all!
Whose Thunder shakes the dark aerial Hall. 390
By none but *Dolon* shall this Prize be born,
And him alone th' immortal Steeds adorn.

Thus *Hector* swore: the Gods were call'd in vain;
But the rash Youth prepares to scour the Plain:
A-crofs his Back the bended Bow he flung, 395
A Wolf's grey Hide around his Shoulders hung.
A Ferret's downy Fur his Helmet lin'd,
And in his Hand a pointed Javelin shin'd.
Then (never to return) he fought the Shore,
And trod the Path his Feet must tread no more. 400
Scarce had he pass'd the Steeds and *Trojan* Throng,
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along)
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching Tread
Ulysses mark'd, and thus to *Diomed*.

O Friend!

405 O Friend! I hear some Step of hostile Feet,
Moving this way, or hast'ning to the Fleet;
Some Spy perhaps, to lurk beside the Main;
Or nightly Pillager that strips the slain.
Yet let him pass, and win a little Space;
410 Then rush behind him, and prevent his Pace.
But if too swift of Foot he flies before,
Confine his Course along the Fleet and Shore,
Betwixt the Camp and him our Spears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to *Troy*.
415 With that, they step'd aside, and stoop'd their head,
(As *Dolon* pass'd) behind a Heap of dead:
Along the Path the Spy unwary flew;
Soft, at just distance, both the Chiefs pursue.
So distant they, and such the Space between,
420 As when two Teams of Mules divide the Green,
(To whom the Hind like Shares of Land allows)
When now few Furrows part th'approaching Ploughs.
Now *Dolon* list'ning, heard them as they pass;
Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd his hast,
425 Till scarce at distance of a Javelin's throw,
No Voice succeeding, he perceiv'd the Foe.

As

As when two skilful Hounds the Lev'ret winde,
Or chase thro' Woods obscure the trembling Hinde;
Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,
And from the Herd still turn the flying Prey: 430
So fast, and with such Fears, the *Trojan* flew;
So close, so constant, the bold *Greeks* pursue.
Now almost on the Fleet the Dastard falls,
And mingles with the Guards that watch the Walls;
When brave *Tydides* stopp'd; a gen'rous Thought 435
(Inspir'd by *Pallas*) in his Bosom wrought,
Lest on the Foe some forward *Greek* advance,
And snatch the Glory from his lifted Lance.
Then thus aloud: Whoe'er thou art, remain;
This Javelin else shall fix thee to the Plain. 440
He said, and high in Air the Weapon cast,
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his Shoulder past;
Then fix'd in Earth. Against the trembling Wood
The Wretch stood prop'd, and quiver'd as he stood;
A sudden Palsy seiz'd his turning Head; 445
His loose Teeth chatter'd, and his Colour fled:
The panting Warriors seize him as He stands,
And with unmanly Tears his Life demands.

O spare my Youth, and for the Breath I owe,
450 Large Gifts of Price my Father shall bestow:

Vast Heaps of Brass shall in your Ships be told,
And Steel well temper'd, and refulgent Gold.

To whom *Ulysses* made this wise Reply;
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.

455 What moves thee, say, when Sleep has clos'd the Sight,
To roam the silent Fields in dead of Night?

Cam'st thou the Secrets of our Camp to find,
By *Hector* prompted, or thy daring Mind,
Or art some Wretch by hopes of Plunder led,
460 Thro' Heaps of Carnage to despoil the dead?

Then thus pale *Dolon* with a fearful Look,
(Still, as he spoke, his Limbs with Horror shook)
Hither I came, by *Hector*'s Words deceiv'd;
Much did he promise, rashly I believ'd:

465 No less a Bribe than great *Achilles*' Car,
And those swift Steeds that sweep the Ranks of War,
Urg'd me, unwilling, this Attempt to make;
To learn what Counsels, what Resolves you take,
If now subdu'd, you fix your Hopes on Flight,
470 And tir'd with Toils, neglect the Watch of Night?

Bold

Bold was thy Aim, and glorious was the Prize,
 (*Ulysses*, with a scornful Smile, replies)
 Far other Rulers those proud Steeds demand,
 And scorn the Guidance of a vulgar Hand;
 Ev'n great *Achilles* scarce their Rage can tame, 475
Achilles sprung from an immortal Dame.
 But say, be faithful, and the Truth recite!
 Where lies encamp'd the *Trojan* Chief to Night?
 Where stand his Coursers? In what Quarter sleep
 Their other Princes? tell what Watch they keep? 480
 Say, since this Conquest, what their Counsels are?)
 Or here to combat, from their City far,
 Or back to *Ilion's* Walls transfer the War?

Ulysses thus, and thus *Eumedes'* Son:
 What *Dolon* knows, his faithful Tongue shall own. 485
Hector, the Peers assembling in his Tent,
 A Council holds at *Ilus'* Monument.
 No certain Guards the nightly Watch partake;
 Where e'er yon' Fires ascend, the *Trojans* wake:
 Anxious for *Troy*, the Guard the Natives keep; 490
 Safe in their Cares, th' auxiliar Forces sleep,

Whose

Whose Wives and Infants, from the Danger far,
Discharge their Souls of half the Fears of War.

Then sleep those Aids amongst the *Trojan* Train,
495 (Enquir'd the Chief) or scatter'd o'er the Plain?

To whom the Spy: Their Pow'rs they thus dispose:

The *Pæons*, dreadful with their bended Bows,

The *Carians*, *Caucons*, the *Pelasgian* Host,

And *Leleges*, encamp along the Coast.

500 Not distant far, lie higher on the Land

The *Lycian*, *Mysian*, and *Mæonian* Band,

And *Phrygia*'s Horse, by *Thymbras*' ancient Wall;

The *Thracians* utmost, and a-part from all.

These *Troy* but lately to her Succour won,

505 Led on by *Rhesus*, great *Eioneus*' Son:

I saw his Coursers in proud Triumph go,

Swift as the Wind, and white as Winter-Snow:

Rich silver Plates his shining Car infold;

His solid Arms, refulgent, flame with Gold;

510 No mortal Shoulders suit the glorious Load,

Celestial *Panoply*, to grace a God!

Let me, unhappy, to your Fleet be born,

Or leave me here, a Captive's Fate to mourn,

In

In cruel Chains; till your Return reveal
The Truth or Falshood of the News I tell. 515

To this *Tydides*, with a gloomy Frown:
Think not to live, tho' all the Truth be shown:
Shall we dismiss thee, in some future Strife
To risk more bravely thy now forfeit Life?
Or that again our Camps thou may'st explore? 520
No---once a Traytor, thou betray'st no more.

Sternly he spoke, and as the Wretch prepar'd
With humble Blandishment to stroke his Beard,
Like Light'ning swift the wrathful Faulchion flew,
Divides the Neck, and cuts the Nerves in two; 525
One Instant snatch'd his trembling Soul to Hell,
The Head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry Helmet from his Brow they tear,
The Wolf's grey Hide, th' unbended Bow and Spear;
These great *Ulysses* lifting to the Skies, 530
To fav'ring *Pallas* dedicates the Prize.

Great Queen of Arms! receive this hostile Spoil,
And let the *Thracian* Steeds reward our Toil:
Thee first of all the heav'nly Host we praise;
Oh speed our Labours, and direct our ways! 535

This said, the Spoils with dropping Gore defac'd,
High on a spreading Tamarisk he plac'd;
Then heap'd with Reeds and gather'd Boughs the Plain,
To guide their Footsteps to the Place again.
540 Thro' the still Night they cross the devious Fields,
Slipp'ry with Blood, o'er Arms and Heaps of Shields.
Arriving where the *Thracian* Squadrons lay,
And eas'd in Sleep the Labours of the Day,
Rang'd in three Lines they view the prostrate Band;
545 The Horses yok'd beside each Warrior stand.
Their Arms in order on the Ground reclin'd,
Thro' the brown Shade the fulgid Weapons shin'd.
Amidst, lay *Rhesus*, stretch'd in Sleep profound,
And the white Steeds behind his Chariot bound.
550 The welcome Sight *Ulysses* first descries,
And points to *Diomed* the tempting Prize.
The Man, the Coursers, and the Car behold!
Describ'd by *Dolon*, with the Arms of Gold.
Now, brave *Tydidēs*! now thy Courage try,
555 Approach the Chariot, and the Steeds untye;
Or if thy Soul aspire to fiercer Deeds,
Urge thou the Slaughter, while I seize the Steeds.

Pallas

Pallas (this said) her Hero's Bosom warms,
Breath'd in his Heart, and strung his nervous Arms;
Where e'er he pass'd, a purple Stream pursu'd; 560
His thirsty Faulchion, fat with hostile Blood,
Bath'd all his Footsteps, dy'd the Fields with Gore,
And a low Groan remurmur'd thro' the Shore,
So the grim Lion, from his nightly Den,
O'erleaps the Fences, and invades the Pen; 565
On Sheep or Goats, resistless in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guardless Prey.
Nor stopp'd the Fury of his vengeful Hand,
Till twelve lay breathless of the *Thracian* Band.
Ulysses following, as his Part'ner flew, 570
Back by the Foot each slaughter'd Warrior drew;
The milk-white Coursers studious to convey
Safe to the Ships, he wisely clear'd the way,
Left the fierce Steeds, not yet to Battels bred,
Should start, and tremble at the Heaps of dead. 575
Now twelve dispatch'd, the Monarch last they found;
Tydidēs' Faulchion fix'd him to the Ground.
Just then a deathful Dream *Minerva* sent;
A warlike Form appear'd before his Tent,

Whose

580 Whose visionary Steel his Bosom tore:
So dream'd the Monarch, and awak'd no more.
Ulysses now the snowy Steeds detains,
And leads them, fasten'd by the silver Reins;
These, with his Bow unbent, he lash'd along;
585 (The Scourge forgot, on *Rhesus* Chariot hung.)
Then gave his Friend the Signal to retire;
But him, new Dangers, new Atchievements fire:
Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking Blade
To send more Heroes to th' infernal Shade,
590 Drag off the Car where *Rhesus* Armour lay,
Or heave with manly Force, and lift away.
While unresolv'd the Son of *Tydeus* stands,
Pallas appears, and thus her Chief commands.
Enough, my Son, from farther Slaughter cease,
595 Regard thy Safety, and depart in Peace;
Haste to the Ships, the gotten Spoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hostile Gods of *Troy*.
The Voice divine confess'd the martial Maid;
In haste he mounted, and her Word obey'd;
600 The Coursers fly before *Ulysses'* Bow,
Swift as the Wind, and white as Winter-Snow.

Not

Not unobserv'd they pass'd: the God of Light
 Had watch'd his *Troy*, and mark'd *Minerva's* Flight;
 Saw *Tydeus'* Son with heav'nly Succour blest,
 And vengeful Anger fill'd his sacred Breast. 605
 Swift to the *Trojan* Camp descends the Pow'r,
 And wakes *Hippocoon* in the Morning-Hour,
 (On *Rhesus'* side accustom'd to attend,
 A faithful Kinsman, and instructive Friend.)
 He rose, and saw the Field deform'd with Blood, 610
 An empty Space where late the Coursers stood,
 The yet-warm *Thracians* panting on the Coast;
 For each he wept, but for his *Rhesus* most:
 Now while on *Rhesus'* Name he calls in vain,
 The gath'ring Tumult spreads o'er all the Plain; 615
 On Heaps the *Trojans* rush, with wild affright,
 And wond'ring view the Slaughters of the Night.

Mean while the Chiefs, arriving at the Shade
 Where late the Spoils of *Hector's* Spy were laid,
Ulysses stopp'd; to him *Tydidēs* bore 620
 The Trophee, dropping yet with *Dolon's* Gore:
 Then mounts again; again their nimble Feet
 The Coursers ply, and thunder tow'rds the Fleet.

Old *Nestor* first perceiv'd th' approaching Sound,
625 Bespeaking thus the *Grecian* Peers around.

Methinks the Noise of tramp'ling Steeds I hear
Thick'ning this way, and gath'ring on my Ear;
Perhaps some Horses of the *Trojan* Breed
(So may, ye Gods! my pious Hopes succeed)

630 The great *Tydidēs* and *Ulyssēs* bear,
Return'd triumphant with this Prize of War.

Yet much I fear (ah may that Fear be vain)
The Chiefs out-number'd by the *Trojan* Train:
Perhaps, ev'n now pursu'd, they seek the Shore;

635 Or oh! perhaps those Heroes are no more.

Scarce had he spoke, when lo! the Chiefs appear,
And spring to Earth: the *Greeks* dismiss their Fear:
With Words of Friendship and extended Hands

They greet the Kings; and *Nestor* first demands:

640 Say thou, whose Praises all our Host proclaim,
Thou living Glory of the *Grecian* Name!

Say whence these Courfers? by what Chance bestow'd,
The Spoil of Foes, or Present of a God?

Not those fair Steeds so radiant and so gay,
645 That draw the burning Chariot of the Day.

Old

Old as I am, to Age I scorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial Field;
But sure till now no Coursers struck my Sight
Like these, conspicuous thro' the Ranks of Fight.
Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious Prize, 650
Blest as ye are, and fav'rites of the Skies;
The Care of him who bids the Thunder roar,
And * her, whose Fury bathes the World with Gore.

* *Minerva.*

Father! not so, (sage *Ithacus* rejoin'd)
The Gifts of Heav'n are of a nobler kind. 655
Of *Thracian* Lineage are the Steeds ye view;
Whose hostile King the brave *Tydides* flew;
Sleeping he dy'd, with all his Guards around,
And twelve beside lay gasping on the Ground.
These other Spoils from conquer'd *Dolon* came, 660
A Wretch, whose Swiftnefs was his only Fame,
By *Hector* sent our Forces to explore,
He now lies headless on the sandy Shore.

Then o'er the Trench the bounding Coursers flew;
The joyful *Greeks* with loud Acclaim pursue. 665
Strait to *Tydides'* high Pavilion born,
The matchless Steeds his ample Stalls adorn:

The

The neighing Courfers their new Fellows greet,
And the full Racks are heap'd with gen'rous Wheat.
670 But *Dolon's* Armour, to his Ships convey'd,
High on the painted Stern *Ulysses* laid,
A Trophy destin'd to the blue-ey'd Maid.
Now from nocturnal Sweat, and fanguine Stain,
They cleanse their Bodies in the neighb'ring Main:
675 Then in the polish'd Bath, refresh'd from Toil,
Their Joints they supple with dissolving Oil,
In due Repast indulge the genial Hour,
And first to *Pallas* the Libations pour:
They sit, rejoicing in her Aid divine,
680 And the crown'd Goblet foams with Floods of Wine.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TENTH BOOK.

I.

IT is observable, says *Eustathius*, that the Poet very artfully repairs the Loss of the last Day by this nocturnal Stratagem; and it is plain that such a Contrivance was necessary: The Army was dispirited and *Achilles* inflexible; but by the Success of this Adventure the Scale is turn'd in favour of the *Grecians*.

II.

VERSE 3. *All but the King, &c.*] *Homer* here with a very small Alteration repeats the Verses which begin the second Book: He introduces *Agamemnon* with the same Pomp as he did *Jupiter*; he ascribes to him the same Watchfulness over Men, as he exercis'd over the Gods, and *Jove* and *Agamemnon* are the only Persons awake, while Heaven and Earth are asleep. *Eustathius*.

III.

III.

VERSE 7. *Or sends soft Snows.*] Scaliger's Criticism against this Passage, that it never lightens and snows at the same time, is sufficiently refuted by Experience. See *Bossu* of the Epic Poem lib. 3. c. 7. and *Barnes's* Note on this Place.

IV.

VERSE 8. *Or bids the brazen Throat of War to roar.*] There is something very noble and sublime in this Image: The *vast Jaws of War* is an Expression that very poetically represents the Voraciousness of War, and gives us a lively Idea of an insatiate Monster. *Eustathius.*

V.

VERSE 9. *By fits one Flash succeeds, &c.*] It requires some Skill in *Homer* to take the chief Point of his Similitudes; he has often been misunderstood in that respect, and his Comparisons have frequently been strain'd to comply with the Fancies of Commentators. This Comparison which is brought to illustrate the Frequency of *Agamemnon's* Sighs, has been usually thought to represent in general the Groans of the King, whereas what *Homer* had in his view was only the quick Succession of them.

VI.

VERSE 13. *Now o'er the Fields, &c.*] *Aristotle* answers a Criticism of some Censurers of *Homer* on this Place. They asked how it was that *Agamemnon*, shut up in his Tent in the Night, could see the *Trojan* Camp at one view, and the Fleet at another, as the Poet represents it? It is (says *Aristotle*) only a metaphorical manner of Speech; To cast one's Eye, means but to reflect upon, or to revolve in one's Mind: and that employ'd *Agamemnon's* Thoughts in his Tent, which had been the chief Object of his Eyes the Day before.

VII.

VII.

VERSE 19. *He rends his Hairs in sacrifice to Jove.*] I know this Action of *Agamemnon* has been taken only as a common Expression of Grief, and so indeed it was render'd by *Accius*, as cited by *Tully*, *Tusc. quæst. l. 3. Scindens dolore identidem intonsam comam.* But whoever reads the Context will, I believe, be of Opinion, that *Jupiter* is mention'd here on no other Account than as he was apply'd to in the offering of these Hairs, in an humble Supplication to the offended Deity who had so lately manifested his Anger.

VIII.

VERSE 27. *He rose, and first he cast his Mantle round.*] I fancy it will be entertaining to the Reader to observe how well the Poet at all times suits the Descriptions to the Circumstances of the Persons: We must remember that this Book continues the Actions of one Night; the whole Army is now asleep, and the Poet takes this Opportunity to give us a Description of several of his Heroes suitable to their proper Characters. *Agamemnon* who is every where describ'd as anxious for the Good of his People, is kept awake by a fatherly Care for their Preservation. *Menelaus*, for whose sake the *Greeks* had suffer'd so greatly, shares all their Misfortunes, and is restless while they are in danger. *Nestor*, a provident, wise old Man, sacrifices his Rest even in the Extremity of Age, to his Love for his Country. *Ulysses*, a Person next to *Nestor* in Wisdom, is ready at the first Summons; he finds it hard, while the *Greeks* suffer, to compose himself to Sleep, but is easily awak'd to march to its Defence: But *Diomed*, who is every where describ'd as a daring Warrior, sleeps unconcern'd at the Nearness of the Enemy, and is not awaked without some Violence: He is said to be asleep, but he sleeps like a Soldier in compleat Arms.

I could not pass over one Circumstance in this Place in Relation to *Nestor*. It is a Pleasure to see what Care the Poet takes of his favourite Councillor: He describes him ly-

ing in a soft Bed, wraps him up in a warm Cloak, to preserve his Age from the Coldness of the Night; but *Diomed*, a gallant young Hero, sleeps upon the Ground in open Air; and indeed every Warrior is dress'd in Arms peculiar to that Season: The Hide of a Lion or Leopard is what they all put on, being not to engage an Enemy, but to meet their Friends in Council. *Eustathius*.

IX.

VERSE 43. *Sends he some Spy? &c.*] *Menelaus* in this Place starts a Design which is afterwards proposed by *Nestor* in Council; the Poet knew that the Project would come with greater Weight from the Age of the one, than from the Youth of the other: and that the Valiant would be ready to execute a Design, which so venerable a Counsellor had form'd. *Eustathius*.

X.

VERSE 57. *Such wondrous Deeds as Hector's Hand, &c.*] We hear *Agamemnon* in this Place launching into the Praises of a gallant Enemy; but if any one think that he raises the Actions of *Hector* too high, and sets him above *Achilles* himself, this Objection will vanish if he considers that he commends him as the bravest of mere Men, but still he is not equal to *Achilles* who was descended from a Goddess. *Agamemnon* undoubtedly had *Achilles* in his Thoughts when he says,

Sprung from no God, &c.

But his Anger will not let him even name the Man whom he thus obliquely praises.

Eustathius proceeds to observe, that the Poet ascribes the gallant Exploits of *Hector* to his Piety; and had he not been favour'd by *Jove*, he had not been thus victorious.

He also remarks that there is a double Tautology in this Speech of *Agamemnon*, as *δητὰ καὶ δολιχόν, μέμερα μῆλισσασθαι*, and *ἔργα*

ἔργα ἔρρεζε. This proceeds from the Wonder which the King endeavours to express at the Greatness of *Hector's* Actions: He labours to make his Words answer the great Idea he had conceiv'd of them, and while his Mind dwells upon the same Object, he falls into the same manner of expressing it. This is very natural to a Person in his Circumstances, whose Thoughts are as it were pent up, and struggle for an Utterance.

XI.

VERSE 73. *The Paths so many, &c.*] 'Tis plain from this Verse, as well as from many others, that the Art of Fortification was in some degree of Perfection in *Homer's* Days: Here are Lines drawn that traverse the Camp ev'ry way; the Ships are drawn up in the manner of a Rampart, and sally Ports made at proper Distances, that they might without Difficulty either retire or issue out, as the Occasion should require. *Eustathius.*

XII.

VERSE 92. *Seek'st thou some Friend or nightly Centinel?*] It has been thought that *Nestor* asks this Question upon the Account of his Son *Thrasymedes*, who commanded the Guard that Night. He seems to be under some Apprehension lest he should have remitted the Watch. And it may also be gather'd from this Passage, that in those Times the Use of the Watch-word was unknown; because *Nestor* is oblig'd to crowd several Questions together, before he can learn whether *Agamemnon* be a Friend or an Enemy. The Shortness of the Questions agrees admirably with the Occasion upon which they were made; it being necessary that *Nestor* should be immediately inform'd who he was who pass'd along the Camp: If a Spy, that he might stand upon his Guard; if a Friend, that he might not cause an Alarm to be given to the Army, by multiplying Questions. *Eustathius.*

XIII.

XIII.

VERSE 96. *Lo here the wretched Agamemnon stands.*] *Eustathius* observes, that *Agamemnon* here paints his Distress in a very pathetic manner: while the meanest Soldier is at rest, the General wanders about disconsolate, and is superior now in nothing so much as in Sorrow; but this Sorrow proceeds not from a base abject Spirit, but from a generous Disposition; he is not anxious for the Loss of his own Glory, but for the Sufferings of his People: It is a noble Sorrow, and springs from a commendable Tenderness and Humanity.

XIV.

VERSE 138. *My generous Brother is of gentle Kind.*] *Agamemnon* is every where represented as the greatest Example of brotherly Affection; and he at all times defends *Menelaus*, but never with more Address than now: *Nestor* had accus'd *Menelaus* of Sloath; the King is his Advocate, but pleads his Excuse only in part: He does not entirely acquit him, because he would not contradict so wise a Man as *Nestor*; nor does he condemn him, because his Brother at this time was not guilty; but he very artfully turns the Imputation of *Nestor*, to the Praise of *Menelaus*; and affirms, that what might seem to be Remissness in his Character was only a Deference to his Authority, and that his seeming Inactivity was but an Unwillingness to act without Command. *Eustathius*.

XV.

VERSE 174. *A Wood of Spears stood by, &c.*] The Picture here given us of *Diomed* sleeping in his Arms, with his Soldiers about him, and the Spears sticking upright in the Earth, has a near Resemblance to that in the first Book of *Samuel*, Ch. 26. V. 7. *Saul lay sleeping within the Trench, and his Spear stuck in the Ground at his Bolster, but Abner and the People lay round about him.*

XVI.

XVI.

VERSE 182. *From yon' Hill the Foe, &c.]* It is necessary, if we would form an exact Idea of the Battels of *Homer*, to carry in our Minds the Place where each Action was fought. It will therefore be proper to enquire where that Eminence stood, upon which the *Trojans* encamp'd this Night. *Eustathius* is inclinable to believe it was *Callicolone*, (the Situation of which you will find in the Map of *Homer's* Battels) but it will appear from what *Dolon* says, *W.* 415. (of *Hector's* being encamp'd at the Monument of *Ilus*) that this Eminence must be the *Tumulus* on which that Monument was situate, and so the old Scholiast rightly explains it.

XVII.

VERSE 194. *But now the last Despair surrounds our Host.]* The different Behaviour of *Nestor* upon the same Occasion; to different Persons, is worthy Observation: *Agamemnon* was under a Concern and Dejection of Spirit from the Danger of his Army: To raise his Courage, *Nestor* gave him hopes of Success, and represented the State of Affairs in the most favourable view. But he applies himself to *Diomed*, who is at all times enterprizing and incapable of Despair, in a far different manner: He turns the darkest side to him, and gives the worst Prospect of their Condition. This Conduct (says *Eustathius*) shews a great deal of Prudence: 'tis the Province of Wisdom to encourage the dishearten'd with hopes; and to qualify the forward Courage of the daring with Fears; that the Valour of the one may not sink thro' Despair, nor that of the other fly out into Rashness.

XVIII.

VERSE 207. *And now the Chiefs approach the nightly Guard.]* It is usual in Poetry to pass over little Circumstances, and carry on the greater. *Menelaus* in this Book was sent to

call some of the Leaders; the Poet has too much Judgment to dwell upon the trivial Particulars of his performing his Message, but lets us know by the Sequel that he had performed it. It would have clogg'd the poetical Narration to have told us how *Menelaus* waked the Heroes to whom he was dispatched, and had been but a Repetition of what the Poet had fully describ'd before: He therefore (says the same Author) drops these Particularities, and leaves them to be supply'd by the Imagination of the Reader. 'Tis so in Painting, the Painter does not always draw at the full length, but leaves what is wanting to be added by the Fancy of the Beholder.

XIX.

VERSE 211. *So faithful Dogs, &c.*] This Simile is in all its Parts just to the Description it is meant to illustrate. The Dogs represent the Watch, the Flock the *Greeks*, the Fold their Camp, and the wild Beast that invades them, *Hector*. The Place, Posture, and Circumstance, are painted with the utmost Life and Nature.

Eustathius takes notice of one Particular in this Description, which shews the manner in which their Centinels kept the Guard. The Poet tells us, that they *sate down with their Arms in their Hands*. I think that this was not so prudent a Method as is now used; it being almost impossible for a Man that stands, to drop asleep, whereas one that is seated may easily be overpower'd by the Fatigue of a long Watch. *Eustathius*.

XX.

VERSE 228. *Then o'er the Trench the following Princes led*] The Reason why *Nestor* did not open the Council within the Trenches, was with a design to encourage the Guards, and those whom he intended to send to enter the *Trojan* Camp. It would have appear'd unreasonable to send others over the Entrenchments upon a hazardous Enterprize, and not to have dared himself to set a Foot beyond them. This also could not

not fail of inflaming the Courage of the Grecian Spies, who would know themselves not to be far from Assistance, while so many of the Princes were passed over the Ditch as well as they. *Eustathius.*

XXI.

VERSE 241. *Is there (he said) a Chief so greatly brave?*] *Nestor* proposes his Design of sending Spies into the Trojan Army with a great deal of Address: He begins with a general Sentence, and will not choose any one Hero, for fear of disgusting the rest: Had *Nestor* named the Person, he would have paid him a Complement that was sure to be attended with the Hazard of his Life; and that Person might have believ'd that *Nestor* expos'd him to a Danger, which his Honour would not let him decline; while the rest might have resented such a Partiality, which would have seem'd to give the Preference to another before them. It therefore was Wisdom in *Nestor* to propose the Design in general Terms, whereby all the gallant Men that offer'd themselves satisfy'd their Honour, by being willing to share the Danger with *Diomed*; and it was no Disgrace to be left behind, after they had offer'd to hazard their Lives for their Country. *Eustathius.*

XXII.

VERSE 244. *Or seize some straggling Foe?*] It is worthy Observation with how much Caution *Nestor* opens this Design, and with how much Courage *Diomed* accepts it. *Nestor* forms it with Coolness, but *Diomed* embraces it with Warmth and Resolution. *Nestor* only proposes that some Man would approach the Enemy and intercept some straggling Trojan, but *Diomed* offers to penetrate the very Camp. *Nestor* was afraid lest no one should undertake it: *Diomed* overlooks the Danger, and presents himself, as willing to march against the whole Army of Troy. *Eustathius.*

XXIII.

XXIII.

VERSE 280. *To Birth or Office no respect be paid.*] *Eustathius* remarks that *Agamemnon* artfully steals away his Brother from Danger; the Fondness he bears to him makes him think him unequal to so bold an Enterprize, and prefer his Safety to his Glory. He farther adds, that the Poet intended to condemn that faulty Modesty which makes one sometimes prefer a Nobleman before a Person of more real Worth. To be greatly born is an Happiness, but no Merit; whereas personal Virtues shew a Man worthy of that Greatness to which he is not born.

It appears from hence, how honourable it was of old to go upon these Parties by Night, or undertake those Offices which are now only the Task of common Soldiers. *Gideon* in the Book of *Judges* (as *Dacier* observes) goes as a Spy into the Camp of *Midian*, tho' he was at that time General of the *Israelites*.

XXIV.

VERSE 288. *Blest in his Conduct.*] There requir'd some Address in *Diomed* to make his Choice without offending the *Grecian* Princes; each of them might think it an Indignity to be refus'd such a Place of Honour. *Diomed* therefore chuses *Ulysses* not because he is braver than the rest, but because he is wiser. This Part of his Character was allow'd by all the Leaders of the Army; and none of them thought it a Disparagement to themselves as they were Men of Valour, to see the first Place given to *Ulysses* in Point of Wisdom. No doubt but the Poet by causing *Diomed* to make this Choice, intended to insinuate that Valour ought always to be temper'd with Wisdom; to the end that what is design'd with Prudence, may be executed with Resolution. *Eustathius*.

XXV.

VERSE 290. *It fits thee not to praise me or to blame.*] The Modesty of *Ulysses* in this Passage is very remarkable; tho' undoubtedly he deserved to be praised, yet he interrupts *Diomed* rather than he would be a Hearer of his own Commendation. What *Diomed* spoke in Praise of *Ulysses*, was utter'd to justify his Choice of him to the Leaders of the Army; otherwise the Praise he had given him, would have been no better than Flattery. *Eustathius.*

XXVI.

VERSE 294. -----Night rolls the Hours away;
The Stars shine fainter on th' Æth'ial Plains,
And of Night's Empire but a third remains.]

It has been objected that *Ulysses* is guilty of a threefold Tautology, when every word he utter'd shews the Necessity of being concise: If the Night was nigh spent, there was the less time to lose in Tautologies. But this is so far from being a fault, that it is a Beauty: *Ulysses* dwells upon the Shortness of the time before the Day appears, in order to urge *Diomed* to the greater Speed in prosecuting the Design. *Eustathius.*

XXVII.

VERSE 297. *But a third remains.*] One ought to take notice with how much Exactness *Homer* proportions his Incidents to the time of Action: These two Books take up no more than the Compass of one Night; and this Design could not have been executed in any other Part of it. The Poet had before told us, that all the Plain was enlightned by the Fires of *Troy*, and consequently no Spy could pass over to their Camp, till they were almost sunk and extinguish'd, which could not be till near the Morning.

'Tis observable that the Poet divides the Night into three Parts, from whence we may gather, that the *Grecians* had

three Watches during the Night: The first and second of which were over, when *Diomed* and *Ulysses* set out to enter the Enemy's Camp. *Eustathius*.

XXVIII.

VERSE 300. *Atwo-edg'd Faulchion Thrasymed the brave, &c.*] It is a very impertinent Remark of *Scaliger*, that *Diomed* should not have gone from his Tent without a Sword. The Expedition he now goes upon could not be foreseen by him at the time he rose: He was awak'd of a sudden, and sent in haste to call some of the Princes: Besides, he went but to Council, and even then carry'd his Spear with him, as *Homer* had already inform'd us. I think if one were to study the Art of cavilling, there would be more occasion to blame *Virgil* for what *Scaliger* praises him, giving a Sword to *Euryalus* when he had one before, *Æn.* 9. V. 303.

XXIX.

VERSE 302. *Then in a Leathern Helm.*] It may not be improper to observe how conformably to the Design the Poet arms these two Heroes: *Ulysses* has a Bow and Arrows, that he might be able to wound the Enemy at a distance, and so retard his Flight till he could overtake him; and for fear of a Discovery, *Diomed* is arm'd with an Helmet of Leather, that the glittering of it might not betray him. *Eustathius*.

There is some Resemblance in this whole Story to that of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* in *Virgil*: and as the Heroes are here successful, and in *Virgil* unfortunate, it was perhaps as great an Instance of *Virgil's* Judgment to describe the unhappy Youth in a glittering Helmet, which occasion'd his Discovery, as it was in *Homer* to arm his successful one in the contrary manner.

XXX.

VERSE 309. *A well-prov'd Casque.*] Mr. Barnes has a pretty Remark on this Place, that it was probably from this Descri-

Description, *πίλος ἀρῆται*, that the ancient Painters and Tragic Poets constantly represented *Ulysses* with the *Pileus* on his Head; but this Particularity could not be preserved with any Grace in the Translation.

XXXI.

VERSE 312. *This from Amyntor, &c.]* The Succession of this Helmet descending from one Hero to another, is imitated by *Virgil* in the Story of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*..

*Euryalus phaleras Rhamnetis, & aurea bullis
Cingula, Tiburti Remulo ditissimus olim
Quæ mittit dona, hospitio cum jungeret absens
Cædicus, ille suo moriens dat habere nepoti.
Post mortem bello Rutuli pugnamque potiti.*

It was anciently a Custom to make these military Presents to brave Adventurers. So *Jonathan* in the first Book of *Samuel*, stript himself of the Robe that was upon him, and gave it to *David*; and his Garments, even to his Sword, and his Bow, and his Girdle. Ch. 18. V. 4.

XXXII.

VERSE 325. *Ulysses hail'd the glad Omen.]* This Passage sufficiently justifies *Diomed* for his Choice of *Ulysses*: *Diomed*, who was most renown'd for Valour, might have given a wrong Interpretation to this Omen, and so have been discourag'd from proceeding in the Attempt. For tho' it really signify'd, that as the Bird was not seen, but only heard by the Sound of its Wings, so they should not be discover'd by the *Trojans*, but perform Actions which all *Troy* should hear with Sorrow; yet on the other hand it might imply, that as they discovered the Bird by the Noise of its Wings, so they should be betray'd by the Noise they should make in the *Trojan Army*. The Reason why *Pallas* does not send the Bird that is sacred to her self, but the Heron, is because it is a Bird of Prey,

Prey, and denoted that they should spoil the *Trojans*. *Eustathius*.

XXXIII.

VERSE 355. *Thro' Dust, thro' Blood, &c.*] *Zenophon* has imitated this Passage; but what the Poet gives us in one Line, the Historian portraicts into several Sentences. Ἐπει δὲ ἔληξεν ἡ μάχη, παρῆν ἰδεῖν, τὴν μὲν γῆν αἵματι πεφυρμένην, &c.
 “ When the Battel was over, one might behold the Ground
 “ dy'd red with Blood, and cover'd with the Dead; Spears
 “ broken, and drawn Swords, some on the Ground, some in
 “ the Bodies of the slain. *Eustathius*.

XXXIV.

VERSE 356. *Nor less bold Hector, &c.*] It is the Remark of *Eustathius*, that *Homer* sends out the *Trojan* Spy in this Place in a very different manner from the *Grecian* ones before. Having been very particular in describing the Counsel of the *Greeks*, he avoids tiring the Reader here with parallel Circumstances, and passes it in general Terms. In the first, a wise old Man proposes the Adventure with an Air of Deference; in the second, a brave young Man with an Air of Authority. The one promises a small Gift, but very honourable and certain; the other a great one, but uncertain and less honourable, because 'tis given as a Reward. So that *Diomed* and *Ulysses* are inspired with the Love of Glory, *Dolon* is possest with a Thirst of Gain: They proceed with a sage and circumspect Valour, he with Rashness and Vanity; they go in Conjunction, he alone; they cross the Fields out of the Road, he follows the common Track. In all this there is a Contraste that is admirable, and a Moral that strikes every Reader at first Sight.

XXXV.

VERSE 370. *Dolon his Name.*] 'Tis scarce to be conceiv'd with what Conciseness the Poet has here given us the Name, the Fortunes, the Pedigree, the Office, the Shape, the Swift-
 ness

ness of *Dolon*. He seems to have been eminent for nothing so much as for his Wealth, tho' undoubtedly he was by Place one of the first Rank in *Troy*: *Hector* summons him to this Assembly amongst the Chiefs of *Troy*; nor was he unknown to the *Greeks*, for *Diomed* immediately after he had seiz'd him, calls him by his Name. Perhaps being an Herald, he had frequently pass'd between the Armies in the Execution of his Office.

The Ancients observ'd upon this Place, that it was the Office of *Dolon* which made him offer himself to *Hector*. The Sacred Character gave him hopes that they would not violate his Person, should he happen to be taken; and his Riches he knew were sufficient to purchase his Liberty; besides all which Advantages, he had hopes from his Swiftmess to escape any Pursuers. *Eustathius*.

XXXVI.

VERSE 374. *Not blest by Nature with the Charms of Face.*] The Original is,

Ὅς δὴ τοι εἶδος μὲν ἔην κακός, ἀλλὰ ποδῶκης.

Which some ancient Criticks thought to include a Contradiction, because the Man who is ill-shap'd can hardly be swift in running; taking the word *εἶδος* as apply'd in general to the Air of the whole Person. But *Aristotle* acquaints us that word was as proper in regard to the Face only, and that it was usual with the *Cretans* to call a Man with a handsome Face, *εὐειδής*. So that *Dolon* might want a good Face, and yet be well-shap'd enough to make an excellent Racer. *Poet. c. 26.*

XXXVII.

VERSE 379. *Swear to grant me, &c.*] It is evident from this whole Narration, that *Dolon* as a Man of no Worth or Courage; his Covetousness seems to be the sole Motive of his undertaking this Exploit: and whereas *Diomed* neither desir'd any Reward, nor when promis'd, requir'd any Assurance of

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it;

it; *Dolon* demands an Oath, and will not trust the Promise of *Hector*; he every where discovers a base Spirit, and by the Sequel it will appear, that this vain Boaster instead of discovering the Army of the Enemy, becomes a Traytor to his own. *Eustathius*.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 380. *Th' immortal Coursers, and the glittering Car.*] *Hector* in the foregoing Speech promises the best Horses in the Grecian Army, as a Reward to any one who would undertake what he propos'd. *Dolon* immediately demands those of *Achilles*, and confines the general Promise of *Hector* to the particular Horses of that brave Hero.

There is something very extraordinary in *Hector's* taking a solemn Oath, that he will give the Chariots and Steeds of *Achilles* to *Dolon*. The Ancients, says *Eustathius*, knew not whose Vanity most to wonder at, that of *Dolon*, or *Hector*; the one for demanding this, or the other for promising it. Tho' we may take notice, that *Virgil* lik'd this Extravagance so well as to imitate it, where *Ascanius* (without being asked) promises the Horses and Armour of *Turnus* to *Nisus*, on his undertaking a like Enterprize.

*Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis,
Aureus; ipsum illum, clypeum cristasque rubentes
Excipiam sorti, jam nunc tua præmia, Nise.*

Unless one should think the Rashness of such a Promise better agreed with the Ardour of this youthful Prince, than with the Character of an experienc'd Warrior like *Hector*.

XXXIX.

VERSE 420. — *Such the Space between As when two Teams of Mules, &c.*] I wonder *Eustathius* takes no notice of the manner of Ploughing used by the Ancients, which is describ'd in these Verses, and of which we have the best Account from *Dacier*. She is not satisfied with the Explanation given by *Didymus*,

Didymus, that *Homer* meant the Space which Mules by their Swiftneſs gain upon Oxen that plow in the ſame Field. “ The *Grecians* (ſays ſhe) did not plow in the manner now “ in uſe. They firſt broke up the Ground with Oxen, and “ then plow’d it more lightly with Mules. When they em- “ ployed two Plows in a Field, they meaſured the Space they “ could Plow in a Day, and ſet their Plows at the two ends “ of that Space, and thoſe Plows proceeded toward each o- “ ther. This intermediate Space was conſtantly fix’d, but “ leſs in Proportion for two Plows of Oxen than for two of “ Mules; becauſe Oxen are ſlower and toil more in a Field “ that has not been yet turn’d up, whereas Mules are natu- “ rally ſwifter, and make greater ſpeed in a Ground that has “ already had the firſt Plowing. I therefore believe that “ what *Homer* calls ἐπίσρα, is the Space left by the Husband- “ men between two Plows of Mules which till the ſame Field: “ And as this Space was ſo much the greater in a Field al- “ ready plow’d by Oxen, he adds what he ſays of Mules, “ that they are ſwifter and fitter to give the ſecond Plowing “ than Oxen, and therefore diſtinguiſhes the Field ſo plowed “ by the Epithet of deep, νεῖοιο βάθους: For that Space was “ certain, of ſo many Acres or Perches, and always larger “ than in a Field as yet untill’d, which being heavier and “ more difficult, requir’d the Interval to be ſo much the leſs “ between two Plows of Oxen, becauſe they could not diſ- “ patch ſo much Work. *Homer* could not have ſerv’d him- “ ſelf of a juſter Compariſon for a thing that paſſ’d in the “ Fields; at the ſame time he ſhews his Experience in the “ Art of Agriculture, and gives his Verſes a moſt agreeable “ Ornament, as indeed all the Images drawn from this Art “ are peculiarly entertaining.

This manner of meaſuring a Space of Ground by a Com- pariſon from Plowing, ſeems to have been cuſtomary in thoſe times, from that Paſſage in the firſt Book of *Samuel*, Ch. 14. V. 14. *And the firſt Slaughter which Jonathan and his Armour-bearer made, was about twenty Men, within as it were half a Furrow of an Acre of Land, which a Yoke of Oxen might plow.*

XL.

VERSE 444. *Quiver'd as he stood, &c.*] The Poet here gives us a very lively Picture of a Person in the utmost Agonies of Fear: *Dolon's* Swiftneſs forſakes him, and he ſtands ſhackled by his Cowardice. The very Words expreſs the thing he deſcribes by the broken Turn of the *Greek* Verſes. And ſomething like it is aimed at in the *Engliſh*.

-----ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔστη τάραχσέν τε
 Βαμβαίνων, ἄρατος δὲ διὰ σόμα γίνετ' ὀδόντων
 Χλωρὸς ὑπαὶ δέισις.-----

XLI.

VERSE 454. *Be bold, nor fear to die.*] 'Tis observable what Caution the Poet here uſes in reference to *Dolon*: *Ulyſſes* does not make him any Promiſes of Life, but only bids him very artfully not to think of dying: So that when *Diomed* kills him, he was not guilty of a Breach of Promiſe, and the Spy was deceiv'd rather by the Art and Subtlety of *Ulyſſes*, than by his Falſhood. *Dolon's* Underſtanding ſeems entirely to be diſturb'd by his Fears; he was ſo cautious as not to believe a Friend juſt before without an Oath, but here he truſts an Enemy without ſo much as a Promiſe. *Euſtathius*.

XLII.

VERSE 467. *Urg'd me unwilling.*] 'Tis observable that the Cowardice of *Dolon* here betrays him into a Falſhood: Tho' *Euſtathius* is of Opinion that the word in the Original means no more than *contrary to my Judgment*.

XLIII.

VERSE 477. *Where lies encamp'd.*] The Night was now very far advanc'd, the Morning approach'd, and the two Heroes had their whole Deſign ſtill to execute: *Ulyſſes* therefore complies

complies with the Necessity of the Time, and makes his Questions very short, tho' at the same time very full. In the like manner when *Ulysses* comes to shew *Diomed* the Chariot of *Rhesus*, he uses a sudden Transition without the usual Form of speaking.

XLIV.

VERSE 488. *No certain Guards.*] *Homer* to give an Air of Probability to this Narration, lets us understand that the *Trojan* Camp might easily be enter'd without a Discovery, because there were no Centinels to guard it. This might happen partly thro' the Security which their late Success had thrown them into, and partly thro' the Fatigues of the former Day. Besides which, *Homer* gives us another very natural Reason, the Negligence of the auxiliar Forces, who being Foreigners, had nothing to lose by the Fall of *Troy*.

XLV.

VERSE 489. *Where e'er yon Fires ascend.*] This is not to be understood of those Fires which *Hector* commanded to be kindled at the beginning of this Night, but only of the household Fires of the *Trojans*, distinct from the Auxiliars. The Expression in the Original is somewhat remarkable; but implies those People that were Natives of *Troy*; *ἰσία* and *ἑσχαεα* πυρὸς signifying the same thing. So that *ἰσίας ἔχειν* and *ἑσχαεας ἔχειν* mean to have Houses or Hearths in *Troy*. *Eustathius*.

XLVI.

VERSE 525. *Divides the Neck.*] It may seem a Piece of Barbarity in *Diomed* to kill *Dolon* thus, in the very Act of supplicating for Mercy. *Eustathius* answers, that it was very necessary that it should be so, for fear, if he had defer'd his Death, he might have cry'd out to the *Trojans*, who hearing his Voice, would have been upon their guard.

XLVII.

VERSE 578. *Just then a deathful Dream Minerva sent.]* All the Circumstances of this Action, the Night, *Rhesus* buried in a profound Sleep, and *Diomed* with the Sword in his Hand hanging over the Head of that Prince, furnish'd *Homer* with the Idea of this Fiction, which represents *Rhesus* dying fast asleep, and as it were beholding his Enemy in a Dream plunging a Sword into his Bosom. This Image is very natural, for a Man in this Condition awakes no farther than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a Reality, but a Vision. *Eustathius, Dacier.*

XLVIII.

VERSE 607. *And wakes Hippocoon.]* *Apollo's* waking the *Trojans* is only an Allegory to imply that the Light of the Morning awaken'd them. *Eustathius.*

XLIX.

VERSE 624. *Old Nestor first perceiv'd, &c.]* It may with an Appearance of Reason be ask'd, whence it could be that *Nestor*, whose Sense of hearing might be suppos'd to be impair'd by his great Age, should be the first Person among so many youthful Warriors who hears the Tread of the Horse's Feet at a distance? *Eustathius* answers, that *Nestor* had a particular Concern for the Safety of *Diomed* and *Ulysses* on this Occasion, as he was the Person who, by proposing the Undertaking, had expos'd them to a very signal Danger: and consequently his extraordinary Care for their Preservation, did more than supply the Disadvantage of his Age. This agrees very well with what immediately follows; for the old Man breaks out into a Transport at the Sight of them, and in a wild sort of Joy asks some Questions, which could not have proceeded from him, but while he was under that happy Surprise. *Eustathius.*

L.

VERSE 656. *Of Thracian Lineage, &c.*] It is observable, says *Eustathius*, that *Homer* in this Place unravels the Series of this Night's Exploits, and inverts the Order of the former Narration. This is partly occasion'd by a Necessity of *Nestor's* Enquiries, and partly to relate the same thing in a different way, that he might not tire the Reader with an exact Repetition of what he knew before.

LI.

VERSE 659. *And twelve beside, &c.*] How comes it to pass that the Poet should here call *Dolon* the thirteenth that was slain, whereas he had already number'd up thirteen besides him? *Eustathius* answers, that he mentions *Rhesus* by himself, by way of Eminence. Then coming to recount the *Thracians*, he reckons twelve of 'em; so that taking *Rhesus* separately, *Dolon* will make the thirteenth.

LII.

VERSE 674. *They cleanse their Bodies in the Main, &c.*] We have here a Regimen very agreeable to the Simplicity and Austerity of the old heroic Times. These Warriors plunge into the Sea to wash themselves; for the salt Water is not only more purifying than any other, but more corroborates the Nerves. They afterwards enter into a Bath, and rub their Bodies with Oil, which by softening and moistening the Flesh prevents too great a Dissipation, and restores the natural Strength. *Eustathius*.

LIII.

VERSE 677. *In due Repast, &c.*] It appears from hence with what Preciseness *Homer* distinguishes the Time of these Actions. 'Tis evident from this Passage, that immediately after

after their Return, it was Day-light ; that being the Time of taking such a Repast as is here describ'd.

LIV.

I cannot conclude the Notes to this Book without observing, that what seems the principal Beauty of it, and what distinguishes it among all the others, is the Liveliness of its Paintings: The Reader sees the most natural Night-Scene in the World; he is led step by step with the Adventurers, and made the Companion of all their Expectations, and Uncertainties. We see the very Colour of the Sky, know the Time to a Minute, are impatient while the Heroes are arming, our Imagination steals out after them, becomes privy to all their Doubts, and even to the secret Wishes of their Hearts sent up to *Minerva*. We are alarmed at the Approach of *Dolon*, hear his very Footsteps, assist the two Chiefs in pursuing him, and stop just with the Spear that arrests him. We are perfectly acquainted with the Situation of all the Forces, with the Figure in which they lie, with the Disposition of *Rhesus* and the *Thracians*, with the Posture of his Chariot and Horses. The marshy Spot of Ground where *Dolon* is killed, the Tamarisk, or aquatic Plants upon which they hang his Spoils, and the Reeds that are heap'd together to mark the Place, are Circumstances the most Picturesque imaginable. And tho' it must be owned, that the human Figures in this Piece are excellent, and disposed in the properest Actions; I cannot but confess my Opinion, that the chief Beauty of it is in the Prospect, a finer than which was never drawn by any Pencil.

THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.



The ARGUMENT.

The third Battel, and the Acts of *Agamemnon*.

Agamemnon having armed himself, leads the Grecians to Battel: Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva give the Signals of War. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the Engagement, till the King shall be wounded and retire from the Field. He then makes a great Slaughter of the Enemy; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a while; but the latter being wounded by Paris is obliged to desert his Companion, who is encompass'd by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaus and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax, but that Hero alone opposes Multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time Machaon, in the other Wing of the Army, is pierced with an Arrow by Paris, and carry'd from the Fight in Nestor's Chariot. Achilles (who overlook'd the Action from his Ship) sends Patroclus to enquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Nestor entertains him in his Tent with an Account of the Accidents of the Day, and a long Recital of some former Wars which he remember'd, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his Countrymen, or at least to permit him to do it, clad in Achilles's Armour. Patroclus in his Return meets Euryphilus also wounded, and assists him in that Distress.

This Book opens with the eight and twentieth Day of the Poem; and the same Day, with its various Actions and Adventures, is extended thro' the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth, Books. The Scene lies in the Field near the Monument of Ilus.

THE

THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

THE Saffron Morn, with early Blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from *Tithonus*' Bed ;
With new-born Day to gladden mortal Sight,
And gild the Courts of Heav'n with sacred Light.
When baleful *Eris*, sent by *Jove*'s Command, 5
The Torch of Discord blazing in her Hand,
Thro' the red Skies her bloody Sign extends,
And, wrapt in Tempests, o'er the Fleets descends.
High on *Ulysses*' Bark her horrid Stand
She took, and thunder'd thro' the Seas and Land. 10
Ev'n *Ajax* and *Achilles* heard the Sound,
Whose Ships remote the guarded Navy bound.

Thence

Thence the black Fury thro' the *Grecian* Throng
With Horror founds the loud *Orthian* Song:

15 The Navy shakes, and at the dire Alarms
Each Bosom boils, each Warrior starts to Arms.
No more they fight, inglorious to return,
But breathe Revenge, and for the Combat burn.

The King of Men his hardy Host inspires
20 With loud Command, with great Example fires;
Himself first rose, himself before the rest
His mighty Limbs in radiant Armour drest.
And first he cas'd his manly Legs around
In shining Greaves, with silver Buckles bound:

25 The beaming Cuirass next adorn'd his Breast,
The same which once King *Cinyras* possess'd:
(The Fame of *Greece* and her assembled Host
Had reach'd that Monarch on the *Cyprian* Coast;
'Twas then, the Friendship of the Chief to gain,
30 This glorious Gift he sent, nor sent in vain.)

Ten Rows of azure Steel the Work infold,
Twice ten of Tin, and twelve of ductile Gold;
Three glitt'ring Dragons to the Gorget rise,
Whose imitated Scales against the Skies

Reflected various Light, and arching bow'd, 35
Like colour'd Rainbows o'er a show'ry Cloud :
(*Jove's* wond'rous Bow, of three celestial Dyes,
Plac'd as a Sign to Man amid the Skies.)
A radiant Baldrick, o'er his Shoulder ty'd,
Sustain'd the Sword that glitter'd at his side : 40
Gold was the Hilt, a silver Sheath encas'd
The shining Blade, and golden Hangers grac'd.
His Buckler's mighty Orb was next display'd,
That round the Warrior cast a dreadful Shade ;
Ten Zones of Brass its ample Brims furround, 45
And twice ten Bosses the bright Convex crown'd ;
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its Field,
And circling Terrors fill'd th' expressive Shield :
Within its Concave hung a silver Thong,
On which a mimic Serpent creeps along, 50
His azure Length in easy Waves extends,
Till in three Heads th' embroider'd Monster ends.
Last o'er his Brows his fourfold Helm he plac'd,
With nodding Horse-hair formidably grac'd ;
And in his Hands two steely Javelins wields, 55
That blaze to Heav'n, and lighten all the Fields.

That instant, *Juno* and the martial Maid
In happy Thunders promis'd *Greece* their Aid ;
High o'er the Chief they clasp'd their Arms in Air,
60 And leaning from the Clouds, expect the War.
Close to the Limits of the Trench and Mound,
The fiery Courfers to their Chariots bound
The Squires restrain'd: The Foot, with those who wield
The lighter Arms, rush'd forward to the Field.
65 To second these, in close Array combin'd,
The Squadrons spread their sable Wings behind.
Now Shouts and Tumults wake the tardy Sun,
As with the Light the Warriors Toils begun.
Ev'n *Jove*, whose Thunder spoke his Wrath, distill'd
70 Red Drops of Blood o'er all the fatal Field ;
The Woes of Men unwilling to survey,
And all the Slaughters that must stain the Day.
Near *Ilus'* Tomb, in Order rang'd around,
The *Trojan* Lines possess'd the rising Ground.
75 There wise *Polydamas* and *Hector* stood ;
Aeneas, honour'd as a guardian God ;
Bold *Polybus*, *Agenor* the divine ;
The Brother-Warriors of *Antenor's* Line ;

With

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With youthful *Acamas*, whose beauteous Face
And fair Proportion match'd th' etherial Race. 80
Great *Hector*, cover'd with his spacious Shield,
Plies all the Troops, and orders all the Field.
As the red Star now shows his sanguine Fires
Thro' the dark Clouds, and now in Night retires;
Thus thro' the Ranks appear'd the Godlike Man, 85
Plung'd in the Rear, or blazing in the Van;
While streamy Sparkles, restless as he flies,
Flash from his Arms as Light'ning from the Skies.
As sweating Reapers in some wealthy Field,
Rang'd in two Bands, their crooked Weapons wield, 90
Bear down the Furrows, till their Labours meet;
Thick fall the heapy Harvests at their Feet.
So *Greece* and *Troy* the Field of War divide,
And falling Ranks are strow'd on ev'ry side.
None stoop'd a Thought to base inglorious Flight; 95
But Horse to Horse, and Man to Man they fight.
Not rabid Wolves more fierce contest their Prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the Day.
Discord with Joy the Scene of Death descries,
And drinks large Slaughter at her sanguin Eyes: 100

Discord

Discord alone, of all th' immortal Train,
Swells the red Horrors of this direful Plain:
The Gods in peace their golden Mansions fill,
Rang'd in bright Order on th' *Olympian* Hill;
105 But gen'ral Murmurs told their Grievs above,
And each accus'd the partial Will of *Jove*.
Mean-while apart, superior, and alone,
Th' eternal Monarch, on his awful Throne,
Wrapt in the Blaze of boundless Glory fate;
110 And fix'd, fulfill'd the just Decrees of Fate.
On Earth he turn'd his all-confid'ring Eyes,
And mark'd the Spot where *Ilion's* Tow'rs arise;
The Sea with Ships, the Fields with Armies spread,
The Victor's Rage, the dying, and the dead.
115 Thus while the Morning-Beams increasing bright
O'er Heav'ns pure Azure spread the growing Light,
Commual Death the Fate of War confounds,
Each adverse Battel goar'd with equal Wounds.
But now (what time in some sequester'd Vale
120 The weary Wood-man spreads his sparing Meal,
When his tir'd Arms refuse the Axe to rear,
And claim a Respite from the Sylvan War;
But

But not till half the prostrate Forests lay
 Stretch'd in long Ruin, and expos'd to Day)
 Then, nor till then, the *Greeks* impulsive Might ¹²⁵
 Pierc'd the black *Phalanx*, and let in the Light.
 Great *Agamemnon* then the Slaughter led,
 And flew *Bienor* at his People's Head :
 Whose Squire *Oileus*, with a sudden spring,
 Leap'd from the Chariot to revenge his King, ¹³⁰
 But in his Front he felt the fatal Wound,
 Which pierc'd his Brain, and stretch'd him on the Ground:
Atrides spoil'd, and left them on the Plain ;
 Vain was their Youth, their glitt'ring Armour vain :
 Now foil'd with Dust, and naked to the Sky, ¹³⁵
 Their snowy Limbs and beauteous Bodies lie.

Two Sons of *Priam* next to Battel move,
 The Product one of Marriage, one of Love ;
 In the same Car the Brother-Warriors ride,
 This took the charge to combat, that to guide : ¹⁴⁰
 Far other Task ! than when they wont to keep
 On *Ida's* Tops, their Father's fleecy Sheep.
 These on the Mountains once *Achilles* found,
 And captive led, with pliant Osiers bound ;

Q q

Then

145 Then to their Sire for ample Sums restor'd ;
But now to perish by *Atrides*' Sword :
Pierc'd in the Breast the base-born *Iſus* bleeds ;
Cleft thro' the Head, his Brother's Fate succeeds.
Swift to the Spoil the haſty Victor falls,
150 And ſtript, their Features to his Mind recalls.
The *Trojans* ſee the Youths untimely die,
But helpſs tremble for themſelves, and fly.
So when a Lion, ranging o'er the Lawns,
Finds, on ſome graſſy Lare, the couching Fawns,
155 Their Bones he cracks, their reeking Vitals draws,
And grinds the quiv'ring Fleſh with bloody Jaws ;
The frighted Hind beholds, and dares not ſtay,
But ſwift thro' ruſtling Thickets burſts her way ;
All drown'd in Sweat the panting Mother flies,
160 And the big Tears roll trickling from her Eyes.
Amidſt the Tumult of the routed Train,
The Sons of falſe *Antimachus* were ſlain ;
He, who for Bribes his faithleſs Counſels fold,
And voted *Helen*'s Stay, for *Paris*' Gold.
165 *Atrides* mark'd as theſe their Safety fought,
And flew the Children for the Father's Fault ;
Their

BOOK XI. *HOMER's ILIAD.*

151

Their headstrong Horfe unable to restrain,
They shook with Fear, and drop'd the filken Rein;
Then in their Chariot, on their Knees they fall,
And thus with lifted Hands for Mercy call. 170

Oh spare our Youth, and for the Life we owe,
Antimachus shall copious Gifts bestow;
Soon as he hears, that not in Battel slain,
The *Grecian* Ships his captive Sons detain,
Large Heaps of Brass in Ransome shall be told, 175
And Steel well-temper'd, and persuasive Gold.

These Words, attended with a Flood of Tears,
The Youths address'd to unrelenting Ears:
The vengeful Monarch gave this stern Reply;
If from *Antimachus* ye spring, ye die: 180
The daring Wretch who once in Council stood
To shed *Ulysses'* and my Brother's Blood,
For proffer'd Peace! And sues his Seed for Grace?
No, die, and pay the Forfeit of your Race.

This said, *Pisander* from the Car he cast, 185
And pierc'd his Breast: supine he breath'd his last.
His Brother leap'd to Earth; but as he lay,
The trenchant Faulchion lopp'd his Hands away;

His

His fever'd Head was tofs'd among the Throng,
190 And rolling, drew a bloody Trail along.

Then, where the thickest fought, the Victor flew;
The King's Example all his *Greeks* pursue.

Now by the Foot the flying Foot were slain,
Horse trod by Horse, lay foaming on the Plain.

195 From the dry Fields thick Clouds of Dust arise,
Shade the black Host, and intercept the Skies.

The brass-hoof'd Steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
And the thick Thunder beats the lab'ring Ground.

Still slaught'ring on, the King of Men proceeds;

200 The distanc'd Army wonders at his Deeds.

As when the Winds with raging Flames conspire,
And o'er the Forests roll the Flood of Fire,

In blazing heaps the Grove's old Honours fall,

And one refulgent Ruin levells all.

205 Before *Atrides*' Rage so sinks the Foe,

Whole Squadrons vanish, and proud Heads lie low.

The Steeds fly trembling from his waving Sword;

And many a Car, now lighted of its Lord,

Wide o'er the Field with guideless Fury rolls,

210 Breaking their Ranks, and crushing out their Souls;

While

While his keen Faulchion drinks the Warriors Lives;
More grateful, now, to Vulturs than their Wives!

Perhaps great *Hector* then had found his Fate,
But *Jove* and Destiny prolong'd his Date.
Safe from the Darts, the Care of Heav'n he stood, 215
Amidst Alarms, and Deaths, and Dust, and Blood.

Now past the Tomb where ancient *Ilus* lay,
Thro' the mid Field the routed urge their way.
Where the wild Figs th' adjoining Summit crown,
That Path they take, and speed to reach the Town. 220
As swift *Atrides*, with loud Shouts pursu'd,
Hot with his Toil, and bath'd in hostile Blood.
Now near the Beech-tree, and the *Scæan* Gates,
The Hero hauls, and his Associates waits.
Mean-while on ev'ry side, around the Plain, 225
Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the *Trojan* Train.
So flies a Herd of Beeves, that hear dismay'd
The Lion's roaring thro' the mid-night Shade;
On Heaps they tumble with successless haste;
The Savage seizes, draws, and rends the last: 230
Not with less Fury stern *Atrides* flew,
Still press'd the Rout, and still the hindmost flew;

R r

Hurl'd

Hurl'd from their Cars the bravest Chiefs are kill'd,
And Rage, and Death, and Carnage, load the Field.

²³⁵ Now storms the Victor at the Trojan Wall;
Surveys the Tow'rs, and meditates their Fall.
But Jove descending shook th' *Idæan* Hills,
And down their Summits pour'd a hundred Rills:
Th' unkindled Light'ning in his Hand he took,
²⁴⁰ And thus the many-colour'd Maid bespoke.

Iris, with haste thy golden Wings display,
To God-like *Hector* this our Word convey.
While *Agamemnon* wastes the Ranks around,
Fights in the Front, and bathes with Blood the Ground,
²⁴⁵ Bid him give way; but issue forth Commands,
And trust the War to less important Hands:
But when, or wounded by the Spear, or Dart,
That Chief shall mount his Chariot, and depart;
Then Jove shall string his Arm, and fire his Breast,
²⁵⁰ Then to her Ships shall flying *Greece* be press'd,
Till to the Main the burning Sun descend,
And sacred Night her awful Shade extend.

He spoke, and *Iris* at his Word obey'd;
On Wings of Winds descends the various Maid.

The

The Chief she found amidst the Ranks of War, ²⁵⁵
Close to the Bulwarks, on his glitt'ring Car.
The Goddess then: O Son of *Priam* hear!
From *Jove* I come, and his high Mandate bear.
While *Agamemnon* wastes the Ranks around,
Fights in the Front, and bathes with Blood the Ground, ²⁶⁰
Abstain from Fight; yet issue forth Commands,
And trust the War to less important Hands.
But when, or wounded by the Spear, or Dart,
The Chief shall mount his Chariot, and depart;
Then *Jove* shall string thy Arm, and fire thy Breast, ²⁶⁵
Then to her Ships shall flying *Greece* be prest,
Till to the Main the burning Sun descend,
And sacred Night her awful Shade extend.

She said, and vanish'd: *Hector*, with a Bound,
Vaults from his Chariot on the trembling Ground, ²⁷⁰
In clanging Arms: He grasps in either Hand
A pointed Lance, and speeds from Band to Band;
Revives their Ardour, turns their Steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying Flames of Fight.
They stand to Arms: the *Greeks* their Onset dare, ²⁷⁵
Condense their Pow'rs, and wait the coming War.

New

New Force, new Spirit to each Breast returns;
The Fight renew'd with fiercer Fury burns:
The King leads on; all fix on him their Eye,
280 And learn from him, to conquer, or to die.
Ye sacred Nine, Celestial Muses! tell,
Who fac'd him first, and by his Prowess fell?
The great *Iphidamas*, the bold and young;
From sage *Antenor* and *Theano* sprung;
285 Whom from his Youth his Grandfire *Cisseus* bred,
And nurs'd in *Thrace* where snowy Flocks are fed.
Scarce did the Down his rosy Cheeks invest,
And early Honour warm his gen'rous Breast,
When the kind Sire consign'd his Daughter's Charms
290 (*Theano's* Sister) to his youthful Arms.
But call'd by Glory to the Wars of *Troy*,
He leaves untasted the first Fruits of Joy;
From his lov'd Bride departs with melting Eyes,
And swift to aid his dearer Country flies.
295 With twelve black Ships he reach'd *Percope's* Strand,
Thence took the long, laborious March by Land.
Now fierce for Fame, before the Ranks he springs,
Tow'ring in Arms, and braves the King of Kings.

Atrides

Atrides first discharg'd the missive Spear;
The *Trojan* stoop'd, the Javelin pass'd in Air. 300
Then near the Corselet, at the Monarch's Heart,
With all his Strength the Youth directs his Dart;
But the broad Belt, with Plates of Silver bound,
The Point rebated, and repell'd the Wound.
Encumber'd with the Dart, *Atrides* stands, 305
Till grasp'd with Force, he wrench'd it from his Hands.
At once, his weighty Sword discharg'd a Wound
Full on his Neck, that fell'd him to the Ground.
Stretch'd in the Dust th' unhappy Warrior lies,
And Sleep eternal seals his swimming Eyes. 310
Oh worthy better Fate! oh early slain!
Thy Country's Friend; and virtuous, tho' in vain!
No more the Youth shall join his Consort's side,
At once a Virgin, and at once a Bride!
No more with Presents her Embraces meet, 315
Or lay the Spoils of Conquest at her Feet,
On whom his Passion, lavish of his Store,
Bestow'd so much, and vainly promis'd more!
Unwept, uncover'd, on the Plain he lay,
While the proud Victor bore his Arms away. 320

Coon, *Antenor's* eldest Hope, was nigh:
Tears, at the Sight, came starting from his Eye,
While pierc'd with Grief the much-lov'd Youth he
view'd,
And the pale Features now deform'd with Blood.
325 Then with his Spear, unseen, his Time he took,
Aim'd at the King, and near his Elbow strook.
The thrilling Steel transpierc'd the brawny Part,
And thro' his Arm stood forth the barbed Dart.
Surpriz'd the Monarch feels, yet void of Fear
330 On *Coon* rushes with his lifted Spear:
His Brother's Corps the pious *Trojan* draws,
And calls his Country to assert his Cause,
Defends him breathless on the smoking Field,
And o'er the Body spreads his ample Shield.
335 *Atrides*, marking an unguarded Part,
Transfix'd the Warrior with his brazen Dart;
Prone on his Brother's bleeding Breast he lay,
The Monarch's Faulchion lopp'd his Head away:
The social Shades the same dark Journey go,
340 And join each other in the Realms below.
The vengeful Victor rages round the Fields
With ev'ry Weapon, Art or Fury yields: By

By the long Lance, the Sword, or pond'rous Stone,
Whole Ranks are broken, and whole Troops o'erthrown. 345

This, while yet warm, distill'd the purple Flood;
But when the Wound grew stiff with clotted Blood,
Then grinding Tortures his strong Bosom rend,
Lefs keen those Darts the fierce *Ilythia* send,
(The Pow'rs that cause the teeming Matron's Throes, 350
Sad Mothers of unutterable Woes!)

Stung with the Smart, all panting with the Pain,
He mounts the Car, and gives his Squire the Rein:
Then with a Voice which Fury made more strong,
And Pain augmented, thus exhorts the Throng. 355

O Friends! O *Greeks*! assert your Honours won;
Proceed, and finish what this Arm begun:
Lo! angry *Jove* forbids your Chief to stay,
And envies half the Glories of the Day.

He said; the Driver whirls his lengthful Thong; 360
The Horses fly; the Chariot smoaks along.
Clouds from their Nostrils the fierce Coursers blow,
And from their Sides the Foam descends in Snow;
Shot thro' the Battel in a Moment's Space,
The wounded Monarch at his Tent they place. 365

No

No sooner *Hector* saw the King retir'd,
But thus his *Trojans* and his Aids he fir'd.
Hear all ye *Dardan*, all ye *Lycian* Race!
Fam'd in close Fight, and dreadful Face to Face;
370 Now call to Mind your ancient Trophies won,
Your great Forefathers Virtues, and your own.
Behold, the Gen'ral flies! deserts his Pow'rs!
Lo *Jove* himself declares the Conquest ours!
Now on yon' Ranks impell your foaming Steeds;
375 And, sure of Glory, dare immortal Deeds.

With Words like these the fiery Chief alarms
His fainting Host, and ev'ry Bosom warms.
As the bold Hunter chears his Hounds to tear
The brindled Lion, or the tusky Bear,
380 With Voice and Hand provokes their doubting Heart,
And springs the foremost with his lifted Dart:
So God-like *Hector* prompts his Troops to dare,
Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the War.
On the black Body of the Foes he pours:
385 As from the Cloud's deep Bosom swell'd with Show'rs,
A sudden Storm the purple Ocean sweeps,
Drives the wild Waves, and tosses all the Deeps.

Say

Say Muse! when *Jove* the *Trojan's* Glory crown'd,
Beneath his Arm what Heroes bit the Ground?

Assæus, *Dolops*, and *Autonous* dy'd, 390

Opites next was added to their side,

Then brave *Hipponous* fam'd in many a Fight,

Opheltius, *Orus*, sunk to endless Night,

Æsymnus, *Agelaus*; all Chiefs of Name;

The rest were vulgar Deaths, unknown to Fame. 395

As when a western Whirlwind, charg'd with Storms,

Dispells the gather'd Clouds that *Notus* forms;

The Gust continu'd, violent, and strong,

Rolls fable Clouds in Heaps on Heaps along;

Now to the Skies the foaming Billows rears, 400

Now breaks the Surge, and wide the bottom bares.

Thus raging *Hector*, with resistless Hands,

O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their Bands.

Now the last Ruin the whole Host appalls;

Now *Greece* had trembled in her wooden Walls; 405

But wise *Ulysses* call'd *Tydidēs* forth,

His Soul rekindled, and awak'd his Worth.

And stand we deedless, O eternal Shame!

Till *Hector's* Arm involve the Ships in Flame?

T t

Haste,

410 Haste, let us join, and combat side by side.

The Warrior thus, and thus the Friend reply'd.

No martial Toil I shun, no Danger fear;

Let *Hector* come; I wait his Fury here.

But *Jove* with Conquest crowns the *Trojan* Train;

415 And, *Jove* our Foe, all human Force is vain.

He sigh'd; but fighting, rais'd his vengeful Steel,

And from his Car the proud *Thymbræus* fell:

Molion, the Charioteer, pursu'd his Lord,

His Death ennobled by *Ulysses'* Sword.

420 There slain, they left them in eternal Night;

Then plung'd amidst the thickest Ranks of Fight.

So two wild Boars outstrip the foll'owing Hounds,

Then swift revert, and Wounds return for Wounds.

Stern *Hector's* Conquests in the middle Plain

425 Stood check'd a while, and *Greece* respir'd again.

The Sons of *Merops* shone amidst the War;

Tow'ring they rode in one refulgent Car:

In deep Prophetic Arts their Father skill'd,

Had warn'd his Children from the *Trojan* Field;

430 Fate urg'd them on; the Father warn'd in vain,

They rush'd to Fight, and perish'd on the Plain!

Their

Their Breasts no more the vital Spirit warms ;

The stern *Tydidēs* strips their shining Arms.

Hypirochus by great *Ulysses* dies,

And rich *Hippodamus* becomes his Prize.

435

Great *Jove* from *Idē* with Slaughter fills his Sight,

And level hangs the doubtful Scale of Fight.

By *Tydeus'* Lance *Agastrophus* was slain,

The far-fam'd Hero of *Pæonian* Strain ;

Wing'd with his Fears, on Foot he strove to fly,

440

His Steeds too distant, and the Foe too nigh ;

Thro' broken Orders, swifter than the Wind,

He fled, but flying, left his Life behind.

This *Hector* sees, as his experienc'd Eyes

Traverse the Files, and to the Rescue flies ;

445

Shouts, as he past, the crystal Regions rend,

And moving Armies on his March attend.

Great *Diomed* himself was seiz'd with Fear,

And thus bespoke his Brother of the War.

Mark how this way yon' bending Squadrons yield !

450

The Storm rolls on, and *Hector* rules the Field :

Here stand his utmost Force---The Warrior said ;

Swift at the Word, his pondrous Javelin fled ;

Nor

Nor miss'd its Aim, but where the Plumage danc'd,
455 Raz'd the smooth Cone, and thence obliquely glanc'd.
Safe in his Helm (the Gift of *Phæbus*' Hands)
Without a Wound the *Trojan* Hero stands;
But yet so stunn'd, that stagg'ring on the Plain,
His Arm and Knee his sinking Bulk sustain;
460 O'er his dim Sight the misty Vapours rise,
And a short Darknefs shades his swimming Eyes.
Tydides follow'd to regain his Lance;
While *Hector* rose, recover'd from the Trance,
Remounts his Car, and herds amidst the Crowd;
465 The *Greek* pursues him, and exults aloud.

Once more thank *Phæbus* for thy forfeit Breath,
Or thank that Swiftnefs which outstrips the Death.
Well by *Apollo* are thy Pray'rs repaid,
And oft' that partial Pow'r has lent his Aid.
470 Thou shalt not long the Death deserv'd withstand,
If any God assist *Tydides*' Hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy Flight, this Day,
Whole Hecatombs of *Trojan* Ghosts shall pay.

Him, while he triumph'd, *Paris* ey'd from far,
475 (The Spouse of *Helen*, the fair Cause of War)

Around

Around the Field his feather'd Shafts he sent,
From ancient *Ilus'* ruin'd Monument;
Behind the Column plac'd, he bent his Bow,
And wing'd an Arrow at th' unwary Foe;
Just as he stoop'd, *Agastrophus's* Crest 480
To seize, and drew the Corselet from his Breast.
The Bow-string twang'd; nor flew the Shaft in vain,
But pierc'd his Foot, and nail'd it to the Plain.
The laughing *Trojan*, with a joyful Spring
Leaps from his Ambush, and insults the King. 485

He bleeds! (he cries) some God has sped my Dart;
Would the same God had fixt it in his Heart!
So *Troy* reliev'd from that wide-wasting Hand
Shall breathe from Slaughter, and in combat stand,
Whose Sons now tremble at his darted Spear, 490
As scatter'd Lambs the rushing Lion fear.

He, dauntless, thus: Thou Conqu'ror of the Fair,
Thou Woman-warrior with the curling Hair;
Vain Archer! trusting to the distant Dart,
Unskill'd in Arms to act a manly Part! 495
Thou hast but done what Boys or Women can;
Such Hands may wound, but not incense a Man.

U u

Nor

Nor boast the Scratch thy feeble Arrow gave,
A Coward's Weapon never hurts the Brave.
500 Not so this Dart, which thou may'st one Day feel;
Fate wings its Flight, and Death is on the Steel,
Where this but lights, some noble Life expires,
Its Touch makes Orphans, bathes the cheeks of Sires,
Steeps Earth in purple, gluts the Birds of Air,
505 And leaves such Objects as distract the Fair.

Ulysses hastens with a trembling Heart,
Before him steps, and bending draws the Dart:
Forth flows the Blood; an eager Pang succeeds;
Tydidēs mounts, and to the Navy speeds.

510 Now on the Field *Ulysses* stands alone,
The *Greeks* all fled, the *Trojans* pouring on:
But stands collected in himself and whole,
And questions thus his own unconquer'd Soul.

What farther Subterfuge, what Hopes remain?
515 What Shame, inglorious if I quit the Plain;
What Danger, singly if I stand the Ground,
My Friends all scatter'd, all the Foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful? Let this Truth suffice;
The Brave meets Danger, and the Coward flies:

To

To die, or conquer, proves a Hero's Heart; 510

And knowing this, I know a Soldier's Part.

Such Thoughts revolving in his careful Breast,

Near, and more near, the shady Cohorts prest;

These, in the Warrior, their own Fate inclose;

And round him deep the steely Circle grows. 525

So fares a Boar, whom all the Troop furrounds

Of shouting Huntsmen and of clam'rous Hounds;

He grinds his Iv'ry Tusks; he foams with Ire;

His sanguine Eyeballs glare with living Fire;

By these, by those, on ev'ry Part is ply'd; 530

And the red Slaughter spreads on ev'ry side.

Pierc'd thro' the Shoulder, first *Deiopsis* fell;

Next *Ennomus* and *Thoon* funk to Hell;

Chersidamas, beneath the Navel thrust,

Supinely falls, and grasps the bloody Dust. 535

Charops, the Son of *Hippasus*, was near;

Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal Spear;

But to his Aid his Brother *Socus* flies,

Socus, the brave, the gen'rous, and the wise:

Near as he drew, the Warrior thus began. 540

O great *Ulysses*, much-enduring Man!

Not

Not deeper skill'd in ev'ry martial Slight,
 Than worn to Toils, and active in the Fight!
 This Day, two Brothers shall thy Conquest grace,
 545 And end at once the great *Hippasian* Race,
 Or thou beneath this Lance must press the Field---
 He said, and forceful pierc'd his spacious Shield;
 Thro' the strong Brass the ringing Javelin thrown,
 Plow'd half his side, and bar'd it to the Bone.

550 By *Pallas*' Care, the Spear, tho' deep infix'd,
 Stop'd short of Life, nor with his Entrails mix'd.

The Wound not mortal wise *Ulysses* knew,
 Then furious thus, (but first some Steps withdrew.)
 Unhappy Man! whose Death our Hand shall grace!
 555 Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy Race.

No longer check my Conquests on the Foe;
 But pierc'd by this, to endless Darkness go,
 And add one Spectre to the Realms below!

He spoke, while *Socus* seiz'd with sudden Fright,
 560 Trembling gave way, and turn'd his Back to Flight,
 Between his Shoulders pierc'd the following Dart,
 And held its Passage thro' the panting Heart.

Wide

Wide in his Breast appear'd the grizly Wound;
He falls; his Armour rings against the Ground.

Then thus *Ulysses*, gazing on the Slain. 565

Fam'd Son of *Hippasus*! there prefs the Plain;

There ends thy narrow Span assign'd by Fate,

Heav'n owes *Ulysses* yet a longer Date.

Ah Wretch! no Father shall thy Corps compose,

Thy dying Eyes no tender Mother close, 570

But hungry Birds shall tear those Balls away,

And hov'ring Vulturs scream around their Prey.

Me *Greece* shall honour, when I meet my Doom,

With solemn Fun'rals and a lasting Tomb.

Then raging with intolerable Smart, 575

He writhes his Body, and extracts the Dart.

The Dart a Tyde of spouting Gore pursu'd,

And gladden'd *Troy* with Sight of hostile Blood.

Now Troops on Troops the fainting Chief invade,

Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for Aid. 580

Thrice to its pitch his lofty Voice he rears;

The well-known Voice thrice *Menelaus* hears:

Alarm'd, to *Ajax Telamon* he cry'd,

Who shares his Labours, and defends his side.

X x

O Friend!

585 O Friend! *Ulysses*' Shouts invade my Ear;
Distress'd he seems, and no Assistance near:
Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,
Oppress'd by Multitudes, the best may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, must bid her Hosts despair,
590 And feel a Loss not Ages can repair.

Then, where the Cry directs, his Course he bends;
Great *Ajax*, like the God of War, attends.
The prudent Chief in sore Distress they found,
With Bands of furious *Trojans* compass'd round.
595 As when some Huntsman with a flying Spear,
From the blind Thicket wounds a stately Deer;
Down his cleft Side while fresh the Blood distills,
He bounds aloft, and scuds from Hills to Hills:
Till Life's warm Vapour issuing thro' the Wound,
600 Wild Mountain-Wolves the fainting Beast surround;
Just as their Jaws his prostrate Limbs invade,
The Lion rushes thro' the woodland Shade,
The Wolves, tho' hungry, scour dispers'd away;
The Lordly Savage vindicates his Prey.
605 *Ulysses* thus, unconquer'd by his Pains,
A single Warrior, half an Host sustains:

But

But soon as *Ajax* heaves his Tow'r-like Shield,
The scatter'd Crowds fly frighted o'er the Field;
Atrides' Arm the sinking Hero stays,
And sav'd from Numbers, to his Car conveys. 610

Victorious *Ajax* plies the routed Crew;
And first *Doryclus*, *Priam's* Son, he flew,
On strong *Pandocus* next inflicts a Wound,
And lays *Lyfander* bleeding on the Ground.
As when a Torrent, swell'd with wintry Rains, 615
Pours from the Mountains o'er the delug'd Plains,
And Pines and Oaks, from their Foundations torn,
A Country's Ruins! to the Seas are born:
Fierce *Ajax* thus o'erwhelms the yielding Throng,
Men, Steeds, and Chariots, roll in Heaps along. 620

But *Hector*, from this Scene of Slaughter far,
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the Tyde of War:
Loud Groans proclaim his Progress thro' the Plain,
And deep *Scamander* swells with Heaps of Slain.

There *Nestor* and *Idomeneus* oppose 625
The Warrior's Fury, there the Battel glows;
There fierce on Foot, or from the Chariot's Height,
His Sword deforms the beauteous Ranks of Fight.

The

The Spouse of *Helen* dealing Darts around,
630 Had pierc'd *Machaon* with a distant Wound :
In his right Shoulder the broad Shaft appear'd,
And trembling *Greece* for her Physician fear'd.
To *Nestor* then *Idomeneus* begun ;
Glory of *Greece*, old *Neleus*' valiant Son !
635 Ascend thy Chariot, haste with speed away,
And great *Machaon* to the Ships convey.
A wise Physician, skill'd our Wounds to heal,
Is more than Armies to the publick Weal.

Old *Nestor* mounts the Seat : Beside him rode
640 The wounded Offspring of the healing God.
He lends the Lash ; the Steeds with founding Feet
Shake the dry Field, and thunder tow'rd the Fleet.

But now *Cebriones*, from *Hector*'s Car,
Survey'd the various Fortune of the War.
645 While here (he cry'd) the flying *Greeks* are slain ;
Trojans on *Trojans* yonder load the Plain.
Before great *Ajax*, see the mingled Throng
Of Men and Chariots driv'n in Heaps along !
I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the Field
650 By the broad glitt'ring of the sev'nfold Shield.

Thither,

Thither, O *Hector*, thither urge thy Steeds;
There Danger calls, and there the Combat bleeds,
There Horse and Foot in mingled Deaths unite,
And Groans of Slaughter mix with Shouts of Fight.

Thus having spoke, the Driver's Lash refounds; 655
Swift thro' the Ranks the rapid Chariot bounds;
Stung by the Stroke, the Coursers scour the Fields
O'er Heaps of Carcasses, and Hills of Shields.

The Horses Hoofs are bath'd in Heroes Gore,
And dashing purple all the Car before, 660

The groaning Axle fable Drops distills,
And mangled Carnage clogs the rapid Wheels.

Here *Hector* plunging thro' the thickest Fight
Broke the dark *Phalanx*, and let in the Light.

(By the long Lance, the Sword, or pondrous Stone, 665
The Ranks lie scatter'd, and the Troops o'erthrown)

Ajax he shuns, thro' all the dire Debate,
And fears that Arm whose Force he felt so late.

But partial *Jove*, espousing *Hector's* Part,
Shot heav'n-bred Horror thro' the *Grecian's* Heart; 670

Confus'd, unnerv'd in *Hector's* Prefence grown,
Amaz'd he stood, with Terrors not his own.

O'er his broad Back his moony Shield he threw,
And glaring round, by tardy Steps withdrew.
675 Thus the grim Lion his Retreat maintains,
Beset with watchful Dogs, and shouting Swains,
Repuls'd by Numbers from the nightly Stalls,
Tho' Rage impells him, and tho' Hunger calls,
Long stands the show'ring Darts, and missile Fires;
680 Then fow'rly flow th' indignant Beast retires.
So turn'd stern *Ajax*, by whole Hosts repell'd,
While his swoln Heart at ev'ry Step rebell'd.
As the flow Beast with heavy Strength indu'd,
In some wide Field by Troops of Boys pursu'd,
685 Tho' round his Sides a wooden Tempest rain,
Crops the tall Harvest, and lays waste the Plain;
Thick on his Hide the hollow Blows resound,
The patient Animal maintains his Ground,
Scarce from the Field with all their Efforts chas'd,
690 And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.
On *Ajax* thus a Weight of *Trojans* hung,
The Strokes redoubled on his Buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky Strength he stands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding Bands;
Now

Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly, 695
And threats his Followers with retorted Eye.
Fix'd as the Bar between two warring Pow'rs,
While hissing Darts descend in Iron Show'rs:
In his broad Buckler many a Weapon stood,
Its Surface bristled with a quiv'ring Wood; 700
And many a Javelin, guiltless on the Plain,
Drinks the dry Dust, and thirsts for Blood in vain.
But bold *Eurypylus* his Aid imparts,
And dauntless springs beneath a Cloud of Darts;
Whose eager Javelin launch'd against the Foe, 705
Great *Apisaon* felt the fatal Blow;
From his torn Liver the red Current flow'd,
And his slack Knees desert their dying Load.
The Victor rushing to despoil the Dead,
From *Paris*' Bow a vengeful Arrow fled. 710
Fix'd in his nervous Thigh the Weapon stood,
Fix'd was the Point, but broken was the Wood.
Back to the Lines the wounded *Greek* retir'd,
Yet thus, retreating, his Associates fir'd.

What God, O *Grecians*! has your Hearts dismay'd? 715
Oh, turn to Arms; 'tis *Ajax* claims your Aid.

This

This Hour he stands the Mark of hostile Rage,
And this the last brave Battel he shall wage:
Haste, join your Forces; from the gloomy Grave
720 The Warrior rescue, and your Country save.

Thus urg'd the Chief; a gen'rous Troop appears,
Who spread their Bucklers, and advance their Spears,
To guard their wounded Friend: While thus they stand
With pious Care, great *Ajax* joins the Band:
725 Each takes new Courage at the Hero's Sight;
The Hero rallies, and renews the Fight.

Thus rag'd both Armies like conflicting Fires,
While *Nestor's* Chariot far from Fight retires:
His Courfers steep'd in Sweat, and stain'd with Gore,
730 The *Greeks* Preserver, great *Machaon* bore.

That Hour, *Achilles* from the topmost Height
Of his proud Fleet, o'erlook'd the Fields of Fight;
His feasted Eyes beheld around the Plain
The *Grecian* Rout, the slaying, and the slain.
735 His Friend *Machaon* singled from the rest,
A transient Pity touch'd his vengeful Breast.
Strait to *Mænétius'* much-lov'd Son he sent;
Graceful as *Mars*, *Patroclus* quits his Tent,

(In

(In evil Hour! Then Fate decreed his Doom;
And fix'd the Date of all his Woes to come!) 740

Why calls my Friend? thy lov'd Injunctions lay,
Whate'er thy Will, *Patroclus* shall obey.

O first of Friends! (*Pelides* thus reply'd)
Still at my Heart, and ever at my Side!

The Time is come, when yon' despairing Host 745
Shall learn the Value of the Man they lost:

Now at my Knees the *Greeks* shall pour their Moan,
And proud *Atrides* tremble on his Throne.

Go now to *Nestor*, and from him be taught
What wounded Warrior late his Chariot brought? 750

For seen at distance, and but seen behind,
His Form recall'd *Machaon* to my Mind;

Nor could I, thro' yon' Cloud, discern his Face,
The Coursers past me with so swift a Pace.

The Hero said. His Friend obey'd with haste, 755
Thro' intermingled Ships and Tents, he past;

The Chiefs descending from their Car he found;
The panting Steeds *Eurymedon* unbound.

The Warriors standing on the breezy Shore,
To dry their Sweat, and wash away the Gore, 760

Here paus'd a moment, while the gentle Gale
Convey'd that Freshness the cool Seas exhale ;
Then to consult on farther Methods went,
And took their Seats beneath the shady Tent.
765 The Draught prescrib'd, fair *Hecamede* prepares,
Arfinous' Daughter, grac'd with golden Hairs :
(Whom to his aged Arms, a Royal Slave,
Greece, as the Prize of *Nestor's* Wisdom, gave)
A Table first with azure Feet she plac'd ;
770 Whose ample Orb a brazen Charger grac'd :
Honey new-press'd, the sacred Flow'r of Wheat,
And wholsome Garlick crown'd the fav'ry Treat.
Next her white Hand an antique Goblet brings,
A Goblet sacred to the *Pylian* Kings,
775 From eldest Times : emboss'd with Studs of Gold,
Two Feet support it, and four Handles hold ;
On each bright Handle, bending o'er the Brink,
In sculptur'd Gold two Turtles seem to drink :
A massy Weight ; yet heav'd with ease by him,
780 When the brisk Nectar overlook'd the Brim.
Temper'd in this, the Nymph of Form divine
Pours a large Potion of the *Pramnian* Wine ;
With

With Goat's-milk Cheese a flav'rous Taste bestows,
And last with Flour the smiling Surface strows.
This for the wounded Prince the Dame prepares; 785
The cordial Bev'rage rev'rend *Nestor* shares:
Salubrious Draughts the Warrior's Thirst allay,
And pleasing Conference beguiles the Day.

Mean time *Patroclus*, by *Achilles* sent,
Unheard approach'd, and stood before the Tent. 790
Old *Nestor* rising then, the Hero led
To his high Seat; the Chief refus'd, and said.

'Tis now no Season for these kind Delays;
The great *Achilles* with Impatience stays.
To great *Achilles* this Respect I owe; 795
Who asks what Hero, wounded by the Foe,
Was born from combat by thy foaming Steeds?
With Grief I see the great *Machaon* bleeds.
This to report, my hasty Course I bend;
Thou know'st the fiery Temper of my Friend. 800

Can then the Sons of *Greece* (the Sage rejoin'd)
Excite Compassion in *Achilles*' Mind?
Seeks he the Sorrows of our Host to know?
This is not half the Story of our Woe.

Tell

805 Tell him, not great *Machaon* bleeds alone,
Our bravest Heroes in the Navy groan,
Ulysses, *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*,
And stern *Eurypylus*, already bleed.
But ah! what flatt'ring Hopes I entertain?
810 *Achilles* heeds not, but derides our Pain;
Ev'n till the Flames consume our Fleet, he stays,
And waits the rising of the fatal Blaze,
Chief after Chief the raging Foe destroys;
Calm he looks on, and ev'ry Death enjoys.
815 Now the slow Course of all-impairing Time
Unstrings my Nerves, and ends my manly Prime;
Oh! had I still that Strength my Youth possess'd,
When this bold Arm th' *Epeian* Pow'rs oppress'd,
The Bulls of *Elis* in glad Triumph led,
820 And stretch'd the great *Itymonæus* dead!
Then, from my Fury fled the trembling Swains,
And ours was all the Plunder of the Plains:
Fifty white Flocks, full fifty Herds of Swine,
As many Goats, as many lowing Kine;
825 And thrice the Number of unrival'd Steeds,
All teeming Females, and of gen'rous Breeds.

These,

These, as my first Essay of Arms, I won;
Old *Neleus* glory'd in his conqu'ring Son.
Thus *Elis* forc'd, her long Arrears restor'd,
And Shares were parted to each *Pylian* Lord. 838
The State of *Pyle* was sunk to last Despair,
When the proud *Elians* first commenc'd the War:
For *Neleus*' Sons *Alcides*' Rage had slain;
Of twelve bold Brothers, I alone remain!
Oppress'd, we arm'd; and now, this Conquest gain'd, 839
My Sire three hundred chosen Sheep obtain'd.
(That large Reprizal he might justly claim,
For Prize defrauded, and insulted Fame,
When *Elis*' Monarch in the publick Course
Detain'd his Chariot and victorious Horse.) 840
The rest the People shar'd; my self survey'd
The just Partition, and due Victims pay'd.
Three Days were past, when *Elis* rose to War,
With many a Courser, and with many a Car;
The Sons of *Actor* at their Army's Head 841
(Young as they were) the vengeful Squadrons led.
High on a Rock fair *Thryoëssa* stands,
Our utmost Frontier on the *Pylian* Lands;

Not far the Streams of fam'd *Alphæus* flow ;
850 The Stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their Tents below.
Pallas, descending in the Shades of Night,
Alarms the *Pylians*, and commands the Fight.
Each burns for Fame, and swells with martial Pride;
My self the foremost ; but my Sire deny'd ;
855 Fear'd for my Youth expos'd to stern Alarms ;
And stopp'd my Chariot, and detain'd my Arms.
My Sire deny'd in vain : On foot I fled
Amidst our Chariots : For the Goddess led.

Along fair *Arene's* delightful Plain,
860 Soft *Minyas* rolls his Waters to the Main.
There, Horse and Foot, the *Pylian* Troops unite,
And sheath'd in Arms, expect the dawning Light.
Thence, e'er the Sun advanc'd his noonday Flame,
To great *Alphæus'* sacred Source we came.
865 There first to *Jove* our solemn Rites were paid ;
An untam'd Heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd Maid,
A Bull *Alphæus* ; and a Bull was slain
To the blue Monarch of the wat'ry Main.
In Arms we slept, beside the winding Flood,
870 While round the Town the fierce *Epeians* stood.

Soon

Soon as the Sun, with all-revealing Ray,
Flam'd in the Front of Heav'n, and gave the Day;
Bright Scenes of Arms, and Works of War appear;
The Nations meet; there *Pylos*, *Elis* here.
The first who fell, beneath my Javelin bled; 875
King *Augias*' Son, and Spouse of *Agamede*:
(She that all Simple's healing Virtues knew,
And ev'ry Herb that drinks the Morning Dew.)
I seiz'd his Car, the Van of Battel led;
Th' *Epeians* saw, they trembled, and they fled. 880
The Foe dispers'd, their bravest Warrior kill'd,
Fierce as a Whirlwind now I swept the Field:
Full fifty captive Chariots grac'd my Train;
Two Chiefs from each, fell breathless to the Plain.
Then *Actor*'s Sons had dy'd, but *Neptune* shrouds 885
The youthful Heroes in a Veil of Clouds.
O'er heapy Shields, and o'er the prostrate Throng,
Collecting Spoils, and slaught'ring all along,
Thro' wide *Buprasian* Fields we forc'd the Foes,
Where o'er the Vales th' *Olenian* Rocks arose; } 890
Till *Pallas* stopp'd us where *Alisium* flows.

Ev'n

Ev'n there, the hindmost of their Rear I flay,
 And the same Arm that led, concludes the Day;
 Then back to *Pyle* triumphant take my way.
 895 There to high *Jove* were publick Thanks assign'd
 As first of Gods, to *Nestor*, of Mankind.
 Such then I was, impell'd by youthful Blood;
 So prov'd my Valour for my Country's Good.
Achilles with unactive Fury glows,
 900 And gives to Passion what to *Greece* he owes.
 How shall he grieve, when to th' eternal Shade
 Her Hosts shall sink, nor his the Pow'r to aid?
 O Friend! my Memory recalls the Day,
 When gath'ring Aids along the *Grecian* Sea,
 905 I, and *Ulysses*, touch'd at *Pthia's* Port,
 And enter'd *Peleus'* hospitable Court.
 A Bull to *Jove* he flew in sacrifice,
 And pour'd Libations on the flaming Thighs.
 Thy self, *Achilles*, and thy rev'rend Sire
 910 *Meneæti*us, turn'd the Fragments on the Fire.
Achilles sees us, to the Feast invites;
 Social we sit, and share the genial Rites.

We then explain'd the Cause on which we came,
Urg'd you to Arms, and found you fierce for Fame.
Your ancient Fathers gen'rous Precepts gave; 915
Peleus said only this,---" My Son! be brave.
Menoetius thus; " Tho' great *Achilles* shine
" In Strength superior, and of Race divine,
" Yet cooler Thoughts thy elder Years attend;
" Let thy just Counsels aid, and rule thy Friend. 920
Thus spoke your Father at *Theffalia's* Court;
Words now forgot, tho' now of vast Import.
Ah! try the utmost that a Friend can say,
Such gentle Force the fiercest Minds obey;
Some fav'ring God *Achilles'* Heart may move; 925
Tho' deaf to Glory, he may yield to Love.
If some dire Oracle his Breast alarm,
If ought from Heav'n with-hold his saving Arm;
Some Beam of Comfort yet on *Greece* may shine,
If thou but lead the *Myrmidonian* Line; 930
Clad in *Achilles'* Arms, if thou appear,
Proud *Troy* may tremble, and desist from War;
Press'd by fresh Forces her o'er-labour'd Train
Shall seek their Walls, and *Greece* respire again.

935 This touch'd his gen'rous Heart, and from the Tent
Along the Shore with hasty Strides he went ;
Soon as he came, where, on the crouded Strand,
The publick Mart and Courts of Justice stand,
Where the tall Fleet of great *Ulysses* lies,
940 And Altars to the guardian Gods arise :
There sad he met the brave *Evæmon*'s Son,
Large painful Drops from all his Members run,
An Arrow's Head yet rooted in his Wound,
The fable Blood in Circles mark'd the Ground.
945 As faintly reeling he confess'd the Smart ;
Weak was his Pace, but dauntless was his Heart.
Divine Compassion touch'd *Patroclus*' Breast,
Who fighting, thus his bleeding Friend address'd.
Ah hapless Leaders of the *Grecian* Host !
950 Thus must ye perish on a barb'rous Coast ?
Is this your Fate, to glut the Dogs with Gore,
Far from your Friends, and from your native Shore !
Say, great *Eurypylus* ! shall *Greece* yet stand ?
Resists she yet the raging *Hector*'s Hand !
955 Or are her Heroes doom'd to die with Shame,
And this the Period of our Wars and Fame ?

Eurypylus

Eurypylus replies: No more (my Friend)
 Greece is no more! this Day her Glories end.
 Ev'n to the Ships victorious *Troy* pursues,
 Her Force encreasing, as her Toil renews. 960
 Those Chiefs, that us'd her utmost Rage to meet,
 Lie pierc'd with Wounds and bleeding in the Fleet.
 But thou, *Patroclus*! act a friendly Part,
 Lead to my Ships, and draw this deadly Dart;
 With lukewarm Water wash the Gore away, 965
 With healing Balms the raging Smart allay,
 Such as sage *Chiron*, Sire of *Pharmacy*,
 Once taught *Achilles*, and *Achilles* thee.
 Of two fam'd Surgeons, *Podalirius* stands
 This Hour furrounded by the *Trojan* Bands; 970
 And great *Machaon*, wounded in his Tent,
 Now wants that Succour which so oft' he lent.

To him the Chief. What then remains to do?
 Th' Event of Things the Gods alone can view.
 Charg'd by *Achilles*' great Command I fly, 975
 And bear with haste the *Pylian* King's Reply:
 But thy Distress this Instant claims Relief.
 He said, and in his Arms upheld the Chief.

The

The Slaves their Master's slow Approach survey'd,
 980 And Hides of Oxen on the Floor display'd:
 There stretch'd at length the wounded Hero lay,
Patroclus cut the forky Steel away.
 Then in his Hands a bitter Root he bruis'd,
 The Wound he wash'd, the Styptick Juice infus'd.
 985 The closing Flesh that Instant ceas'd to glow,
 The Wound to torture, and the Blood to flow.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

ELEVENTH BOOK.

I.

AS *Homer's* Invention is in nothing more wonderful than in the great Variety of Characters with which his Poems are diversify'd, so his Judgment appears in nothing more exact, than in that Propriety with which each Character is maintain'd. But this Exactness must be collected by a diligent Attention to his Conduct thro' the whole: and when the Particulars of each Character are laid together, we shall find them all proceeding from the same Temper and Disposition of the Person. If this Observation be neglected, the Poet's Conduct will lose much of its true Beauty and Harmony.

I fancy it will not be unpleasant to the Reader, to consider the Picture of *Agamemnon* drawn by so masterly an Hand as that of *Homer* in its full length, after having seen him in several Views and Lights since the beginning of the Poem.

He is a Master of Policy and Stratagem, and maintains a good Understanding with his Council; which was but necessary considering how many different and independent Nations and Interests he had to manage: He seems fully conscious of his own superior Authority, and always knows the time when to exert it: He is personally very valiant, but not without some Mixture of Fierceness: Highly resentful of the Injuries done
his

his Family, even more than *Menelaus* himself: Warm both in his Passions and Affections, particularly in the Love he bears his Brother. In short, he is (as *Homer* himself in another Place describes him) both a good King, and a great Warrior.

Ἀμφότερον, βασιλεὺς τ' ἀγαθός, καλὸς τε αἰχμητής.

It is very observable how this Hero rises in the Eye and Esteem of the Reader as the Poem advances: It opens with many Circumstances very much to the Disadvantage of his Character; he insults the Priest of *Apollo*, and outrages *Achilles*: but in the second Book he grows sensible of the Effects of his Rashness, and takes the Fault entirely upon himself: In the fourth he shews himself a skilful Commander, by exhorting, reproving and performing all the Offices of a good General: In the eighth he is deeply touch'd by the Sufferings of his Army, and makes all the Peoples Calamities his own: In the ninth he endeavours to reconcile himself to *Achilles*, and condescends to be the Petitioner, because it is for the publick Good: In the tenth, finding those Endeavours ineffectual, his Concern keeps him the whole Night awake, in contriving all possible Methods to assist them: And now in the eleventh as it were resolving himself to supply the want of *Achilles*, he grows prodigiously in his Valour, and performs Wonders in his single Person.

Thus we see *Agamemnon* continually winning upon our Esteem, as we grow acquainted with him; so that he seems to be like that Goddess the Poet describes, who was low at the first, but rising by degrees, at last reaches the very Heavens.

II.

VERSE 5. *When baleful Eris, &c.*] With what a wonderful Sublimity does the Poet begin this Book? He awakens the Reader's Curiosity, and sounds an Alarm to the approaching Battel. With what Magnificence does he usher in the Deeds of *Agamemnon*: He seems for a while to have lost all view

view of the main Battel, and lets the whole Action of the Poem stand still, to attend the Motions of this single Hero. Instead of an Herald, he brings down a Goddess to inflame the Army; instead of a Trumpet or such warlike Musick, *Juno* and *Minerva* thunder over the Field of Battel: *Jove* rains down Drops of Blood, and averts his Eyes from such a Scene of Horrors.

By the Goddess *Eris* is meant that Ardour and Impatience for the Battel which now inspir'd the *Grecian* Army: They who just before were almost in Despair, now burn for the Fight, and breath nothing but War. *Eustathius*.

III.

VERSE 14. *Orthian Song*.] This is a kind of an *Odaic* Song, invented and sung on purpose to fire the Soul to noble Deeds in War. Such was that of *Timotheus* before *Alexander the Great*, which had such an Influence upon him, that he leap'd from his Seat and laid hold on his Arms. *Eustathius*.

IV.

VERSE 26. *King Cinyras*.] 'Tis probable this Passage of *Cinyras* King of *Cyprus* alludes to a true History; and what makes it the more so, is that this Island was famous for its Mines of several Metals. *Eustathius*.

V.

VERSE 35. *Arching bow'd, &c.*] *Eustathius* observes, that the Poet intended to represent the bending Figure of these Serpents, as well as their Colour, by comparing them to Rainbows. *Dacier* observes here how close a Parallel this Passage of *Homer* bears to that in *Genesis*, where God tells *Noah*, *I have set my Bow in the Clouds, that it may be for a Sign of the Covenant between me and the Earth*.

VI.

VERSE 63. *The Foot, and those who wield The lighter Arms; rush forward.*] Here we see the Order of Battel is inverted, and opposite to that which *Nestor* proposed in the fourth Book: For it is the Cavalry which is there sustain'd by the Infantry; here the Infantry by the Cavalry. But to deliver my Opinion, I believe it was the Nearness of the Enemy that obliged *Agamemnon* to change the Disposition of the Battel: He would break their Battalions with his Infantry, and complete their Defeat by his Cavalry, which should fall upon the Flyers. *Dacier.*

VII.

VERSE 70. *Red Drops of Blood.*] These Prodigies with which *Homer* embellishes his Poetry, are the same with those which History relates not as Ornaments, but as Truths. Nothing is more common in History than Showers of Blood, and Philosophy gives us the Reason of them: The two Battels which had been fought on the Plains of *Troy*, had so drench'd them with Blood, that a great Quantity of it might be exhal'd in Vapours and carry'd into the Air, and being there condens'd, fall down again in Dews and Drops of the same Colour. *Eustathius.*

VIII.

VERSE 83. *As the red Star.*] We have just seen at full length the Picture of the General of the *Greeks*: Here we see *Hector* beautifully drawn in Miniature. This proceeded from the great Judgment of the Poet: 'twas necessary to speak fully of *Agamemnon*, who was to be the chief Hero of this Battel, and briefly of *Hector*, who had so often been spoken of at large before. This is an Instance that the Poet well knew when to be concise, and when to be copious. It is impossible that any thing should be more happily imagin'd than this Similitude: It is so lively, that we see *Hector* sometimes

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sometimes shining in Arms at the Head of his Troops: and then immediately lose Sight of him, while he retires in the Ranks of the Army. *Eustatbius.*

IX.

VERSE 89. *As sweating Reapers.*] 'Twill be necessary for the understanding of this Similitude, to explain the Method of Mowing in *Homer's* Days: They mowed in the same manner as they plowed, beginning at the Extremes of the Field, which was equally divided, and proceeding till they met in the middle of it. By this means they rais'd an Emulation between both Parties, which should finish their Share first. If we consider this Custom, we shall find it a very happy Comparison to the two Armies advancing against each other, together with an exact Resemblance in every Circumstance the Poet intended to illustrate.

X.

VERSE 119. *What time in some sequester'd Vale The weary Woodman, &c.*] One may gather from hence, that in *Homer's* Time they did not measure the Day by Hours, but by the Progression of the Sun; and distinguish'd the Parts of it by the most noted Employments; as in the 12 of the *Odyssæis*, V. 439. from the rising of the Judges, and here from the dining of the Labourer.

It may perhaps be entertaining to the Reader to see a general Account of the Mensuration of Time among the Ancients, which I shall take from *Spondanus*. At the beginning of the World it is certain there was no Distinction of Time but by the Light and Darkness, and the whole Day was included in the general Terms of the Evening and the Morning. *Munster* makes a pretty Observation upon this Custom: Our long-liv'd Forefathers (says he) had not so much occasion to be exact Observers how the Day pass'd, as their frailer Sons, whose Shortness of Life makes it necessary to distinguish every Part of Time, and suffer none of it to slip away without their Observation.

It

It is not improbable but that the *Chaldeans*, many Ages after the Flood, were the first who divided the Day into Hours; they being the first who applied themselves with any Success to Astrology. The most ancient Sun-dial we read of is that of *Achaz*, mention'd in the second Book of Kings, Ch. 20. about the Time of the building of *Rome*: But as these were of no use on clouded Days and in the Night, there was another Invention of measuring the Parts of Time by Water; but that not being sufficiently exact, they laid it aside for another by Sand.

'Tis certain the Use of Dials was earlier among the *Greeks* than the *Romans*; 'twas above three hundred Years after the building of *Rome* before they knew any thing of them: But yet they had divided the Day and Night into twenty four Hours, as appears from *Varro* and *Macrobius*, tho' they did not count the Hours as we do, numerically, but from Midnight to Midnight, and distinguish'd them by particular Names, as by the Cock crowing, the Dawn, the Midday, &c. The first Sun-dial we read of among the *Romans* which divided the Day into Hours, is mention'd by *Pliny*, lib. 1. cap. 20. fixt upon the Temple of *Quirinus* by *L. Papyrius* the Censor, about the 12th Year of the Wars with *Pyrrhus*. But the first that was of any Use to the Publick was set up near the *Rostra* in the *Forum* by *Valerius Messala* the Consul, after the taking of *Catana* in *Sicily*; from whence it was brought thirty Years after the first had been set up by *Papyrius*; but this was still an imperfect one, the Lines of it not exactly corresponding with the several Hours. Yet they made use of it many Years, till *Q. Marcius Philippus* placed another by it greatly improved: but these had still one common Defect of being useless in the Night, and when the Skies were overcast. All these Inventions being thus ineffectual, *Scipio Nasica* some Years afterwards measur'd the Day and Night into Hours from the dropping of Water.

Yet near this time, it may be gather'd that Sun-dials were very frequent in *Rome*, from a Fragment preserv'd by *Aulus Gellius* and ascrib'd to *Plautus*: The Lines are so beautiful, that I cannot deny the Reader the Satisfaction of seeing them. They are supposed to be spoken by an hungry Parasite,

site, upon a Sight of one of these Dials.

*Ut illum Dii perdant, primus qui horas repperit;
Quique adeo primus statuit heic solarium:
Qui mihi comminuit misero, articulatim, diem!
Nam me puero uterus hic erat solarium,
Multo omnium istorum optimum & verissimum,
Ubi iste monebat esse, nisi cum nihil erat.
Nunc etiam quod est, non est, nisi Soli lubet:
Itaque adeo jam oppletum est oppidum solariis,
Major pars populi aridi reptant fame.*

We find frequent mention of the *Hours* in the Course of this Poem; but to prevent any Mistake, it may not be improper to take notice, that they must always be understood to mean the Seasons, and not the Division of the Day by Hours.

XI.

VERSE 125. *The Greeks impulsive Might.*] We had just before seen that all the Gods were withdrawn from the Battel; that *Jupiter* was resolv'd even against the Inclinations of them all to honour the *Trojans*. Yet we here see the *Greeks* breaking thro' them: The Love the Poet bears to his Countrymen makes him aggrandize their Valour, and over-rule even the Decrees of Fate. To vary his Battels, he supposes the Gods to be absent this Day; and they are no sooner gone, but the Courage of the *Greeks* prevails, even against the Determination of *Jupiter*. *Eustathius*.

XII.

VERSE 135. *Naked to the Sky.*] *Eustathius* refines upon this Place, and believes that *Homer* intended, by particularizing the Whiteness of the Limbs, to ridicule the effeminate Education of these unhappy Youths. But as such an Interpretation may be thought below the Majesty of an Epic Poem, and a kind of Barbarity to insult the unfortunate, I thought it better to give the Passage an Air of Compassion. As the

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Words are equally capable of either meaning, I imagin'd the Reader would be more pleas'd with the Humanity of the one, than with the Satyr of the other.

XIII.

VERSE 143. *These on the Mountains once Achilles found.]* Homer, says *Eustathius*, never lets any Opportunity pass of mentioning the Hero of his Poem, *Achilles*: He gives here an Instance of his former Resentment, and at once varies his Poetry, and exalts his Character. Nor does he mention him cursorily; he seems unwilling to leave him; and when he pursues the Thread of the Story in a few Lines, takes occasion to speak again of him. This is a very artful Conduct, by mentioning him so frequently, he takes care that the Reader should not forget him, and shews the Importance of that Hero, whose Anger is the Subject of his Poem. *Eustathius*.

XIV.

VERSE 182. *Antimachus, who once in Council stood
To shed Ulysses and my Brother's Blood.]* 'Tis observable that *Homer* with a great deal of Art interweaves the true History of the *Trojan War* in his Poem: He here gives a Circumstance that carries us back from the tenth Year of the War to the very beginning of it. So that altho' the Action of the Poem takes up but a small Part of the last Year of the War, yet by such Incidents as these we are taught a great many Particulars that happen thro' the whole Series of it. *Eustathius*.

XV.

VERSE 188. *Lopp'd his Hands away.]* I think one cannot but compassionate the Fate of these Brothers, who suffer for the Sins of their Father, notwithstanding the Justice which the Commentators find in this Action of *Agamemnon*. And I can much less imagine that his cutting off their Hands was meant

meant for an exprefs Example againſt Bribery, in Revenge for the Gold which *Antimachus* had received from *Paris*. *Eustathius* is very refining upon this Point; but the grave *Spondanus* out-does them all, who has found there was an excellent Conceit in cutting off the Hands and Head of the Son; the firſt, becauſe the Father had been for *laying Hands* on the *Grecian Embaſſadors*; and the ſecond, becauſe it was from his *Head* that the Advice proceeded of detaining *Helena*.

XVI.

VERSE 193. *Now by the Foot the flying Foot, &c.*] After *Homer* with a poetical Juſtice has puniſh'd the Sons of *Antimachus* for the Crimes of the Father; he carries on the Narration, and preſents all the Terrors of the Battel to our view: We ſee in the lively Deſcription the Men and Chariots overthrown, and hear the Trampings of the Horſes Feet. Thus the Poet very artfully by ſuch ſudden Alarms awakens the Attention of the Reader, that is apt to be tired and grow remiſs by a plain and more cool Narration.

XVII.

VERSE 197. *The Braſs-hoof'd Steeds.*] *Eustathius* obſerves that the Cuſtom of ſhoeing Horſes was in uſe in *Homer's* Time, and calls the Shoes *σεληναῖα*, from the Figure of an Half-Moon.

XVIII.

VERSE 212. *More grateful, now, to Vulturs than their Wives.*] This is a Reflection of the Poet, and ſuch an one as ariſes from a Sentiment of Compaſſion; and indeed there is nothing more moving than to ſee thoſe Heroes, who were the Love and Delight of their Spouſes, reduc'd ſuddenly to ſuch a Condition of Horror, that their very Wives dare not look upon them. I was very much ſurprized to find a Remark of *Eustathius* upon this, which ſeems very wrong and unjuſt: He would

would have it that there is in this Place an *Ellipsis*, which comprehends a severe Raillery: "For, says he, *Homer* would imply that those dead Warriors were now more agreeable to Vulturs, than they had ever been in all their Days to their Wives. This is very ridiculous; to suppose that these unhappy Women did not love their Husbands, is to insult them barbarously in their Affliction; and every Body can see that such a Thought in this Place would have appear'd mean, frigid, and out of Season. *Homer* always endeavours to excite Compassion by the Grief of the Wives, whose Husbands are kill'd in the Battel. *Dacier*.

XIX.

VERSE 217. *Now past the Tomb where ancient Ilus lay.*] By the Exactness of *Homer's* Description we see as in a Landscape the very Place where this Battel was fought. *Agamemnon* drives the *Trojans* from the Tomb of *Ilus*, where they encamp'd all the Night; that Tomb stood in the middle of the Plain: From thence he pursues them by the wild Fig-Tree to the Beech-Tree, and from thence to the very *Scean* Gate. Thus the Scene of Action is fix'd, and we see the very Rout through which the one retreats and the other advances. *Eustathius*.

XX.

VERSE 241. *Iris with haste thy golden Wings display.*] 'Tis evident that some such Contrivance as this was necessary; The *Trojans*, we learn from the beginning of this Book, were to be victorious this Day: But if *Jupiter* had not now interpos'd, they had been driven even within the Walls of *Troy*. By this means also the Poet consults both for the Honour of *Hector* and that of *Agamemnon*. *Agamemnon* has time enough to shew the Greatness of his Valour, and it is no Disgrace to *Hector* not to encounter him when *Jupiter* interposes.

Eustathius observes, that the Poet gives us here a Sketch of what is drawn out at large in the Story of this whole Book: This

This he does to raise the Curiosity of the Reader, and make him impatient to hear those great Actions which must be perform'd before *Agamemnon* can retire, and *Hector* be victorious.

XXI.

VERSE 281. *Ye sacred Nine !]* The Poet to win the Attention of the Reader, and seeming himself to be struck with the Exploits of *Agamemnon* while he recites them, (who when the Battel was rekindled, rushes out to engage his Enemies) invokes not one Muse as he did in the beginning of the Poem; but as if he intended to warn us that he was about to relate something surprizing, he invokes the whole Nine; and then as if he had received their Inspiration, goes on to deliver what they suggested to him. By means of this Apostrophe, the Imagination of the Reader is so fill'd, that he seems not only present, but active in the Scene to which the Skill of the Poet has transported him. *Eustathius.*

XXII.

VERSE 283. *Iphidamas the bold and young.]* *Homer* here gives us the History of this *Iphidamas*, his Parentage, the Place of his Birth, and many Circumstances of his private Life. This he does to diversify his Poetry, and to soften with some amiable Embellishments the continual Horrors that must of Necessity strike the Imagination in an uninterrupted Narration of Blood and Slaughter. *Eustathius.*

XXIII.

VERSE 290. *Theano's Sister.]* That the Reader may not be shock'd at the Marriage of *Iphidamas* with his Mother's Sister, it may not be amiss to observe from *Eustathius*, that Consanguinity was no Impediment in *Greece* in the Days of *Homer*: Nor is *Iphidamas* singular in this kind of Marriage, for *Diomed* was married to his own Aunt as well as he.

XXIV.

VERSE 349. *The fierce Ilythiæ.*] These *Ilythiæ* are the Goddesses that *Homer* supposes to preside over Child-Birth: He arms their Hands with a kind of an Instrument, from which a pointed Dart is shot into the distressed Mother, as an Arrow is from a Bow: So that as *Eris* has her Torch and *Jupiter* his Thunder, these Goddesses have their Darts which they shoot into Women in Travail. He calls them the Daughters of *Juno*; because she presides over the Marriage-Bed. *Eustathius*. Here (says *Dacier*) we find the Style of the holy Scripture, which to express a severe Pain, usually compares it to that of Women in Labour. Thus *David*, *Pain came upon them as upon a Woman in Travail*; and *Isaiah*, *They shall grieve as a Woman in Travail*; and all the Prophets are full of the like Expressions.

XXV.

VERSE 358. *Lo angry Jove forbids your Chief to stay.*] *Eustathius* remarks upon the Behaviour of *Agamemnon* in his present Distress: *Homer* describes him as rack'd with almost intolerable Pains, yet he does not complain of the Anguish he suffers, but that he is obliged to retire from the Fight.

This indeed as it prov'd his undaunted Spirit, so did it likewise his Wisdom: Had he shew'd any unmanly Dejection, it would have dispirited the Army; but his Intrepidity makes them believe his Wound less dangerous, and renders them not so highly concern'd for the Absence of their General.

XXVI.

VERSE 388. *Say, Muse, when Jove the Trojan's Glory crown'd.*] The Poet just before has given us an Invocation of the Muses, to make us attentive to the great Exploits of *Agamemnon*. Here we have one with regard to *Hector*, but this last may perhaps be more easily accounted for than the other.

other. For in that, after so solemn an Invocation, we might reasonably have expected Wonders from the Hero: whereas in Reality he kills but one Man before he himself is wounded; and what he does afterwards seems to proceed from a frantic Valour, arising from the Smart of the Wound: We do not find by the Text that he kills one Man, but overthrows several in his Fury, and then retreats: So that one would imagine he invoked the Muses only to describe his Retreat.

But upon a nearer view, we shall find that *Homer* shews a commendable Partiality to his own Countryman and Hero *Agamemnon*: He seems to detract from the Greatness of *Hector's* Actions, by ascribing them to *Jupiter*; whereas *Agamemnon* conquers by the Dint of Bravery: And that this is a just Observation, will appear by what follows. Those *Greeks* that fall by the Sword of *Hector*, he passes over as if they were all vulgar Men: He says nothing of them but that they dy'd; and only briefly mentions their Names, as if he endeavour'd to conceal the Overthrow of the *Greeks*. But when he speaks of his favourite General *Agamemnon*, he expatiates and dwells upon his Actions; and shews us, that those that fell by his Hand were all Men of Distinction, such as were the Sons of *Priam*, of *Antenor*, and *Antimachus*. 'Tis true, *Hector* kill'd as many Leaders of the *Greeks* as *Agamemnon* of the *Trojans*, and more of the common Soldiers; but by particularizing the Deaths of the Chiefs of *Troy*, he sets the Deeds of *Agamemnon* in the strongest Point of Light, and by his Silence in respect to the Leaders whom *Hector* slew, he casts a Shade over the Greatness of the Action, and consequently it appears less conspicuous.

XXVII.

VERSE 406. *But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth.*] There is something instructive in the most seemingly common Passages of *Homer*, who by making the wise *Ulysses* direct the brave *Diomed* in all the Enterprizes of the last Book, and by maintaining the same Conduct in this, intended to shew this Moral, that Valour should always be under the Guidance of Wisdom:

Wisdom: Thus in the eighth Book when *Diomed* could scarce be restrain'd by the Thunder of *Jupiter*, *Nestor* is at hand to moderate his Courage; and this Hero seems to have made a very good use of those Instructions; his Valour no longer runs out into Rashness, tho' he is too brave to decline the Fight, yet he is too wise to fight against *Jupiter*.

XXVIII.

VERSE 448. *Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with Fear.*] There seems to be some Difficulty in these Words: This brave Warrior, who has frequently met *Hector* in the Battel, and offer'd himself for the single Combat, is here said to be seiz'd with Fear at the very Sight of him: This may be thought not to agree with his usual Behaviour, and to derogate from the general Character of his Intrepidity: But we must remember, that *Diomed* himself has but just told us, that *Jupiter* fought against the *Grecians*; and that all the Endeavours of himself and *Ulysses* would be in vain: This Fear therefore of *Diomed* is far from being dishonourable: it is not *Hector*, but *Jupiter* of whom he is afraid. *Eustathius*.

XXIX.

VERSE 477. *Ilus' Monument.*] I thought it necessary just to put the Reader in mind that the Battel still continues near the Tomb of *Ilus*: By a just Observation of that, we may with Pleasure see the various Turns of the Fight, and how every Step of Ground is won or lost as the Armies are repuls'd or victorious.

XXX.

VERSE 480. *Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's Crest
To seize, and draw the Corselet from his Breast.*] One would think that the Poet at all times endeavour'd to condemn the Practice of stripping the Dead, during the Heat of Action: He frequently describes the Victor wounded, while
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he is so employ'd about the Bodies of the slain : Thus in the present Book we see *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, *Ulysses*, *Elephenor*, and *Eurypylus*, all suffer as they strip the Men they slew ; and in the sixth Book he brings in the wise *Nestor* directly forbidding it. *Eustathius*.

XXXI.

VERSE 483. *But pierc'd his Foot.*] It cannot but be a Satisfaction to the Reader to see the Poet smitten with the Love of his Country, and at all times consulting its Honour : This Day was to be glorious to *Troy*, but *Homer* takes care to remove with Honour most of the bravest *Greeks* from the Field of Battel, before the *Trojans* can conquer. Thus *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and *Ulysses* must bleed, before the Poet can allow his Countrymen to retreat. *Eustathius*.

XXXII.

VERSE 484. *The laughing Trojan.*] *Eustathius* is of Opinion that the Poet intended to satyrize in this Place the unwarlike Behaviour of *Paris* : Such an effeminate Laugh and Gesture is unbecoming a brave Warrior, but agrees very well with the Character of *Paris* : He is before said to be more delighted with the soft amorous Lyre, than with the warlike Sound of the Battel : Nor do I remember that in the whole *Iliad* any one Person is describ'd in such an indecent Transport, tho' upon a much more glorious or successful Action. He concludes his ludicrous Insult with a Circumstance very much to the Honour of *Diomed*, and very much to the Disadvantage of his own Character, who reveals to an Enemy the Fears of *Troy*, and compares the *Greeks* to Lions, and the *Trojans* to Sheep. *Diomed* is the very reverse of him ; he despises and lessens the Wound he receiv'd, and in the midst of his Pain, would not gratify his Enemy with the little Joy he might give him by letting him know it.

XXXIII.

VERSE 513. *And questions thus his own unconquer'd Soul.]*
 This is a Passage which very much strikes me: We have here a brave Hero making a noble Soliloquy, or rather calling a Council within himself, when he was singly to encounter an Army: 'Tis impossible for the Reader not to be in Pain for so gallant a Man in such an imminent Danger; he must be impatient for the Event, and his whole Curiosity must be awaken'd till he knows the Fate of *Ulysses*, who scorn'd to fly, tho' encompass'd by an Army.

XXXIV.

VERSE 550. *By Pallas' Care.]* It is a just Observation, that there is no Moral so evident, or so constantly carry'd on through the *Iliad*, as the Necessity Mankind at all times has of divine Assistance. Nothing is perform'd with Success, without particular mention of this; *Hector* is not sav'd from a Dart without *Apollo*, or *Ulysses* without *Minerva*. *Homer* is perpetually acknowledging the Hand of God in all Events, and ascribing to that only all the Victories, Triumphs, Rewards, or Punishments of Men. Thus the grand Moral he laid down at the Entrance of his Poem, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή, *The Will of God was fulfill'd*, runs thro' his whole Work, and is with a most remarkable Care and Conduct put into the Mouths of his greatest and wisest Persons on every Occasion.

Homer generally makes some peculiar God attend on each Hero: For the Ancients believ'd that every Man had his particular Tutelary Deity; these in succeeding Times were called *Dæmons* or *Genii*, who (as they thought) were given to Men at the Hour of their Birth, and directed the whole Course of their Lives. See *Cebes's Tablet*. *Menander*, as he is cited by *Ammianus Marcellinus*, styles them μυσαγωγὸι βίης, *the invisible Guides of Life*.

XXXV.

XXXV.

VERSE 566. *Fam'd Son of Hippasus.*] *Homer* has been blam'd by some late Censurers for making his *Heroes* address Discourses to the Dead. *Passion* (says *Dacier*) dictates these Speeches, and it is generally to the dying, not to the dead; that they are address'd. However, one may say, that they are often rather Reflections than Insults. Were it otherwise, *Homer* deserves not to be censured for feigning what Histories have reported as Truth. We find in *Plutarch* that *Mark Antony* upon Sight of the dead Body of *Brutus*, stopp'd and reproach'd him with the Death of his Brother *Caius*, whom *Brutus* had kill'd in *Macedonia* in Revenge for the Murder of *Cicero*. I must confess I am not altogether pleas'd with the Railleries he sometimes uses to a vanquish'd Warrior, which Inhumanities if spoken to the dying, would I think be yet worse than after they were dead.

XXXVI.

VERSE 572. *And how'ring Vulturs scream around their Prey.*] This is not literally translated, what the Poet says gives us the most lively Picture imaginable of the Vulturs in the Act of tearing their Prey with their Bills: They beat the Body with their Wings as they rend it, which is a very natural Circumstance, but scarce possible to be copy'd by a Translator without losing the Beauty of it.

XXXVII.

VERSE 573. *Me Greece shall honour when I meet my Doom, With solemn Funerals.—*] We may see from such Passages as these that Honours paid to the Ashes of the dead have been greatly valued in all Ages: This posthumous Honour was paid as a publick Acknowledgment that the Person deceas'd had deserv'd well of his Country, and consequently was an Incitement to the living to imitate his Actions: In this view there is no Man but would be ambitious of them, not as they
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are Testimonies of Titles or Riches, but of distinguish'd Merit.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 592. *Great Ajax like the God of War attends.*] The Silence of other Heroes on many Occasions is very beautiful in *Homer*, but peculiarly so in *Ajax*, who is a gallant rough Soldier, and readier to act than to speak: The present Necessity of *Ulysses* requir'd such a Behaviour, for the least Delay might have been fatal to him: *Ajax* therefore complying both with his own Inclinations, and the urgent Condition of *Ulysses*, makes no Reply to *Menelaus*, but immediately hastens to his Relief. The Reader will observe how justly the Poet maintains this Character of *Ajax* throughout the whole *Iliad*, who is often silent when he has an Opportunity to speak, and when he speaks, 'tis like a Soldier, with a martial Air, and always with Brevity. *Eustathius*.

XXXIX.

VERSE 637. *A wise Physician.*] The Poet passes a very signal Commendation upon Physicians: The Army had seen several of the bravest of their Heroes wounded, yet were not so much dispirited for them all, as they were at the single Danger of *Machaon*: But the Person whom he calls a Physician, seems rather to be a Surgeon. The cutting out of Arrows, and applying Anodynes being the Province of the latter: However (as *Eustathius* says) we must conclude that *Machaon* was both a Physician and Surgeon, and that those two Professions were practis'd by one Person.

It is reasonable to think from the Frequency of their Wars, that the Profession in those Days was chiefly Chirurgical: *Celsus* says expressly that the *Diatetic* was long after invented; but that *Botany* was in great Esteem and Practice, appears from the Stories of *Medea*, *Circe*, &c. We often find mention among the most ancient Writers, of Women eminent in that Art; as of *Agamede* in this very Book, V. 740. who is said (like *Solomon*) to have known the Virtues of every Plant that

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that grew on the Earth, and of *Polydamne* in the fourth Book of the *Odyssæis*, V. 227, &c.

Homer, I believe, knew all that was known in his Time of the Practice of these Arts. His Methods of extracting of Arrows, stanching of Blood by the bitter Root, fomenting of Wounds with warm Water, applying proper Bandages and Remedies, are all according to the true Precepts of Art. There are likewise several Passages in his Works that shew his Knowledge of the Virtues of Plants, even of those Qualities which are commonly (tho' perhaps erroneously) ascribed to them, as of the *Moly* against Enchantments, the Willow which causes Barrenness, the *Nepenthe*, &c.

XL.

VERSE 669. *But partial Jove, &c.*] The Address of *Homer* in bringing off *Ajax* with Decency is admirable: He makes *Hector* afraid to approach him: He brings down *Jupiter* himself to terrify him; so that he retreats not from a Mortal, but a God.

This whole Passage is inimitably just and beautiful, we see *Ajax* drawn in the most bold and strong Colours, and in a manner alive in the Description. We see him slowly and sullenly retreat between two Armies, and even with a Look repulsing the one, and protecting the other: There is not one Line but what resembles *Ajax*; the Character of a stubborn but undaunted Warrior is perfectly maintain'd, and must strike the Reader at the first view. He compares him first to the Lion for his Undauntedness in Fighting, and then to the Ass for his stubborn Slowness in retreating; tho' in the latter Comparison there are many other Points of Likeness that enliven the Image: The Havock he makes in the Field is represented by the tearing and trampling down the Harvests; and we see the Bulk, Strength, and Obstinacy of the Hero, when the *Trojans* in respect to him are compared but to Troops of Boys that impotently endeavour to drive him away.

Eustathius is silent as to those Objections which have been rais'd against this last Simile, for a pretended Want of Deli-

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cacy: This alone is Conviction to me that they are all of a later Date: For else he would not have fail'd to have vindicated his favourite Poet in a Passage that had been applauded many hundreds of Years, and stood the Test of Ages.

But Monsieur *Dacier* has done it very well in his Remarks upon *Aristotle*. "In the time of *Homer* (says that Author) "an Ass was not in such Circumstances of Contempt as in "ours: The Name of that Animal was not then converted "into a Term of Reproach, but it was a Beast upon which "Kings and Princes might be seen with Dignity. And it "will not be very discreet to ridicule this Comparison, which "the holy Scripture has put into the Mouth of *Jacob*, who "says in the Benediction of his Children, *Issachar shall be* "as a strong Ass. Monsieur *de la Motte* gives up this Point, and excuses *Homer* for his Choice of this Animal, but is unhappily disgusted at the Circumstance of the Boys, and the obstinate Gluttony of the Ass, which he says are Images too mean to represent the determin'd Valour of *Ajax*, and the Fury of his Enemies. It is answer'd by Madam *Dacier*, that what *Homer* here images is not the Gluttony; but the Patience, the Obstinacy, and Strength of the Ass (as *Eustathius* had before observ'd.) To judge rightly of Comparisons, we are not to examine if the Subject from whence they are deriv'd be great or little, noble or familiar; but we are principally to consider if the Image produc'd be clear and lively, if the Poet has the Skill to dignify it by poetical Words, and if it perfectly paints the thing it is intended to represent. A Company of Boys whipping a Top is very far from a great and noble Subject, yet *Virgil* has not scrupled to draw from it a Similitude which admirably expresses a Princess in the Violence of her Passion.

*Ceu quondam torto volitans sub verbere turbo,
Quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum
Intenti ludo exercent; ille actus habena
Curvatis fertur spatiis: stupet inscia supra
Impubesque manus, mirata volubile buxum:
Dant animos plagæ——&c.*

Æn. lib. 7.

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However, upon the whole, a Translator owes so much to the Taste of the Age in which he lives, as not to make too great a Complement to a former; and this induced me to omit the mention of the word *Ass* in the Translation. I believe the Reader will pardon me, if on this Occasion I transcribe a Passage from Mr. *Boileau's* Notes on *Longinus*.

“ There is nothing (says he) that more disgraces a
 “ Composition than the Use of mean and vulgar Words;
 “ insomuch that (generally speaking) a mean Thought
 “ express'd in noble Terms, is more tolerable than a no-
 “ ble Thought express'd in mean ones. The Reason where-
 “ of is, that all the World are not capable to judge of
 “ the Justness and Force of a Thought; but there's scarce a-
 “ ny Man who cannot, especially in a living Language, per-
 “ ceive the least Meanness of Words. Nevertheless very few
 “ Writers are free from this Vice: *Longinus* accuses *Herodo-*
 “ *tus*, the most polite of all the *Greek* Historians, of this
 “ Defect; and *Livy*, *Salust*, and *Virgil* have not escaped
 “ the same Censure. Is it not then very surprizing, that no
 “ Reproach on this Account has been ever cast upon *Homer*?
 “ tho' he has compos'd two Poems each more voluminous
 “ than the *Æneid*; and tho' no Author whatever has des-
 “ cended more frequently than he into a Detail of little Par-
 “ ticularities. Yet he never uses Terms which are not noble,
 “ or if he uses humble Words or Phrases, it is with so much
 “ Art and Industry, that, as *Dionysius* observes, they become
 “ noble and harmonious. Undoubtedly if there had been
 “ any Cause to charge him with this Fault, *Longinus* had
 “ spared him no more than *Herodotus*. We may learn from
 “ hence the Ignorance of those modern Criticks, who re-
 “ solving to judge of the *Greek* without the Knowledge of
 “ it, and never reading *Homer* but in low and inelegant
 “ Translations, impute the Meannesses of his Translators to
 “ the Poet himself; and ridiculously blame a Man who spoke
 “ in one Language, for speaking what is not elegant in ano-
 “ ther. They ought to know that the Words of different
 “ Languages are not always exactly correspondent; and it
 “ may often happen that a Word which is very noble in
 “ *Greek*, cannot be render'd in another Tongue but by one
 “ which

“ which is very mean. Thus the word *Asinus* in *Latin*, and
 “ *Afs* in *English*, are the vilest imaginable, but that which
 “ signifies the same Animal in *Greek* and *Hebrew*, is of Dig-
 “ nity enough to be employed on the most magnificent Oc-
 “ casions. In like manner the Terms of a *Hogherd* and
 “ *Cowkeeper* in our Language are insufferable, but those which
 “ answer to them in *Greek*, *συνώτης* and *βακόλος*, are graceful
 “ and harmonious: and *Virgil* who in his own Tongue en-
 “ titled his Eclogs *Bucolica*, would have been ashamed to have
 “ called them in ours, the *Dialogues of Cowkeepers*.

XLI.

VERSE 713. *Back to the Lines the wounded Greek retires.*] We see here almost all the Chiefs of the *Grecian* Army withdrawn: *Nestor* and *Ulysses*, the two great Counsellors; *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and *Eurypylus*, the bravest Warriors; all retreated: So that now in this Necessity of the *Greeks*, there was occasion for the Poet to open a new Scene of Action, or else the *Trojans* had been victorious, and the *Grecians* driven from the Shores of *Troy*. To shew the Distress of the *Greeks* at this Period, from which the Poem takes a new Turn, 'twill be convenient to cast a View on the Posture of their Affairs: All human Aid is cut off by the Wounds of their Heroes, and all Assistance from the Gods forbid by *Jupiter*: Whereas the *Trojans* see their General at their Head, and *Jupiter* himself fights on their side. Upon this Hinge turns the whole Poem; the Distress of the *Greeks* occasions first the Assistance of *Patroclus*, and then the Death of that Hero draws on the Return of *Achilles*. It is with great Art that the Poet conducts all these Incidents: He lets *Achilles* have the Pleasure of seeing that the *Greeks* were no longer able to carry on the War without his Assistance: and upon this depends the great Catastrophe of the Poem. *Eustathius*.

XLII.

VERSE 731. *That Hour Achilles, &c.*] Tho' the Resentment of *Achilles* would not permit him to be an Actor in the
 the

the Battel, yet his Love of War inclines him to be a Spectator: And as the Poet did not intend to draw the Character of a perfect Man in *Achilles*, he makes him delighted with the Destruction of the *Greeks*, because it conspired with his Revenge: That Resentment which is the Subject of the Poem, still prevails over all his other Passions, even the Love of his Country; for tho' he begins now to pity his Countrymen, yet his Anger stifles those tender Emotions, and he seems pleas'd with their Distress, because he judges it will contribute to his Glory. *Eustathius*.

XLIII.

VERSE 735. *His Friend Machaon, &c.*] It may be ask'd why *Machaon* is the only Person whom *Achilles* pities? *Eustathius* answers, that it was either because he was his Countryman, a *Theffalian*; or because *Æsculapius*, the Father of *Machaon*, presided over Physick, the Profession of his Preceptor *Chiron*. But perhaps it may be a better Reason to say that a Physician is a publick Good, and was valued by the whole Army; and it is not improbable but he might have cured *Achilles* of a Wound during the Course of the *Trojan Wars*.

XLIV.

VERSE 747. *Now at my Knees the Greeks shall pour their Moan.*] The Poet by putting these Words into the Mouth of *Achilles*, leaves room for a second Embassy, and (since *Achilles* himself mentions it) one may think it would not have been unsuccessful: But the Poet, by a more happy Management, makes his Friend *Patroclus* the Advocate of the *Greeks*, and by that means his Return becomes his own Choice. This Conduct admirably maintains the Character of *Achilles*, who does not assist the *Greeks* thro' his Kindness to them, but from a Desire of Revenge upon the *Trojans*: His present Anger for the Death of his Friend, blots out the former one for the Injury of *Agamemnon*; and as he separated from the Army in a Rage, so he joins it again in the like Disposition. *Eustathius*.

XLV.

VERSE 764. *And took their Seats beneath the shady Tent.*] The Poet here steals away the Reader from the Battel, and relieves him by the Description of *Nestor's* Entertainment. I hope to be pardon'd for having more than once repeated this Observation, which extends to several Passages of *Homer*. Without this Piece of Conduct, the Frequency and Length of his Battels might fatigue the Reader, who could not so long be delighted with continued Scenes of Blood.

XLVI.

VERSE 774. *A Goblet sacred to the Pylian Kings.*] There are some who can find out a Mystery in the plainest things; they can see what the Author never meant, and explain him into the greatest Obscurities. *Eustathius* here gives us a very extraordinary Instance of this Nature: The Bowl by an Allegory figures the World; the spherical Form of it represents its Roundness; the *Greek* word which signifies the *Doves* being spell'd almost like the *Pleiades*, is said to mean that Constellation; and because the Poet tells us the Bowl was studded with Gold, those Studs must needs imply the Stars.

XLVII.

VERSE 779. *Yet heav'd with ease by him.*] There has ever been a great Dispute about this Passage; nor is it apparent for what Reason the Poet should tell us that *Nestor* even in his old Age could more easily lift this Bowl than any other Man. This has drawn a great deal of Raillery upon the old Man, as if he had learnt to lift it by frequent Use, an Insinuation that *Nestor* was no Enemy to Wine. Others with more Justice to his Character have put another Construction upon the Words, which solves the Improbability very naturally. According to this Opinion the word which is usually supposed to signify *another Man*, is render'd *another old Man*,
meaning

meaning *Machaon*, whose Wound made him incapable to lift it. This would have taken away the Difficulty without any Violence to the Construction. But *Eustathius* tells us, the Propriety of Speech would require the word to be, not ἄλλος but ἕτερος, when spoken but of two. But why then may it not signify any other *old Men*?

XLVIII.

VERSE 782. *Pours a large Potion.*] The Potion which *Hecamede* here prepares for *Machaon*, has been thought a very extraordinary one in the Case of a wounded Person, and by some Criticks held in the same Degree of Repute with the *Balsam of Fierabras* in *Don Quixot*. But it is rightly observed by the Commentators, that *Machaon* was not so dangerously hurt, as to be obliged to a different Regimen from what he might use at another time. *Homer* had just told us that he stay'd on the Sea-side to refresh himself, and he now enters into a long Conversation with *Nestor*; neither of which would have been done by a Man in any great Pain or Danger: His Loss of Blood and Spirits might make him not so much in fear of a Feaver, as in want of a Cordial; and accordingly this Potion is rather alimentary than medicinal. If it had been directly improper in this Case, I cannot help fancying that *Homer* would not have fail'd to tell us of *Machaon's* rejecting it. Yet after all, some Answer may be made even to the grand Objection, that Wine was too inflammatory for a wounded Man. *Hippocrates* allows Wine in acute Cases, and even without Water in Cases of Indigestion. He says indeed in his Book of ancient Medicine, that the Ancients were ignorant both of the good and bad Qualities of Wine: and yet the Potion here prescrib'd will not be allow'd by Physicians to be an Instance that they were so; for Wine might be proper for *Machaon* not only as a Cordial, but as an *Opiate*. *Asclepiades*, a Physician who flourish'd at *Rome* in the Time of *Pompey*, prescribed Wine in Feavers, and even in Phrenzies to cause Sleep. *Cælius Aurelianus*, lib. 4. c. 14.

XLIX.

XLIX.

VERSE 801. *Can then the Sons of Greece, &c.*] It is customary with those who translate or comment on an Author, to use him as they do their Mistress; they can see no Faults, or rather convert his very Faults into Beauties; but I cannot be so partial to *Homer*, as to imagine that this Speech of *Nestor's* is not greatly blameable for being too long: He crouds Incident upon Incident, and when he speaks of himself, he expatiates upon his own great Actions, very naturally indeed to old Age, but unseasonably in the present Juncture. When he comes to speak of his killing the Son of *Augeas*, he is so pleas'd with himself, that he forgets the Distress of the Army, and cannot leave his favourite Subject till he has given us the Pedigree of his Relations, his Wife's Name, her Excellence, the Command he bore, and the Fury with which he assaulted him. These and many other Circumstances, as they have no visible Allusion to the Design of the Speech, seem to be unfortunately introduc'd. In short, I think they are not so valuable upon any other Account, as because they preserve a Piece of ancient History, which had otherwise been lost.

What tends yet farther to make this Story seem absurd, is what *Patroclus* said at the beginning of the Speech, that he *had not leisure even to sit down*; so that *Nestor* detains him in the Tent standing, during the whole Narration.

They that are of the contrary Opinion observe, that there is a great deal of Art in some Branches of the Discourse; that when *Nestor* tells *Patroclus* how he had himself disobey'd his Father's Commands for the sake of his Country, he says it to make *Achilles* reflect that he disobeys his Father by the contrary Behaviour: That what he did himself was to retaliate a small Injury, but *Achilles* by fighting may save the *Grecian* Army. He mentions the Wound of *Agamemnon* at the very beginning, with an Intent to give *Achilles* a little Revenge, and that he may know how much his greatest Enemy has suffer'd by his Absence. There are many other Arguments brought in the Defence of particular Parts; and it may

may not be from the Purpose to observe, that *Nestor* might designedly protract the Speech, that *Patroclus* might himself behold the Distress of the Army: Thus every Moment he detain'd him, enforced his Arguments, by the growing Misfortunes of the *Greeks*. Whether this was the Intention or not, it must be allowed that the Stay of *Patroclus* was very happy for the *Greeks*; for by this means he met *Eurypylus* wounded, who confirm'd him into a Certainty that their Affairs were desperate, without *Achilles's* Aid.

As for *Nestor's* second Story, it is much easier to be defended; it tends directly to the Matter in hand, and is told in such a manner as to affect both *Patroclus* and *Achilles*; the Circumstances are well adapted to the Person to whom they are spoken, and by repeating their Father's Instructions, he as it were brings them in, seconding his Admonitions.

L.

VERSE 819. *The Bulls of Elis in glad Triumph led.] Elis* is the whole Southern Part of *Peloponnesus*, between *Achaia* and *Messenia*; it was originally divided into several Districts or Principalities, afterwards it was reduc'd to two; the one of the *Elians*, who were the same with the *Epeians*, the other of *Nestor*. This Remark is necessary for the understanding what follows. In *Homer's* Time the City *Elis* was not built. *Dacier*.

LI.

VERSE 839. *At the publick Course Detain'd his Chariot.]* 'Tis said that these were particular Games, which *Augeas* had establish'd in his own State; and that the *Olympic* Games cannot be here understood, because *Hercules* did not institute them till he had kill'd this King, and deliver'd his Kingdom to *Phyleus*, whom his Father *Augeas* had banish'd. The Prizes of these Games of *Augeas* were Prizes of Wealth, as golden Tripods, &c. whereas the Prizes of the *Olympic* Games were only plain Chaplets of Leaves or Branches: Besides, 'tis probable *Homer* knew nothing of these Chaplets given at

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the Games, nor of the triumphal Crowns, nor of the Garlands wore at Feasts; if he had, he would some where or other have mentioned them. *Eustathius.*

LII.

VERSE 845. *The Sons of Actor.]* These are the same whom *Homer* calls the two *Molions*, namely, *Eurytus* and *Cteatus*. *Thryoëssa* in the Lines following is the same Town which he calls *Thryon* in the Catalogue. The River *Minyas* is the same with *Anygrus*, about half way between *Pylos* and *Thryoëssa*, call'd *Minyas* from the *Minyans* who liv'd on the Banks of it. It appears from what the Poet says of the Time of their March, that it is half a Day's March between *Pylos* and *Thryoëssa*. *Eustathius. Strabo, lib. 8.*

LIII.

VERSE 895. *There to high Jove were publick Thanks assign'd
As first of Gods, to Nestor, of Mankind.]*
There is a Resemblance between this Passage and one in the sacred Scripture, where all the Congregation *blest the Lord God of their Fathers, and bowed down their Heads, and worshipped the Lord, and the King.* 1 Chron. 29. 20.

LIV.

VERSE 916. *Peleus said only this,—" My Son, be brave.]*
The Conciseness of this Advice is very beautiful; *Achilles* being hasty, active, and young, might not have burthen'd his Memory with a long Discourse: Therefore *Peleus* comprehends all his Instructions in one Sentence. But *Menoëtius* speaks more largely to *Patroclus*, he being more advanc'd in Years, and mature in Judgment; and we see by the manner of the Expression, that he was sent with *Achilles*, not only as a Companion but as a Monitor, of which *Nestor* puts him in mind, to shew that it is rather his Duty to give good Advice to *Achilles*, than to follow his Caprice, and espouse his Resentment. *Eustathius.*

LV.

LV.

VERSE 923. *Ab try the utmost, &c.*] It may not be ungrateful to the Reader to see at one view the Aim and Design of *Nestor's* Speech. By putting *Patroclus* in mind of his Father's Injunctions, he provokes him to obey him by a like Zeal for his Country: By the mention of the Sacrifice, he reprimands him for a Breach of those Engagements to which the Gods were Witnesses: By saying that the very Arms of *Achilles* would restore the Fortunes of *Greece*, he makes a high Complement to that Hero, and offers a powerful Insinuation to *Patroclus* at the same time, by giving him to understand, that he may personate *Achilles*. *Eustathius*.

LVI.

VERSE 928. *If ought from Heav'n withhold his saving Arm.*] *Nestor* says this upon account of what *Achilles* himself spoke in the ninth Book; and it is very much to the Purpose, for nothing could sooner move *Achilles* than to make him think it was the general Report in the Army, that he shut himself up in his Tent for no other reason, but to escape Death, with which his Mother had threaten'd him in discovering to him the Decrees of the Destinies. *Dacier*.

LVII.

VERSE 969. *Of two fam'd Surgeons.*] Tho' *Podalirius* is mention'd first for the sake of the Verse, both here and in the Catalogue, *Machaon* seems to be the Person of the greatest Character upon many Accounts: Besides, it is to him that *Homer* attributes the Cure of *Philoctetes*, who was lame by having let an Arrow dipt in the Gall of the *Hydra* of *Lerna* fall upon his Foot; a plain Mark that *Machaon* was an abler Physician than *Chiron* the Centaure, who could not cure himself of such a Wound. *Podalirius* had a Son named *Hypolochus*, from whom the famous *Hippocrates* was descended.

LVIII.

LVIII.

VERSE 977. *But this Distress this Instant claims Relief.*] *Eustathius* remarks, that *Homer* draws a great Advantage for the Conduct of his Poem from this Incident of the Stay of *Patroclus*; for while he is employ'd in the friendly Task of taking Care of *Eurypylus*, he becomes an Eye-witness of the Attack upon the Entrenchments, and finds the Necessity of using his utmost Efforts to move *Achilles*.

THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.



The ARGUMENT.

The Battel at the Grecian Wall.

THE Greeks being retir'd into their Entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the Ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their Chariots, and manage the Attack on Foot. The Trojans follow his Counsel, and having divided their Army into five Bodies of Foot, begin the Assault. But upon the Signal of an Eagle with a Serpent in his Talons, which appear'd on the left Hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the Attack; in which, after many Actions, Sarpedon makes the first Breach in the Wall: Hector also casting a Stone of a vast Size, forces open one of the Gates, and enters at the Head of his Troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their Ships.

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THE
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I L I A D.

While thus the Hero's pious Cares attend
The Cure and Safety of his wounded Friend,
Trojans and *Greeks* with clashing Shields engage,
And mutual Deaths are dealt with mutual Rage.
Nor long the Trench or lofty Walls oppose ; 5
With Gods averse th' ill-fated Works arose ;
Their Pow'rs neglected and no Victim slain,
The Walls were rais'd, the Trenches sunk in vain.

Without the Gods, how short a Period stands
The proudest Monument of mortal Hands ! 10
This stood, while *Hector* and *Achilles* rag'd,
While sacred *Troy* the warring Hosts engag'd ;

But

But when her Sons were slain, her City burn'd,
And what surviv'd of *Greece* to *Greece* return'd ;
15 Then *Neptune* and *Apollo* shook the Shore,
Then *Ida*'s Summits pour'd their wat'ry Store ;
Rhesus and *Rhodius* then unite their Rills,
Caresus roaring down the stony Hills,
Æsepus, *Granicus*, with mingled Force,
20 And *Zanthus* foaming from his fruitful Source ;
And gulphy *Simois*, rolling to the Main
Helmets, and Shields, and God-like Heroes slain :
These, turn'd by *Phœbus* from their wonted ways,
Delug'd the Rampire nine continual Days ;
25 The Weight of Waters saps the yielding Wall,
And to the Sea the floating Bulwarks fall.
Incessant Cataracts the Thund'rer pours,
And half the Skies descend in fluicy Show'rs.
The God of Ocean, marching stern before,
30 With his huge Trident wounds the trembling Shore,
Vast Stones and Piles from their Foundation heaves,
And whelms the smoaky Ruin in the Waves.
Now smooth'd with Sand, and levell'd by the Flood,
No Fragment tells where once the Wonder stood ;

In

In their old Bounds the Rivers roll again,³⁵
Shine 'twixt the Hills, or wander o'er the Plain.
But this the Gods in later Times perform;
As yet the Bulwark stood, and brav'd the Storm;
The Strokes yet echo'd of contending Pow'rs;
Warthunder'd at the Gates, and Blood distain'd the Tow'rs;
Smote by the Arm of *Jove*, with dire Dismay,
Close by their hollow Ships the *Grecians* lay;
Hector's Approach in ev'ry Wind they hear,
And *Hector's* Fury ev'ry moment fear.
He, like a Whirlwind, tofs'd the scatt'ring Throng,⁴⁵
Mingled the Troops, and drove the Field along.
So 'midst the Dogs and Hunter's daring Bands,
Fierce of his Might, a Boar or Lion stands;
Arm'd Foes around a dreadful Circle form,
And hissing Javelins rain an Iron Storm:⁵⁰
His Pow'rs untam'd their bold Assault-defy,
And where he turns, the Rout disperse, or die:
He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
And if he falls, his Courage makes him fall.
With equal Rage encompass'd *Hector* glows;⁵⁵
Exhorts his Armies, and the Trenches shows.

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The

The panting Steeds impatient Fury breathe,
But snort and tremble at the Gulph beneath;
Just on the Brink, they neigh, and paw the Ground,
60 And the Turf trembles, and the Skies resound.
Eager they view'd the Prospect dark and deep,
Vast was the Leap, and headlong hung the Steep;
The bottom bare, (a formidable Show!)
And bristled thick with sharpen'd Stakes below.
65 The Foot alone this strong Defence could force,
And try the Pass impervious to the Horse.
This saw *Polydamas*; who, wisely brave,
Restrain'd great *Hector*, and this Counsel gave.

Oh thou! brave Leader of our *Trojan* Bands,
70 And you, confed'rate Chiefs from foreign Lands!
What Entrance here can cumb'rous Chariots find,
The Stakes beneath, the *Grecian* Walls behind?
No Pass thro' those, without a thousand Wounds,
No Space for Combat in yon' narrow Bounds.
75 Proud of the Favours mighty *Jove* has shown,
On certain Dangers we too rashly run:
If 'tis his Will our haughty Foes to tame,
Oh may this Instant end the *Grecian* Name!

Here,

Here, far from *Argos*, let their Heroes fall,
And one great Day destroy, and bury all! 80
But should they turn, and here oppress our Train,
What Hopes, what Methods of Retreat remain?
Wedg'd in the Trench, by our own Troops confus'd,
In one promiscuous Carnage crush'd and bruis'd,
All *Troy* must perish, if their Arms prevail, 85
Nor shall a *Trojan* live to tell the Tale.
Hear then ye Warriors! and obey with speed;
Back from the Trenches let your Steeds be led;
Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm Array,
Proceed on Foot, and *Hector* lead the way. 90
So *Greece* shall stoop before our conqu'ring Pow'r,
And this (if *Jove* consent) her fatal Hour.

This Counsel pleas'd: the God-like *Hector* sprung
Swift from his Seat; his clanging Armour rung.
The Chief's Example follow'd by his Train, 95
Each quits his Car, and issues on the Plain.
By Orders strict the Charioteers enjoin'd,
Compell the Coursers to their Ranks behind.
The Forces part in five distinguish'd Bands,
And all obey their sev'ral Chief's Commands. 100

The

The best and bravest in the first conspire,
Pant for the Fight, and threat the Fleet with Fire:
Great *Hector* glories in the Van of these,
Polydamas, and brave *Cebriones*.
105 Before the next the graceful *Paris* shines,
And bold *Alcathous*, and *Agenor* joins.
The Sons of *Priam* with the third appear,
Deiphobus, and *Helenus* the Seer:
In Arms with these the mighty *Asius* stood,
110 Who drew from *Hyrtacus* his noble Blood,
And whom *Arisba*'s yellow Courfers bore,
The Courfers fed on *Selle*'s winding Shore.
Antenor's Sons the fourth Battalion guide,
And great *Aeneas*, born on fount-full *Ide*.
115 Divine *Sarpedon* the last Band obey'd,
Whom *Glaucus* and *Asteropæus* aid,
Next him, the bravest at their Army's Head,
But he more brave than all the Hosts he led.
Now with compacted Shields, in close Array,
120 The moving Legions speed their headlong way:
Already in their Hopes they fire the Fleet,
And see the *Grecians* gasping at their Feet.

While

While ev'ry *Trojan* thus, and ev'ry Aid,
Th'Advice of wife *Polydamas* obey'd ;
Asius alone, confiding in his Car, 125
His vaunted Coursers urg'd to meet the War.
Unhappy Hero ! and advis'd in vain !
Those Wheels returning ne'er shall mark the Plain ;
No more those Coursers with triumphant Joy
Restore their Master to the Gates of *Troy* ! 130
Black Death attends behind the *Grecian* Wall,
And great *Idomeneus* shall boast thy Fall !
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the Plain
The flying *Grecians* strove their Ships to gain ;
Swift thro' the Wall their Horse and Chariots past, 135
The Gates half-open'd to receive the last.
Thither, exulting in his Force, he flies ;
His following Host with Clamours rend the Skies :
To plunge the *Grecians* headlong in the Main,
Such their proud Hopes, but all their Hopes were vain ! 140

To guard the Gates, two mighty Chiefs attend,
Who from the *Lapiths* warlike Race descend ;
This *Polypætes*, great *Perithous*' Heir,
And that *Leonteus*, like the God of War.

145 As two tall Oaks, before the Wall they rise;
Their Roots in Earth, their Heads amidst the Skies,
Whose spreading Arms with leafy Honours crown'd,
Forbid the Tempest, and protect the Ground;
High on the Hills appears their stately Form,
150 And their deep Roots for ever brave the Storm.
So graceful these, and so the Shock they stand
Of raging *Asius*, and his furious Band.
Orestes, *Acamas* in Front appear,
And *Oenomaus* and *Thoon* close the Rear;
155 In vain their Clamours shake the ambient Fields,
In vain around them beat their hollow Shields;
The fearless Brothers on the *Grecians* call,
To guard their Navies, and defend the Wall.
Ev'n when they saw *Troy's* sable Troops impend,
160 And *Greece* tumultuous from her Tow'rs descend,
Forth from the Portals rush'd th' intrepid Pair,
Oppos'd their Breasts, and stood themselves the War.
So two wild Boars spring furious from their Den,
Rouz'd with the Cries of Dogs, and Voice of Men;
165 On ev'ry side the crackling Trees they tear,
And root the Shrubs, and lay the Forest bare;
They

BOOK XII. HOMER'S *ILIAD*. 231.

They gnash their Tusks, with Fire their Eye-balls roll,
Till some wide Wound lets out their mighty Soul.
Around their Heads the whistling Javelins fung;
With sounding Strokes their brazen Targets rung: 170
Fierce was the Fight, while yet the *Grecian* Pow'rs
Maintain'd the Walls and mann'd the lofty Tow'rs:
To save their Fleet, the last Efforts they try,
And Stones and Darts in mingled Tempests fly.

As when sharp *Boreas* blows abroad, and brings 175
The dreary Winter on his frozen Wings;
Beneath the low-hung Clouds the Sheets of Snow
Descend, and whiten all the Fields below.
So fast the Darts on either Army pour,
So down the Rampires rolls the rocky Show'r; 180
Heavy, and thick, resound the batter'd Shields,
And the deaf Eccho rattles round the Fields.

With Shame repuls'd, with Grief and Fury driv'n,
The frantic *Asius* thus accuses Heav'n.
In Pow'rs immortal who shall now believe? 185
Can those too flatter, and can *Jove* deceive?
What Man could doubt but *Troy's* victorious Pow'r
Should humble *Greece*, and this her fatal Hour?

But

But look how Wasps from hollow Crannies drive,
190 To guard the Entrance of their common Hive,
Dark'ning the Rock, while with unweary'd Wings
They strike th'Assailants, and infix their Stings;
A Race determin'd, that to Death contend:
So fierce, these *Greeks* their last Retreats defend.
195 Gods! shall two Warriors only guard their Gates,
Repell an Army, and defraud the Fates?

These empty Accents mingled with the Wind,
Nor mov'd great *Jove's* unalterable Mind;
To God-like *Hector* and his matchless Might
200 Was ow'd the Glory of the destin'd Fight.
Like Deeds of Arms thro' all the Forts were try'd,
And all the Gates sustain'd an equal Tide;
Thro' the long Walls the stony Show'rs were heard,
The Blaze of Flames, the Flash of Arms appear'd.
205 The Spirit of a God my Breast inspire,
To raise each Act to Life, and sing with Fire!
While *Greece* unconquer'd kept alive the War,
Secure of Death, confiding in Despair;
And all her guardian Gods in deep Dismay,
210 With unassisting Arms deplor'd the Day.

Ev'n

Ev'n yet the dauntless *Lapithæ* maintain
The dreadful Pass, and round them heap the slain.
First *Damafus*, by *Polypæter*'s Steel,
Pierc'd thro' his Helmet's brazen Vizor, fell;
The Weapon drank the mingled Brains and Gore; 215
The Warrior sinks, tremendous now no more!
Next *Ormenus* and *Pylon* yield their Breath:
Nor less *Leonteus* strows the Field with Death;
First thro' the Belt *Hippomachus* he goar'd,
Then sudden wav'd his unresisted Sword; 220
Antiphates, as thro' the Ranks he broke,
The Faulchion strook, and Fate pursu'd the Stroke;
Iämenus, *Orestes*, *Menon*, bled;
And round him rose a Monument of Dead.

Mean-time the bravest of the the *Trojan* Crew 225
Bold *Hector* and *Polydamas* pursue;
Fierce with Impatience on the Works to fall,
And wrap in rowling Flames the Fleet and Wall.
These on the farther Bank now stood and gaz'd,
By Heav'n alarm'd, by Prodigies amaz'd: 230
A signal Omen stopp'd the passing Host,
Their martial Fury in their Wonder lost.

Jove's Bird on founding Pinions beat the Skies;
A bleeding Serpent, of enormous Size,
235 His Talons trufs'd; alive, and curling round,
He stung the Bird, whose Throat receiv'd the Wound:
Mad with the Smart, he drops the fatal Prey,
In airy Circles wings his painful way,
Floats on the Winds, and rends the Heav'ns with Cries:
240 Amidst the Host the fallen Serpent lies:
They, pale with Terror, mark its Spires unroll'd,
And Jove's Portent with beating Hearts behold.
Then first *Polydamas* the Silence broke,
Long weigh'd the Signal, and to *Hector* spoke.
245 How oft, my Brother, thy Reproach I bear,
For Words well meant, and Sentiments sincere?
True to those Counsels which I judge the best,
I tell the faithful Dictates of my Breast.
To speak his Thought, is ev'ry Freeman's Right,
250 In Peace and War, in Council, and in Fight;
And all I move, deferring to thy Sway,
But tends to raise that Pow'r which I obey.
Then hear my Words, nor may my Words be vain:
Seek not, this Day, the *Grecian* Ships to gain;
For

For fure to warn us *Jove* his Omen sent, 255
 And thus my Mind explains its clear Event.
 The Victor Eagle, whose sinister Flight
 Retards our Host, and fills our Hearts with Fright,
 Dismiss'd his Conquest in the middle Skies,
 Allow'd to seize, but not possess the Prize; 260
 Thus tho' we gird with Fires the *Grecian* Fleet,
 Tho' these proud Bulwarks tumble at our Feet,
 Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed;
 More Woes shall follow, and more Heroes bleed.
 So bodes my Soul, and bids me thus advise; 265
 For thus a skilful Seer would read the Skies.

To him then *Hector* with Disdain return'd;
 (Fierce as he spoke, his Eyes with Fury burn'd)
 Are these the faithful Counsels of thy Tongue?
 Thy Will is partial, not thy Reason wrong: 270
 Or if the Purpose of thy Heart thou vent,
 Sure Heav'n resumes the little Sense it lent.
 What coward Counsels would thy Madness move,
 Against the Word, the Will reveal'd of *Jove*?
 The leading Sign, th' irrevocable Nod, 275
 And happy Thunders of the fav'ring God,

These

These shall I flight? and guide my wav'ring Mind
By wand'ring Birds, that flit with ev'ry Wind?
Ye Vagrants of the Sky! your Wings extend,
280 Or where the Suns arise, or where descend;
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the Dictates of high Heav'n obey.
Without a Sign, his Sword the brave Man draws,
And asks no Omen but his Country's Cause.
285 But why should'st thou suspect the War's Success?
None fears it more, as none promotes it less:
Tho' all our Chiefs amid yon' Ships expire,
Trust thy own Cowardice to 'scape their Fire.
Troy and her Sons may find a gen'ral Grave,
290 But thou can'st live, for thou can'st be a Slave.
Yet should the Fears that wary Mind suggests
Spread their cold Poison thro' our Soldier's Breasts,
My Javelin can revenge so base a Part,
And free the Soul that quivers in thy Heart.
295 Furious he spoke, and rushing to the Wall,
Calls on his Host; his Host obey the Call;
With Ardour follow where their Leader flies:
Redoubling Clamours thunder in the Skies.

Jove breaths a Whirlwind from the Hills of *Ide*,
And Drifts of Dust the clouded Navy hide: 300
He fills the *Greeks* with Terror and Dismay,
And gives great *Hector* the predestin'd Day.
Strong in themselves, but stronger in his Aid,
Close to the Works their rigid Siege they laid.
In vain the Mounds and massy Beams defend, 305
While these they undermine, and those they rend;
Upheave the Piles that prop the solid Wall;
And Heaps on Heaps the smoaky Ruins fall.
Greece on her Ramparts stands the fierce Alarms;
The crowded Bulwarks blaze with waving Arms, 310
Shield touching Shield, a long-refulgent Row;
Whence hissing Darts, incessant, rain below.
The bold *Ajaces* fly from Tow'r to Tow'r,
And rouze, with Flame divine, the *Grecian* Pow'r.
The gen'rous Impulse ev'ry *Greek* obeys; 315
Threats urge the fearful, and the valiant, Praise.

Fellows in Arms! whose Deeds are known to Fame,
And you whose Ardour hopes an equal Name!
Since not alike endu'd with Force or Art,
Behold a Day when each may act his Part! 320

P p p

A Day

A Day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new Glories, or augment the old.
Urge those who stand, and those who faint excite;
Drown *Hector's* Vaunts in loud Exhorts of Fight;
325 Conquest, not Safety, fill the Thoughts of all;
Seek not your Fleet, but sally from the Wall;
So *Jove* once more may drive their routed Train,
And *Troy* lie trembling in her Walls again.

Their Ardour kindles all the *Grecian* Pow'rs;
330 And now the Stones descend in heavier Show'rs.
As when high *Jove* his sharp Artill'ry forms,
And opes his cloudy Magazine of Storms;
In Winter's bleak, uncomfortable Reign,
A Snowy Inundation hides the Plain;
335 He stills the Winds, and bids the Skies to sleep;
Then pours the silent Tempest, thick, and deep:
And first the Mountain Tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green Fields, and then the sandy Shore;
Bent with the Weight the nodding Woods are seen,
340 And one bright Waste hides all the Works of Men:
The circling Seas alone absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving Fleeces as they fall.

So

So from each side increas'd the stony Rain,
And the white Ruin rises o'er the Plain.

Thus God-like *Hector* and his Troops contend 345
To force the Ramparts, and the Gates to rend ;
Nor *Troy* could conquer, nor the *Greeks* would yield,
Till great *Sarpedon* tow'r'd amid the Field ;
For mighty *Jove* inspir'd with martial Flame
His matchless Son, and urg'd him on to Fame. 350
In Arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample Shield in Air ;
Within whose Orb the thick Bull-Hides were roll'd,
Pond'rous with Brass, and bound with ductile Gold :
And while two pointed Javelins arm his Hands, 355
Majestick moves along, and leads his *Lycian* Bands.

So press'd with Hunger, from the Mountain's Brow
Descends a Lion on the Flocks below ;
So stalks the lordly Savage o'er the Plain,
In fullen Majesty, and stern Disdain : 360
In vain loud Mastives bay him from from afar,
And Shepherds gaul him with an Iron War ;
Regardless, furious, he pursues his way ;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting Prey.

Resolv'd

365 Resolv'd alike, divine *Sarpedon* glows
With gen'rous Rage that drives him on the Foes.
He views the Tow'rs, and meditates their Fall,
To sure Destruction dooms th' aspiring Wall;
Then casting on his Friend an ardent Look,
370 Fir'd with the Thirst of Glory, thus he spoke.

Why boast we, *Glaucus*! our extended Reign,
Where *Xanthus*' Streams enrich the *Lycian* Plain,
Our num'rous Herds that range the fruitful Field,
And Hills where Vines their purple Harvest yield,
375 Our foaming Bowls with purer Nectar crown'd,
Our Feasts enhanc'd with Music's sprightly Sound?
Why on those Shores are we with Joy survey'd,
Admir'd as Heroes, and as Gods obey'd?
Unless great Acts superior Merit prove,
380 And vindicate the bount'ous Pow'rs above.
'Tis ours, the Dignity they give, to grace;
The first in Valour, as the first in Place.
That when with wond'ring Eyes our martial Bands
Behold our Deeds transcending our Commands,
385 Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign State,
Whom those that envy, dare not imitate!

Could

Could all our Care elude the gloomy Grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For Lust of Fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting Fields, nor urge thy Soul to War. 390
But since, alas! ignoble Age must come,
Disease, and Death's inexorable Doom;
The Life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to Fame what we to Nature owe;
Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live, 395
Or let us Glory gain, or Glory give!

He said; his Words the list'ning Chief inspire
With equal Warmth, and rouse the Warrior's Fire;
The Troops pursue their Leaders with Delight,
Rush to the Foe, and claim the promis'd Fight. 400
Menestheus from on high the Storm beheld,
Threat'ning the Fort, and black'ning in the Field;
Around the Walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What Aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching War,
And saw where *Teucer* with th' *Ajaces* stood, 405
Of Fight insatiate, prodigal of Blood.
In vain he calls; the Din of Helms and Shields
Rings to the Skies, and ecchos thro' the Fields,

Q q q

The

The brazen Hinges fly, the Walls resound,
410 Heav'n trembles, roar the Mountains, thunders all the
Ground.

Then thus to *Thoos*; ---hence with speed, (he said)

And urge the bold *Ajaces* to our Aid;
Their Strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody Labours of the doubtful War:

415 Hither the *Lycian* Princes bend their Course,
The best and bravest of the hostile Force.

But if too fiercely there the Foes contend,
Let *Telamon*, at least, our Tow'rs defend,
And *Teucer* haste with his unerring Bow,

420 To share the Danger, and repell the Foe.

Swift as the Word, the Herald speeds along
The lofty Ramparts, through the martial Throng;
And finds the Heroes, bath'd in Sweat and Gore,
Oppos'd in Combat on the dusty Shore.

425 Ye valiant Leaders of our warlike Bands!

Your Aid (said *Thoos*) *Peteus'* Son demands,
Your Strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody Labours of the doubtful War:

Thither

Thither the *Lycian* Princes bend their Course,
The best and bravest of the hostile Force. 430

But if too fiercely, here, the Foes contend,
At least, let *Telamon* those Tow'rs defend,
And *Teucer* haste, with his unerring Bow,
To share the Danger, and repell the Foe.

Strait to the Fort great *Ajax* turn'd his Care, 435
And thus bespoke his Brothers of the War.

Now valiant *Lycomedes*! exert your Might,
And brave *Oileus*, prove your Force in Fight:
To you I trust the Fortune of the Field,
Till by this Arm the Foe shall be repell'd; 440

That done, expect me to compleat the Day—
Then, with his sev'nfold Shield, he strode away.

With equal Steps bold *Teucer* prefs'd the Shore,
Whose fatal Bow the strong *Pandion* bore.

High on the Walls appear'd the *Lycian* Pow'rs, 445
Like some black Tempest gath'ring round the Tow'rs;
The *Greeks*, oppress'd, their utmost Force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal Fight;
The War renews, mix'd Shouts and Groans arise;
Tumultuous Clamour mounts, and thickens in the Skies. 450

Fierce

Fierce *Ajax* first th' advancing Host invades,
And sends the brave *Epicles* to the Shades;
Sarpedon's Friend; A-croſs the Warrior's way,
Rent from the Walls a rocky Fragment lay;
455 In modern Ages not the ſtrongeſt Swain
Could heave th' unwieldy Burthen from the Plain.
He poiz'd, and ſwung it round; then toſs'd on high,
It flew with Force, and labour'd up the Sky;
Full on the *Lycian's* Helmet thund'ring down,
460 The pond'rous Ruin crush'd his batter'd Crown.
As ſkilful Divers, from ſome airy Steep,
Headlong deſcend, and ſhoot into the Deep,
So falls *Epicles*; then in Groans expires,
And murm'ring to the Shades the Soul retires.
465 While to the Ramparts daring *Glaucus* drew,
From *Teucer's* Hand a winged Arrow flew;
The bearded Shaft the deſtin'd Paſſage found,
And on his naked Arm inflicts a Wound.
The Chief, who fear'd ſome Foe's insulting Boaſt
470 Might ſtop the Progreſs of his warlike Hoſt,
Conceal'd the Wound, and leaping from his Height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfiniſh'd Fight.

Divine

BOOK XII. *HOMER'S ILIAD.* . 245

Divine *Sarpedon* with Regret beheld
Disabl'd *Glaucus* slowly quit the Field;
His beating Breast with gen'rous Ardour glows, 475
He springs to Fight, and flies upon the Foes.
Alcmæon first was doom'd his Force to feel;
Deep in his Breast he plung'd the pointed Steel;
Then, from the yawning Wound with Fury tore
The Spear, pursu'd by gushing Streams of Gore; 480
Down sinks the Warrior with a thund'ring Sound,
His brazen Armour rings against the Ground.

Swift to the Battlement the Victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and ev'ry Nerve applies;
It shakes; the pond'rous Stones disjointed yield; 485
The rowling Ruins smoak along the Field.
A mighty Breach appears; the Walls lie bare;
And, like a Deluge, rushes in the War.
At once bold *Teucer* draws the twanging Bow,
And *Ajax* sends his Javelin at the Foe; 490
Fix'd in his Belt the feather'd Weapon stood,
And thro' his Buckler drove the trembling Wood;
But *Jove* was present in the dire Debate,
To shield his Off-spring, and avert his Fate.

R r r

The

495 The Prince gave back, not meditating Flight
But urging Vengeance, and severer Fight;
Then rais'd with Hopes, and fir'd with Glory's Charms,
His fainting Squadrons to new Fury warms.
O where, ye *Lycians*! is the Strength you boast?
500 Your former Fame, and ancient Virtue lost!
The Breach lies open, but your Chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded Pass to gain:
Unite, and soon that hostile Fleet shall fall;
The Force of pow'rful Union conquers all.
505 This just Rebuke inflam'd the *Lycian* Crew,
They join, they thicken, and th'Assault renew;
Unmov'd th'embodiy'd *Greeks* their Fury dare,
And fix'd support the Weight of all the War:
Nor could the *Greeks* repell the *Lycian* Pow'rs,
510 Nor the bold *Lycians* force the *Grecian* Tow'rs.
As on the Confines of adjoining Grounds,
Two stubborn Swains with Blows dispute their Bounds;
They tugg, they sweat; but neither gain, nor yield,
One Foot, one Inch, of the contended Field:
515 Thus obstinate to Death, they fight, they fall;
Nor these can keep, nor those can win the Wall.

Their

Their manly Breasts are pierc'd with many a Wound,
Loud Strokes are heard, and ratling Arms resound,
The copious Slaughter covers all the Shore,
And the high Ramparts drop with human Gore. 520

As when two Scales are charg'd with doubtful Loads,
From side to side the trembling Balance nods,
(While some laborious Matron, just and poor,
With nice Exactness weighs her woolly Store)
Till pois'd aloft, the resting Beam suspends 525
Each equal Weight; nor this, nor that, descends.

So stood the War, till *Hector's* matchless Might
With Fates prevailing, turn'd the Scale of Fight.
Fierce as a Whirlwind up the Walls he flies,
And fires his Host with loud repeated Cries. 530

Advance ye *Trojans*! lend your valiant Hands,
Hast to the Fleet, and toss the blazing Brands!
They hear, they run, and gath'ring at his Call,
Raise scaling Engines, and ascend the Wall:
Around the Works a Wood of glitt'ring Spears 535
Shoots up, and all the rising Host appears.

A pond'rous Stone bold *Hector* heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:

Not

Not two strong Men th' enormous Weight could raise,
540 Such Men as live in these degen'rate Days.
Yet this, as easy as a Swain could bear
The snowy Fleece, he toss'd, and shook in Air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its Load
Th' unweildy Rock, the Labour of a God.
545 Thus arm'd, before the folded Gates he came,
Of massy Substance and stupendous Frame;
With Iron Bars and Brazen Hinges strong,
On lofty Beams of solid Timber hung.
Then thund'ring thro' the Planks, with forceful Sway,
550 Drives the sharp Rock; the solid Beams give way,
The Folds are shatter'd; from the crackling Door
Leap the resounding Bars, the flying Hinges roar.
Now rushing in the furious Chief appears,
Gloomy as Night! and shakes two shining Spears:
555 A dreadful Gleam from his bright Armour came,
And from his Eye-balls flash'd the living Flame;
He moves a God, resistless in his Course,
And seems a Match for more than mortal Force.

Then

Then pouring after thro' the gaping Space,
 A Tyde of *Trojans* flows, and fills the Place; 560
 The *Greeks* behold, they tremble, and they fly;
 The Shore is heap'd with Death, and Tumult rends
 the Sky.

OBSERVATIONS

Then pouring after him, the gaping Space
A Tyde of Trojan flows, and fills the Place
The Greeks behold, they crumble, and they lie
The shore is heap'd with Death, and Tumult rends
the Sky.

Look on the dreadful scene, how many lie
Gods to behold, the Gods themselves
The Gods themselves, the Gods themselves
The Gods themselves, the Gods themselves
The Gods themselves, the Gods themselves

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Twelfth Book.

OBSERVATIONS



Twelfth Book

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TWELFTH BOOK.

I.

IT may be proper here to take a general View of the Conduct of the *Iliad*: The whole Design turns upon the Wrath of *Achilles*: that Wrath is not to be appeas'd but by the Calamities of the *Greeks*, who are taught by their frequent Defeats the Importance of this Hero: For in Epic, as in Tragic Poetry, there ought to be some evident and necessary Incident at the winding up of the Catastrophe, and that should be founded upon some visible Distress. This Conduct has an admirable Effect, not only as it gives an Air of Probability to the Relation, by allowing Leisure to the Wrath of *Achilles* to cool and die away by degrees, (who is every where describ'd as a Person of a stubborn Resentment, and consequently ought not to be easily reconcil'd) but also as it highly contributes to the Honour of *Achilles*, which was to be fully satisfy'd, before he could relent.

II.

VERSE 9. *Without the Gods how short a Period, &c.*] *Ho-*
mer here teaches a Truth conformable to sacred Scripture,

T t t

and

and almost in the very Words of the Psalmist; *Unless the Lord build the House, they labour in vain that build it.*

III.

VERSE 15. *Then Neptune and Apollo, &c.*] This whole Episode of the Destruction of the Wall is spoken as a kind of Prophecy, where *Homer* in a poetical Enthusiasm relates what was to happen in future Ages. It has been conjectur'd from hence that our Author flourish'd not long after the *Trojan* War; for had he lived at a greater Distance, there had been no occasion to have Recourse to such extraordinary means to destroy a Wall, which would have been lost and worn away by Time alone. *Homer* (says *Aristotle*) foresaw the Question might be ask'd, how it came to pass that no Ruins remain'd of so great a Work? and therefore contrived to give his Fiction the nearest Resemblance to Truth. Inundations and Earthquakes are sufficient to abolish the strongest Works of Man, so as not to leave the least Remains where they stood. But we are told this in a manner wonderfully noble and poetical: We see *Apollo* turning the Course of the Rivers against the Wall, *Jupiter* opening the Cataracts of Heaven, and *Neptune* rending the Foundations with his Trident: That is, the Sun exhales the Vapours, which descend in Rain from the Air or *Æther*, this Rain causes an Inundation, and that Inundation overturns the Wall. Thus the Poetry of *Homer*, like Magick, first raises a stupendous Object, and then immediately causes it to vanish.

What farther strengthens the Opinion, that *Homer* was particularly careful to avoid the Objection which those of his own Age might raise against the Probability of this Fiction, is, that the Verses which contain this Account of the Destruction of the Wall seem to be added and interpolated after the first writing of the *Iliad*, by *Homer* himself. I believe the Reader will incline to my Opinion, if he considers the manner in which they are introduced, both here, and in the seventh Book, where first this Wall is mention'd. There, describing how it was made, he ends with this Line,

“Ως

the TWELFTH BOOK. 255

Ὡς οἱ μὲν πονέοντο καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοί.

After which is inserted the Debate of the Gods concerning the Method of its Destruction, at the Conclusion whereof immediately follows a Verse that seems exactly to connect with the former,

Δύσσειο δ' ἥελιος, τέλεστο δὲ ἔργον Ἀχαιῶν.

In like manner in the present Book, after the fourth Verse,

Τάφρος ἔτι σχήσειν Δαιαῶν καὶ τείχος ὑπερθεῖν.

That which is now the thirty sixth, seems originally to have follow'd.

Τείχος εὐδμήλον, κανάχιζε δὲ δάραϊα πύργων, &c.

And all the Lines between (which break the Course of the Narration, and are introduced in a manner not usual in *Homer*) seem to have been added for the Reason above-said. I do not insist much upon this Observation, but I doubt not several will agree to it upon a Review of the Passages.

IV.

VERSE 24. *Nine continual Days.*] Some of the Ancients thought it incredible that a Wall which was built in one Day by the *Greeks*, should resist the joint Efforts of three Deities nine Days: To solve this Difficulty, *Crates* the *Mallelian* was of Opinion, that it should be writ, ἐν ἡμέρᾳ, *one day*. But there is no occasion to have Recourse to so forc'd a Solution; it being sufficient to observe, that nothing but such an extraordinary Power could have so entirely ruin'd the Wall, that not the least Remains of it should appear; but such a one (as we have before said) *Homer* stood in need of. *Eustathius*.

V.

V.

VERSE 99. *The Forces part in five distinguish'd Bands.*] The Trojan Army is divided into five Parts, perhaps because there were five Gates in the Wall, so that an Attack might be made upon every Gate at the same Instant: By this means the Greeks would be obliged to disunite, and form themselves into as many Bodies, to guard five Places at the same time.

The Poet here breaks the Thread of his Narration, and stops to give us the Names of the Leaders of every Battalion: By this Conduct he prepares us for an Action entirely new, and different from any other in the Poem. *Eustathius.*

VI.

VERSE 125. *Asius alone confiding in his Car.*] It appears from hence that the three Captains who commanded each Battalion, were not subordinate one to the other, but commanded separately, each being impower'd to order his own Troop as he thought fit: For otherwise *Asius* had not been permitted to keep his Chariot when the rest were on Foot. One may observe from hence, that *Homer* does not attribute the same regular Discipline in War to the barbarous Nations, which he had given to his *Grecians*; and he makes some use too of this Defect, to cast the more Variety over this part of the Description. *Dacier.*

VII.

VERSE 127. *Unhappy Hero! &c.*] *Homer* observes a poetical Justice in Relation to *Asius*; he punishes his Folly and Impiety with Death, and shews the Danger of despising wise Counsel, and blaspheming the Gods. In Pursuance of this Prophecy, *Asius* is killed in the thirteenth Book by *Idomeneus*.

VIII.

VIII.

VERSE 143. *This Polypoetes—And that Leonteus, &c.]* These Heroes are the Originals of *Pandarus* and *Bitias* in *Virgil*. We see two gallant Officers exhorting their Soldiers to act bravely; but being deserted by them, they execute their own Commands, and maintain the Pass against the united Force of the Battalions of *Asius*: Nor does the Poet transgress the Bounds of Probability in the Story: The *Greeks* from above beat off some of the *Trojans* with Stones, and the Gate-way being narrow, it was easy to be defended. *Eustathius*.

IX.

VERSE 185. *The Speech of Asius.]* This Speech of *Asius* is very extravagant: He exclaims against *Jupiter* for a Breach of Promise, not because he had broken his Word, but because he had not fulfill'd his own vain Imaginations. This Conduct, tho' very blameable in *Asius*, is very natural to Persons under a Disappointment, who are ever ready to blame Heaven, and turn their Misfortunes into a Crime. *Eustathius*.

X.

VERSE 233. *Jove's Bird on sounding Pinions, &c.]* *Virgil* has imitated this Passage in the eleventh *Æneid*, W. 751.

*Utque volans altè raptum cum fulva draconem
Fert aquila, implicuitque pedes, atque unguibus hæsit;
Saucius at serpens sinuosa volumina versat,
Arrectisque horret squamis, & sibilat ore
Arduus insurgens; illa haud minùs urget obunco
Luctantem rostro; simul æthera verberat alis.*

Which *Macrobius* compares with this of *Homer*, and gives the Preference to the Original, on account of *Virgil's* having neglected to specify the Omen. *His prætermisiss, (quod sinistra veniens vincentium prohibebat accessum, & accepto à ser-*

U u u

pente

pente morsu prædam dolore dejecit; factoque Tripudio solistimo, cum clamore dolorem testante, prætervolat) quæ animam Parabole dabant, velut exanime in latinis versibus corpus remansit. Sat. l. 5. c. 14. But methinks this Criticism might have been spared, had he consider'd that *Virgil* had no Design, or occasion, to make an *Omen* of it; but took it only as a natural Image, to paint the Posture of two Warriors struggling with each other.

XI.

VERSE 245. *The Speech of Polydamas.*] The Address of *Polydamas* to *Hector* in this Speech is admirable: He knew that the daring Spirit of that Hero would not suffer him to listen to any mention of a Retreat: He had already storm'd the Walls in Imagination, and consequently the Advice of *Polydamas* was sure to meet with a bad Reception. He therefore softens every Expression, and endeavours to flatter *Hector* into an Assent; and tho' he is assured he gives a true Interpretation of the Prodigy, he seems to be diffident; but that his personated Distrust may not prejudice the Interpretation, he concludes with a plain Declaration of his Opinion, and tells him that what he delivers is not Conjecture, but Science, and appeals for the Truth of it to the Augurs of the Army. *Eustathius.*

XII.

VERSE 267. *The Speech of Hector.*] This Speech of *Hector's* is full of Spirit: His Valour is greater than the Skill of *Polydamas*, and he is not to be argu'd into a Retreat. There is something very heroic in that Line,

—His Sword the brave Man draws,
And asks no Omen but his Country's Cause.

And if any thing can add to the Beauty of it, it is in being so well adapted to the Character of him who speaks it, who is every where describ'd as a great Lover of his Country.

It

It may seem at the first View that *Hector* uses *Polydamas* with too much Severity in the Conclusion of his Speech: But he will be sufficiently justify'd, if we consider that the Interpretation of the Omen given by *Polydamas* might have discourag'd the Army; and this makes it necessary for him to decry the Prediction, and insinuate that the Advice proceeded not from his Skill but his Cowardice. *Eustathius.*

XIII.

VERSE 281. *To right, to left, unheeded take your way.*] *Eustathius* has found out four Meanings in these two Lines, and tells us that the Words may signify East, West, North, and South. This is writ in the true Spirit of a Critick, who can find out a Mystery in the plainest Words, and is ever learnedly obscure: For my part, I cannot imagine how any thing can be more clearly express'd; I care not, says *Hector*, whether the Eagle flew on the right, towards the Sun-rising, which was propitious, or on the left towards his setting, which was unlucky.

XIV.

VERSE 299. *Jove rais'd a Whirlwind.*] It is worth our Notice to observe how the least Circumstance grows in the Hand of a great Poet. In this Battel it is to be supposed that the *Trojans* had got the Advantage of the Wind of the *Grecians*, so that a Cloud of Dust was blown upon their Army: This gave room for this Fiction of *Homer*, which supposes that *Jove*, or the Air, rais'd the Dust, and drove it in the Face of the *Grecians.* *Eustathius.*

XV.

VERSE 348. *Till great Sarpedon, &c.*] The Poet here ushers in *Sarpedon* with Abundance of Pomp: He forces him upon the Observation of the Reader by the Greatness of the Description, and raises our Expectations of him, intending to make him perform many remarkable Actions in the Sequel
of

of the Poem, and become worthy to fall by the Hand of *Patroclus*. *Eustathius*.

XVI.

VERSE 357. *So press'd with Hunger, from the Mountain's Brow, Descends a Lion.*] This Comparison very much resembles that of the Prophet *Isaiab*, Ch. 31. V. 4. where God himself is compared to a Lion: *Like as the Lion, and the young Lion roaring on his Prey, when a Multitude of Shepherds is call'd forth against him, he will not be afraid of their Voice, nor abase himself for the Noise of them: So shall the Lord of Hosts come down that he may fight upon Mount Sion.* *Dacier*.

XVII.

VERSE 371. *The Speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus.*] In former Times Kings were look'd upon as the Generals of Armies, who to return the Honours that were done them, were oblig'd to expose themselves first in the Battel, and be an Example to their Soldiers. Upon this *Sarpedon* grounds his Discourse, which is full of Generosity and Nobleness. We are, says he, honour'd like Gods; and what can be more unjust, than not to behave our selves like Men? he ought to be superior in Virtue, who is superior in Dignity; What Strength is there, and what Greatness in that Thought? it includes Justice, Gratitude, and Magnanimity; Justice, in that he scorns to enjoy what he does not merit; Gratitude, because he would endeavour to recompense his Obligations to his Subjects; and Magnanimity, in that he despises Death, and thinks of nothing but Glory. *Eustathius*. *Dacier*.

XVIII.

VERSE 387. *Could all our Care, &c.*] There is not a more forcible Argument than this, to make Men contemn Dangers, and seek Glory by brave Actions. Immortality with

with eternal Youth, is certainly preferable to Glory purchas'd with the Loss of Life; but Glory is certainly better than an ignominious Life; which at last, tho' perhaps late, must end. It is ordain'd that all Men shall die, nor can our escaping from Danger secure us Immortality; it can only give us a longer Continuance in Disgrace, and even that Continuance will be but short, tho' the Infamy everlasting. This is incontestable, and whoever weighs his Actions in these Scales, can never hesitate in his Choice: But what is most worthy of Remark is, that *Homer* does not put this in the Mouth of an ordinary Person, but ascribes it to the Son of *Jupiter*. *Eustathius. Dacier.*

XIX.

VERSE 444. *Whose fatal Bow the strong Pandion bore.*] It is remarkable that *Teucer* who is excellent for his Skill in Archery, does not carry his own Bow, but has it born after him by *Pandion*: I thought it not improper to take notice of this, by reason of its Unusualness. It may be suppos'd that *Teucer* had chang'd his Arms in this Fight, and comply'd with the Exigence of the Battel which was about the Wall: He might judge that some other Weapon might be more necessary upon this Occasion, and therefore committed his Bow to the Care of *Pandion*. *Eustathius.*

XX.

VERSE 454. *A Rocky Fragment, &c.*] In this Book both *Ajax* and *Hector* are describ'd throwing Stones of a prodigious Size. But the Poet who loves to give the Preference to his Countrymen, relates the Action much to the Advantage of *Ajax*: *Ajax* by his natural Strength performs what *Hector* could not do without the Assistance of *Jupiter*. *Eustathius.*

XXI.

VERSE 455. *Not two strong Men.*] The Difference which our Author makes between the Heroes of his Poem, and the

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Men of his Age, is so great, that some have made use of it as an Argument that *Homer* liv'd many Ages after the War of *Troy*: But this Argument does not seem to be of any Weight; for supposing *Homer* to have writ two hundred and fifty or two hundred and sixty Years after the Destruction of *Troy*, this Space is long enough to make such a Change as he speaks of; Peace, Luxury, or Effeminacy would do it in a much less Time. *Dacier.*

XXII.

VERSE 483. *Swift to the Battlement the Victor flies.*] From what *Sarpedon* here performs, we may gather that this Wall of the *Greeks* was not higher than a tall Man: From the great Depth and Breadth of it, as it is described just before, one might have concluded that it had been much higher: But it appears to be otherwise from this Passage; and consequently the Thickness of the Wall was answerable to the Wideness of the Ditch. *Eustathius.*

XXIII.

VERSE 511. *As on the Confines of adjoining Ground.*] This Simile, says *Eustathius*, is wonderfully proper; it has one Circumstance that is seldom to be found in *Homer's* Allusions; it corresponds in every Point with the Subject it was intended to illustrate: The Measures of the two Neighbours represent the Spears of the Combatants: The Confines of the Fields, shews that they engag'd hand to hand; and the Wall which divides the Armies, gives us a lively Idea of the large Stones that were fix'd to determine the Bounds of adjoining Fields.

XXIV.

VERSE 521. *As when two Scales, &c.*] This Comparifon is excellent on account of its Justness; for there is nothing better represents an exact Equality than a Balance: But *Homer* was particularly exact, in having neither describ'd a Woman of Wealth and Condition, for such a one is never very exact,
not

not valuing a small Inequality; nor a Slave, for such a one is ever regardless of a Master's Interest: But he speaks of a poor Woman that gains her Livelihood by her Labour, who is at the same time just and honest; for she will neither defraud others, nor be defrauded her self. She therefore takes care that the Scales be exactly of the same Weight.

It was an ancient Tradition, (and is countenanced by the Author of *Homer's* Life ascribed to *Herodotus*) that the Poet drew this Comparison from his own Family; being himself the Son of a Woman who maintain'd her self by her own Industry: He therefore to extol her Honesty, (a Qualification very rare in Poverty) gives her a Place in his Poem. *Eustathius*.

F I N I S.

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GEORGE R.

GEORGE, by the Grace of God, King of *Great Britain, France, and Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting. Whereas Our Trusty and Well-beloved BERNARD LINTOTT of Our City of *London*, Bookseller, has humbly represented unto Us that he is now printing a Translation of the *ILIAD* of HOMER from the *Greek* in Six Volumes in Folio by ALEXANDER POPE Gent. with large Notes upon each Book: And whereas the said BERNARD LINTOTT has informed Us that he has been at a great Expence in carrying on the said Work: and that the sole Right and Title of the Copy of the said Work is vested in the said BERNARD LINTOTT. He has therefore humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole printing and publishing thereof for the Term of fourteen Years. WE being graciously pleased to encourage so useful a Work, are pleased to condescend to his Request, and do therefore give and grant unto the said BERNARD LINTOTT Our Royal Licence and Privilege for the sole printing and publishing the said Six Volumes of the *ILIAD* of HOMER translated by the said ALEXANDER POPE, for and during the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Day of the Date hereof; strictly charging and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms and Dominions to reprint or abridge the same either in the like or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter or distribute any Copies of the same or any part thereof reprinted beyond the Seas within the said Term of fourteen Years, without the Consent and Approbation of the said BERNARD LINTOTT, his Heirs, Executors and Assigns, by Writing under his or their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein will answer the contrary at their Perils, and such other Penalties as by the Laws and Statutes of this our Realm may be inflicted: Whereof the Master, Wardens and Company of Stationers of our City of *London*, Commissioners and other Officers of Our Customs, and all other our Officers and Ministers whom it may concern, are to take Notice that due Obedience be given to Our Pleasure herein signified. Given at Our Court at St. *James's* the sixth Day of *May*, 1715. in the first Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command,

JAMES STANHOPE.